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G. W. Dowman

1893

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Address,
GEO. L. MARSHALL,
P. O. Box 525, RICHMOND, VA.

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Yours With the Fraternal

Geo. L. Marshall

O'ER RAIL AND CROSS-TIES

WITH

GRIPSACK.

A COMPILATION ON THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

BY

GEORGE L. MARSHALL.

NEW YORK:
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PREFACE.

Some thirty years ago, I contracted what grew to be an unfortunate fondness for a Knapsack. It furnished me solace on many weary tramps, until, without my volition, I laid it aside. The road of life stretched away before me. I had heart and hope, I was willing to work. The transition from knapsack to gripsack was natural, and in the transfer there were thoughts made sweet sometimes by reason of their very bitterness.

For twenty-three long years I have tugged my grip over long routes of travel, to almost every busy mart in the Union, carrying glad tidings of trade as I journeyed.

In these years, much that makes life miserable, and a great deal that gladdens it, transpired within my observation. I have seen the ranks of Commercial Travelers swell to hundreds of thousands. I have seen from small beginnings swift fortunes made ; and I have seen millions made miserable by sudden failures of fortune.

It is to acquaint the reader with some of the actual ups and downs of that hardy representative of American "push," the drummer, that this compilation has been made. No literary claim is urged. The tales are told, as I heard them, and in every case, when possible, due credit has been given the authors It has cost time

and money, both of which have been gladly given, in order to group, in a more lasting shape, the ideas of others; showing what a drummer is, how he lives and works, and makes his way in spite of obstacles, that, to a man less brave and hopeful, would appear insurmountable. The effort has been made to instruct as well as please, and acquaint the reader with some of the shrewd, sharp sayings made by the drummers, as well as about them.

Should my friends of the fraternity see fit to forward me accounts of personal incidents of travel, adventures on the road, observations of character, and matters of such import, I will undertake to embody them in a future volume.

GEO. L. MARSHALL.

Richmond, Va., Nov., 1st, 1891.

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THE DRUMMER'S LATEST YARN.

A happy-go-lucky individual is the commercial traveler. He carries the burden of his house upon his shoulders. Skirmishes the country for traffic, and keeps the wolf from the governor's door. He has a keen scent for trade and a sweet tooth for a good story.

He is known as a missionary, sent out to convert the untutored trader; the drummer to rattle up trade, and make a noise for the house. He is of romantic turn, is fond of cheerful company, loves a congenial spirit, and regards a sprightly maiden's chatter as better than lost time.

His talent for telling stories is marvelous and deep. Crisp, bright and pointed ones are found in his stock *if in the* market.

Recently, a very gifted member of the fraternity told a particularly good story to a very appreciative man, coming up the Lake Shore road. His laughter, very hearty at first, became hysterical and could not be stopped. He struggled, strangled and died in the car.

While sudden takings-off are melancholy, it was a comfort to the immediate friends that he died happy.

The drummer has not dared to tell that story since,

The above sketch was taken on the spot by the artist A. M. Willard, of Cleveland, Ohio; and was copyrighted and published by "The Jno. F. Ryder Co., of Cleveland, Ohio," where large copies can be secured.

O'ER RAIL AND CROSS-TIES WITH GRIPSACK.

CHAPTER I.

"THE DRUMMER."

DEDICATED TO THE GRIPSACK FRATERNITY.

You'll think that my "topic's" a trite one,
  That nothing of note can be said
On a subject that's worn to a frazzle,
  Till the warp and the woof are but thread;

You'll think that my muse will disdain it,
  And turn from a theme that is old;
But with all that's been said of the "Drummer,"
  "The half" has yet "never been told."

And I ween she will never grow weary
  While encomiums fall from her lips;
She'll sing of the "Drummer" forever,
  Of the traveling man with his "grips;"

She'll touch, with her delicate fingers,
The silvery chords of the lyre
In behalf of this much abused hero,
This proverbial "pest" of the buyer;

She'll sing of his trials and crosses,
Of the heartaches that mingle with gain,
As by night, and by day, he is jolting,
Or speeding his way on the train;

She'll defend him from all the aspersion
That rests on his honorable name,
As with trunks filled with samples he "hustles"
To canvass the town for his "game."

For be sure he has earned all he's captured
By a desperate "tug" and a "nip,"
This hero, entitled the "drummer,"
With his cheek and inseparable "grip."

Did his house only know of his hardships
As he tramps through the mud and the rain,
As he rises e'er day in the morning,
To catch the unmerciful train;

As he hastily swallows his breakfast
And utters anathemas brief,
On the poor imitation of coffee
And wonderful toughness of beef.

As he steps to the counter to settle,
And finds they have doubled his bill
Because he is drawing "big wages,"
And they think they can fleece him at will.

Methinks as they sit in their office
Reclining in comfort and ease,
That the estimate placed on the drummer
Would rise, full a score of degrees.

"These Knights of the Road" as they dub them.
Are jolly good fellows to meet;
With jokes full of wit and good humor
That none but a drummer can beat.

As he steps in a store to get "orders,"
He nervously glances about,
He invoices the stock in a moment,
And sees the "assortment" is out.

The merchant may think he has fooled him,
But he knows his material at sight,
At a glance he can read human nature,
And, "you bet," he will "size him up right."

The girls seem to dote on the "Drummer,"
Because he has "git up and git;"
They enjoy a little "flirtation;"
They relish his humor and wit;

And e'en the most prudish among them
Will venture some sweet things to say,
Because he's a gay "bird of passage;"
To-morrow he's flitting away.

O the "Drummer," the good natured "Drummer,"
These world-renowned "Knights of the Grip,"
Success to each noble endeavor,
And "*big orders*" with every trip!

ELIZABETH O. DANNELLY.

CONCERNING COMMERCIAL MEN.

The following sentiments have been collated from the expressions published at various times, of men who have thoughtfully made use of the experience and observation afforded them, from a practical point of view. Mr. H. H. Mayer says :

Commercial travelers are fairly representative of the average business man, because they are business men, or, if not, they are failures. They are a class peculiar to themselves, still they are the class from which our business men select partners. Theirs is exactly the experience needed to fit a man to be a good merchant, if the right stuff is in him. The essentials of success cannot be delegated to a shallow, loud-mouthed man, as the newspaper "funny" man so loves to picture the drummer. They require capacity, and the field is the best in the whole realm of business in which to educate a man and increase his usefulness. A man of experience can quickly gauge the men at the head of a house by the men sent out on the road by them. The wishy-washy merchant figures that two $600 men are a better investment than one $1,200 man, but this class is the one forever mourning over the way traveling men slaughter goods and ruin trade.

I know of no school, no business college, no position which offers the same opportunity for education and advancement as does that of the traveling salesman. The bright minds of the world are not, by any means, to be found solely in the city. In the country store are men who read and think, something most of us have little time for in the city. To the man on the road questions

arise that never meet the house salesman ; questions as to methods of doing business, as to means to ends, as to the policy to pursue in a business course. He is daily and hourly listening to men's experience with men, and he is learning details that cover every phase of commercial life. If his head is not full of wood or putty he is laying up store of experience that shall be of immense value to him.

There is no position that honestly demands so much of a man's time and thoughts. His employers have a right to demand that his thoughts, his whole life, while on the road, shall be given to the furtherance of their business. Men build up trade for their houses often by being sociable and friendly, and the men who succeed as salesmen, and who in turn become successful merchants, are those who never found a day too long for their work on the road.

Mayor Denny, of Indianapolis, Indiana, in an address, said :

Business integrity is one of the cardinal principles of the modern commercial world. Without honesty in business affairs, what would society be to-day? Without the business confidence which exists among manufacturers and merchants, what would our civilization be worth? Indeed, without this business integrity and confidence, would we have the advanced civilization of to-day at all? I think not. Commerce is of itself a great civilizer ; and a nation becomes powerful in proportion to the extent of its trade and commercial activity.

The world owes much to the modern commercial travelers, and many a merchant prince owes his all to the industry and integrity of his traveling salesmen. The world has grown too enterprising for the drone,

and too smart for the trickster"; at least the commercial world has. There is but one step between trickery and dishonesty in commercial dealings, and the time has passed for dishonesty to succeed in business affairs. It may seem to succeed for a season, but the period of such success is usually very short. The way of the transgressor is hard, no matter what law of God or rule of human society is violated.

But you gentlemen from abroad deserve and have a special welcome from our people. Indianapolis has grown used to seeing strangers and entertaining public assemblages, but I am glad to say has never grown tired of them. She will never tire of the presence of the commercial travelers of Indiana. You were welcome when you came, you are welcome now, and you will always be welcome whenever you come.

SELLING AS AN ART.

The commercial traveler, or, as he is better and more familiarly known, the drummer, has always been a favorite subject with rhymesters and paragraphers for the press. Writers for the stage have also pictured his follies and minute transgressions in the lowest kind of comedy dramas. His characteristics have been distorted, and his follies exaggerated to such an extent that the idea has come to prevail that the life of the drummer is one long summer holiday, the brightness of which is only dimmed once in a while when he has to see the head of the house and square accounts. The commercial traveler is popularly supposed to have very little to do, except ride around the country in luxurious drawing-room cars, stopping at the best hotels, where

everything is arranged for his comfort, and to draw a princely salary, which is spent in late-hour conviviality with other choice spirits. Perhaps the only portion of this picture which is not illusionary is the hotel comforts, but it is the liberality of the drummer, and not the importance of his calling, which obtain him these.

In the olden times the drummer enjoyed a greater prestige than he does to-day. News traveled more slowly, and the arrival of the commercial man was a source of unfeigned delight in isolated communities. As related by the drummer, the news, though old, lost none of its piquancy, but, like wine, improved with age and every recital. At the comfortable English inns, rooms were set apart for the commercials. It was considered a privilege to be allowed access to these precincts, sacred to the knights of the road. There the fire seemed to burn brighter in the wide-open grate, the chairs felt more comfortable, and the occupants were always happy and contented. But this has passed away. The telegraph has supplanted the traveler as a bearer of news; the inns have given place to the mammoth hotels, in which the commercial traveling element is effectually absorbed, and it is only in out-of-the way places that the drummer is curiously regarded, and suspected of being a different species from the rest of humanity.

Mr. Thomas A. Young, ex president of the National Commercial Travelers' Association, vice-president of the New York State Association, and chairman of the Metropolitan Division, gives a picture of the American Drummer as he is to-day. He said:

"The business of which the commercial traveler of to-day is the representative, is of such ancient origin that it is buried in the dust of remote ages. It is

generally believed, however, that the practice of sending out traveling salesmen originated in England, and that it was in vogue there three or four hundred years ago. That is the best information we have had on the subject. I suppose the first commercial traveler would be considered a pack peddler to-day. He simply carried a pack consisting of a very small line of goods that had not been disposed of to buyers coming to the market. With these he visited small out-of-the way places and sold them as best he could. Following this, a traveler was started out with a limited amount of samples, and he kept on the road until these were disposed of. He carried the goods he had for sale with him, and it can readily be imagined that his lot was not a very easy one. The practice kept growing, and with changing conditions the methods of conducting the business also changed. At last large houses employing store clerks would select one or two of them out of the number and send them out on the road to travel. Of a necessity their territory became very much extended, and, owing to the limited facilities for travel, it was very hard work.

The traveler of the present day is selected by the house, and is the best man that can be found. He is and must be intelligent, and quick-witted, and adapted to the pushing of trade. Commercial travelers are generally a very respectable and highly intelligent class. They have to be so, or they could not command respect with the buyers. The freedom given to commercial travelers is not any more demoralizing than that of any pursuit in which men have freedom of action. Some, of course fall into dissolute habits, but, as a class, the percentage of these is not as great as it is in the general trade, because they are dependent solely upon their own

exertions for their success. They carry large lines of samples representing the stocks held by the firms for which they travel. Most people are familiar with the sight of these huge trunks, or sample cases in which the lines of goods are carried. Often a commercial traveler has to carry around with him as many as twenty of these trunks, weighing from 4,000 to 5,000 pounds. Travelers for general stores, dry goods and notions have to carry the largest variety of samples. At present the territory which a traveler is expected to cover is more limited than formerly. Now, large houses employ two and sometimes more drummers for a State like New York alone.

"As a general thing the commercial traveler is in love with his business, and the roving life has such a fascination that nothing else can replace it. They are more contented upon the road than at home, and are usually unable to settle down to a quiet business life after having been a commercial traveler for any length of time. Even when they grow old and gray they are loath to give up the business on account of advanced age, but, on the contrary, I have heard many an old traveler express a decided wish to remain in the trade.

The lady drummer is a purely American institution, and is destined to become a great and increasing branch of industry. Lady drummers are as a general thing employed by houses who deal in millinery, laces, jewelry, fancy goods, and articles of art and vertu that are in demand by the woman trade. They seem to catch upon the business with as much vim and knack as the ordinary commercial traveler, and are generally meeting with fair success. They have nothing in common with their male brethren in the profession. They usually travel short distances from home, although in some cases their travels are very extended. Their salaries compare favorably

with the ordinary traveler, some being not more than $600 a year, while others make $1,500, and perhaps more. There are probably more than one hundred lady drummers employed in New York city alone. Their ages are from 25 up to 45. They usually obtain their positions on the road by having attracted attention as saleswomen in the stores.

THE SEAL OF THE BROTHERHOOD.

The merchant-traveler has a hand
Whose touch is felt in every land.
A heart, whose loyalty is stirred
By every noble deed and word.
An ear, so tuned to sorrow's tone,
Beneath the smile he hears the moan.
His keen eye, like a magnet, draws
Trade's diamond from the earth's black jaws.
A polished mirror in his mind,
Before which passes all mankind.
Tracing new paths upon the earth,
His close companions, wealth and worth.
His tongue is governed with such tact,
That e'en a blind fool sees a fact.
His faults so thick in folly's youth,
Like smoke conceal the fires of truth.
The breath of time dispels the night,
And truth's immortal fires glow bright,
While honor's circlet holds all good,
Faith's signet seals our brotherhood.

ALICE S. MITCHELL.

REQUISITES OF A DRUMMER.

The *Cincinnati Inquirer* gives the following summarization :

He should be thoroughly posted on all points that may arise, and be in position to answer any question that may come up in connection with his business.

He must diligently read the newspaper and be conversant with all the important questions of the day.

He should avoid all arguments with customers, as they seldom convince, but oftener tend to irritate.

He is expected to smooth out all difficulties or misunderstandings which may exist between his employer and customer, without compromising either.

He is required to be conversant with the standing of every house in the trade over the territory which he covers, in order to avoid unpleasant complications with irresponsible parties.

He should report to his firm every day if possible, and make notes of any information obtained that may be of interest to them or benefit to the business.

He should be competent and willing to advise timid buyers and those who have no confidence in their own judgment, and always advise conscientiously.

He ought never to take advantage of an incompetent or inexperienced buyer and overload him with goods, as it will certainly work against him and the firm in the long run.

He should avoid all dissipated companionship, as such association may place him in an equivocal position.

He should make it a point to be on good terms with his fellow-travelers, and obtain their good will if possible.

Also, always speak well of his competitors, as he will thereby gain the respect of the customers.

He should under no circumstances misrepresent his goods in order to effect a sale, as he will surely lose the confidence of his patrons, which is most difficult to restore.

He ought not to waste time on parties whose chronic habit it is to change, cancel, or countermand orders, and who continually report "shortage" and make false claims for "imperfections."

He must not allow himself to become disheartened by a week of dull trade, as this may happen to the oldest and most popular traveler.

He should never boast of the large business he may have had; it doesn't sound well and is bad policy.

Nor should he show his orders to any one, as it is betraying the confidence of those who have favored him.

He must not allow himself to be intimidated, nor become discouraged by the statements of unscrupulous buyers who always profess to be able to do much better from some one else, as usually there "is some nigger in the fence."

He should be as economical with his firm's money as circumstances will allow.

If, in the natural order of things, it seems necessary to be more liberal than usual, he should put his money where it will do the most good.

If he invites a friendly buyer or customer to dinner or theatre, he should be careful to do it in such a way as not to make him feel that he is being bought or placed under obligation.—*Commercial Inquirer.*

The *New England Grocer* has the following good word:

What an influence this tireless army of hard working, energetic traveling men have upon commerce; how quick it feels their action or inaction! We do not mean that trade would not continue were they withdrawn from the field; business was done before their advent in the commercial world, and would be again done were they withdrawn; but is there any of us that wants to go back to the old semi-annual visits of the country merchants with the big purchase of stock to last until the next trip and six months' credit to go with it? No, the world has moved onward, and short credits, almost daily purchases and an army of salesmen carrying the markets to the doors of the merchants are the results, and, instead of being a necessary evil, as they are frequently called, they are a necessary blessing. They are, as a class, a keen, upright set of educators. We don't believe that there is either an employer or customer that will not admit cheerfully that they can gather many an item of valuable information from their travelers. As a rule they are good judges of credit, and you will most always find in a failure that the houses that have the best traveling men lose the least money, and last, but not least, they are a set of royal good fellows. We know that the newspapers love to write them up as men with cheeks of brass and ears of tin and eyes of steel, and while traveling men are not all angels, yet there is no profession where it pays better to be a gentleman, both in dress and address, than theirs, and to-day the slovenly or impudent traveling man (if there are any such) would soon find *himself without either house or customer.*

"Notwithstanding the paragraphists, the drummer is rarely a humorous character. He is apt to be a good fellow, liberal in his views, with a taste for good stories and a bottomless well of good nature in his heart. Contact with the flinty and uneven surface of life has polished off his points and sandpapered his edges, and so he laughs because it is easier than to cry and never jokes more gayly than when he is in deadliest earnest. He is a hardworking philosopher, and the life of trade as well as the smoking car. Moreover, it is his business to know the world, and the drummer is apt to be a profound social philosopher. "There are wicked drummers, just as there are hysterical clergymen and shifty politicians, but they are a very small majority. No doubt the editor-postmaster had the wicked one in mind when he penned his diatribe. His hasty generalizations from insufficient data is likely to teach him a valuable lesson in polemics."

ABOUT THE BOYS.

This, from the *Portland Express*, is gentle and appropriate :

The time has gone by when a "drummer" was a term more or less of a reproach. Only upright, intelligent and capable men are to-day found on the road. Upon their efforts and their success depends the success of the firm which employs them. They are mostly young men, and they visit every village and hamlet in the State of Maine. They are familiar, not only with every wholesale, but with every little trader in the State. They know exactly what goods are needed in this section and

what in that. They are walking mercantile agencies as regards each man's credit. In fact, they are the backbone and sinews of the commercial world to-day.

The Albany, New York, *Journal*, speaking of the commercial traveler, thus describes him :

There was a time when the "drummer" was popularly considered as a target for weak witticisms,but his calling has become magnified with its rapid advancement in importance. To-day the commercial traveler is the herald of prosperity. He is doing most of the work of opening new worlds for business. He is keen, energetic, persevering. He is the *avant courier* of civilization. The drummer of to-day is the millionaire and merchant prince of to-morrow. May his gripsack never grow smaller, or his diamonds diminish in size.

The *National Traveler* gives some of the anxieties and trials :

The anxieties and trials of the commercial traveler are as great as those which come to his employer or customer. They, after the busy hours are over, can find relief and relaxation in the comfort of a home in the pleasant companionship of wife, children, or friend ; but the tired C. T., after hours of ceaseless activity, often finds himself among comparative strangers in a cheerless hotel office. Is it to be wondered at if he endeavor to pass such dreary hours away in the pursuit of something at least sufficiently enticing to occupy his time until the daily tramp begins again?

To the outside world who only see the exterior of a traveler's life, it seems one full of ease and pleasure. He

is usually such a jolly, good-natured fellow that you naturally infer that his whole life is one round of gaiety. He has schooled himself to this because he must be pleasant and affable if he would succeed in business. His inner life is known only to himself and those most intimately associated with him.

The *San Francisco Grocer* makes the following demand for courteous treatment of drummers :

The policy of courtesy and kindness in business pays the best returns of any which the merchant, either in a large or small way of business, can follow. The profits in dollars and cents from such a course may not be so easily reckoned as those which are realized from buying and selling merchandise, but in the long run, under equal conditions, the man who treats everybody with consideration will accumulate more money, to say nothing of the personal satisfaction which comes from such a course, than he whose civility is confined to those only from whom he expects to reap an immediate profit or to secnre some personal favor. These reflections are suggested by the surly manner some merchants—and it is to be hoped they are few—treat commerc' l travelers who call upon them in order to present samples or to secure their trade. Traders who are so indiscreet in this regard should remember that they also are dependent on the favors of their customers for a livelihood, and that the man who honestly and conscientiously follows the vocation of salesman in any respectable line of trade is entitled to as much respect when entering their stores as is the dealer himself when he calls the attention of a buyer to goods in his own place of business.

A little reflection will show the advantages of such a course. The traveling salesman, either city or country, in addition to the special information he possesses, if he understands his business, has at command points which are always of value to his customers. Little hints of this kind may be made almost invaluable if rightly used, and it is a shortsighted trader who will give the cold shoulder to men who make it an object in their travels to secure the very information which their customers most need. A writer in the *Retail Grocers' Advocate* puts this very neatly. He says:

"I don't understand why some grocers treat the salesmen who call upon them with so much disrespect. Salesmen realize that it is foolish to expect an order from every grocer whom they call upon. They call sometimes from a force of habit, at other times merely to show the grocer that hard words and cold looks cannot drive them away. The salesmen in our city are walking price-lists. If you desire information in regard to the state of the market, there is none more capable or willing to give the information. Treat them kindly and you will not regret it. They will have a kind word for you, and may, perhaps, defend your character when assailed by others whom they meet on their daily travels. Treat them as if they were beggars or tramps and you may regret it. It will not be a great while before every grocer they meet knows it, and in their quiet talks with grocers you will be branded as mean and unprincipled, and perhaps sometimes worse may be said. Keep on the right side of the salesmen who call upon you. If you cannot patronize them all, show them at least that you are a gentleman."

It is not fair to expect that the traveling salesman should be treated like "a long lost brother" every-

where upon his rounds, neither is it necessary for the merchant upon whom he calls to neglect his own business to look at goods which he has no use for. There is a happy medium in all things, and while it may sometimes be necessary to check the eloquence of the overzealous drummer, it can be done in a polite and dignified way, which will give no offense. Mutual respect is thus maintained and neither party has reason for complaint.

The *Toronto Merchant* speaks of the dangers and toils of the "Boys" as follows:

Commercial travelers take big chances every day while skimming along at a rate of thirty or forty miles an hour over a two inch flange of rotten iron, to seek rest, when their day's work is done, on the fourth floor of some old veritable fire-trap. This is but one among the dangers that menace them. The one calamity from which they cannot escape is incurable dyspepsia. Sudden death on the rail or the tortures of being fatally burned are a far happier release from a life of toil than that of the slow, lingering agony of chronic dyspepsia. No man on the road could carry out the heroic resolution of dieting himself; few would feel disposed to pay seventy-five cents for dinner and confine themselves solely to a glass of buttermilk and a Graham cracker, and yet in a majority of instances it would be by far the wisest course to pursue.

The *Baltimore American* gives the following facts and figures:

It was stated several years ago that the commercial traveler in this country was becoming too numerous,

and, as trade could not stand the burden of his cost, he would have to go. The prediction, although much discussed, has not proved correct. In 1880 there were about 200,000 commercial travelers in the United States. To-day the number is estimated at 400,000—an enormous army of intelligent, enterprising, quick-witted men, traveling in all parts of the country, supporting railroads and hotels, carrying new ideas and new styles, strengthening the commercial relations and doing much to aid and advance the general progress.

DEFYING THE RAILROAD.

"Will you be kind enough to take that gripsack off that seat?" said a countryman who got on a train at Luling, Texas.

"No sir, I don't propose to do anything of the sort," replied the drummer, who was sitting on the other side of the seat.

"Do you say that you are going to let that gripsack stay right there?"

"Yes sir, I do."

"In case you don't remove that gripsack, I shall be under the painful necessity of calling the conductor."

"You can call in the conductor, the engineer and the brakeman, if you want to. Perhaps you had better stop at the next station and send a special to old Jay Gould himself about it."

"The conductor will put you off the train."

"I don't care if he does. I am not going to take that gripsack from that place where it is."

The indignant passenger went through the train and soon returned with the conductor.

"So you refuse to remove that gripsack, do you?" asked the conductor.

"I do."

Great sensation.

"Why do you persist in refusing to remove that gripsack?"

"Because it's not mine."

"Why didn't you say so at once?"

"Because nobody asked me."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE HEAD WAITER.

His eagle eye first catches yours
  While going in to dine,
You watch him while he deftly pours
  The bottled beer or wine;
He walks the floor with lordly air,
  While you in humble way,
Will follow him, content to stare
  With not a word to say.

The waiters bow and hold their breath
  While he is passing by,
He scares them nearly half to death,
  They hardly dare to sigh;
But if you'd see this lordly air
  And all the rest unbend,
Just place a silver quarter there
  Upon his finger's end.

JNO. DEWITT.

HOW HE FOOLED 'EM.

Friend—Don't you have a great many drummers coming in here and boring you with their samples and talk?"

Drummer—A good many drummers come in here, but they don't bore me."

"Don't they ask you to look at their samples?"

"No."

"Don't they ask you to give them orders?"

"No, they go right out, without saying a word."

"How do you manage to get rid of them?"

"It is the simplest thing in the world; I put a plug hat and an open gripsack on the counter every morning. When a drummer sees these signs of another drummer on the premises, he goes right off. Every ten minutes in the day a drummer comes to the door, looks at the gripsack and goes away, and I am left in peace.—*Texas Siftings.*

VIEWED IN DIFFERENT LIGHTS.

He enters your store with a smile that is bland,
His dress makes him look like a lord of the land
Looks over your stock while he opens his "grip"
And gives you on sugar and coffee the "tip"
Does the Drummer.

He spreads out his samples and takes out his list,
Commencing with A, not a letter is missed,
While the volume of language that flows from his tongue
Makes you wish he had died whilst yet he was young
Awful Drummer.

He talks on tobacco—he talks on cigars;
Then tells you a story he heard(?) on the cars.
He sets you a laughing, then writes down your name
And you're captured again with his neat little game.
Wily Drummer.

He can give you a po n er on syrups and teas,
Or sell you molasses that's certain to please
His prices are bottom, his goods are A 1—;
His house is the squarest that's under the sun,
Boastful Drummer.

You order and order while under his spell,
And when he has gone you consign him to—well
A place that Bob Ingersoll says that there ain't,
When you foot up your order it makes you feel faint.
Oh! the Drummer.

With all of his faults and his failings combined
With all the shortcomings that in him you'll find
He's a jolly good fellow, you'll have to confess
And one that refusal can never repress
Is the Drummer.

Dedicated to him who is the first to call in the morning, and the last to leave at night—the Drummer.

By Hawley.

A DRUMMER RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE IN BUCYRUS, O.

One thing I like about these "Knights of the Road" is that they are great fellows for secret societies. Most all the drummers belong to everything that is going,

from the "Grand Knights of the Diamond Garter" down to the "Sons of Intemperance." I am quite a hand for all such mysterious things myself, so I get solid with all the boys. My old friend Manhattan called on me to see if I needed any hardware and to have a visit. We had a jolly time. While we were sittin' in the office a chap came in and wanted to borrow $2 on account of a remittance not coming to him as he expected. I told him my $2 I kept to lend was in now, being sent in the day before by Crooks, but I never lent it except to drummers. He said, "that's me." I gave him the grand hailing sign of an Odd Fellow, which he tumbled to. Then I come the great "hair in the soot" grip of a Pythonic. He tumbled. Then Mulhattan gave him the G. B. of the Sons of Malta. He was onto it. Then Mulhattan stuck out his hand and gave him the P. D. Q. sign of a Royal Arch Brick Mason. He was on that. Then Mulhattan examined him as follows to make sure he was a drummer:

"From whence comest thou, pard?"

"From the Lodge of the Holy St. Johns, Bucyrus, O."

"What seek ye here to do?"

"To take a few orders and collect a bill."

"Then you are a drummer?"

"I am so taken and accepted by all the boys."

"How may I know you to be a drummer?"

"By my cheek and fifty pound sample case. Try me."

"How will you be tried?"

"By the Square."

"Why by the Square?"

"Because the Square is a Magistrate and an emblem of stupidity."

"Where were you first prepared for a drummer?"

"In my mind."

"Where next?"

"In a printing office, adjoining a regular post of drummers."

"How were you prepared?"

"By being divested of my last cent, my cheek rubbed down with a brick, a bunion plaster over each eye and a heavy sample case in each hand. In this fix I was conducted to the door of the post."

"How did you know it was a door, being blind?"

"By first stepping in a coal scuttle, and afterwards bumping my head against the door knob."

"How gained you admission?"

"By the benefit of my cheek."

"Had you the required cheek?"

"I had not, but John Smith had it for me."

"How were you received?"

"On the sharp toe of a boot, applied to my natural trousers."

"What did this teach you?"

"Not to fool around too much."

"What happened next?"

"I was set down on a cake of ice and asked if I put my trust in mercantile reports."

"Your answer?"

"Not if I know myself, I don't."

"How was you next handled?"

"I was put straddle of a goat made out of a 2x4 scantling and trotted nine times around the room by four worthy brothers and then brought in front of the Left Bower for further instructions."

"How did he instruct you?"

"To approach a customer in three upright regular steps, with my business card extended at right angles, my arms forming a perfect square."

"How was you then disposed of?"

"I was again seated on the cake of ice in front of a dry goods box and made to take the following horrible and binding oath:

"I, Charles S. Robinson, do hereon and herein most everlastingly and diabolically swear that I will never reveal and always steal all the trade secrets I can for the use and benefit of this Most August Order. And I further swear that I will never give, carve, make, hold, take or cut prices below the regular rates. And I further swear by the T. P. A. to never have any commercial dealings with any man or his wife, sister, grandmother, old maid aunt, uncle or cousin unless he, she or it is sound on the goose. Binding myself under no less a penalty than to have my gripsack slit from top to bottom, my dirty shirts and socks taken out, and my reputation removed and buried in the river at Sandusky street bridge, where the Salvation Army ebbs and flows every two and one-half hours. So help me Bob Ingersoll, and keep me in backbone."

"I was then asked what I needed."

'What was your reply?"

"Money!"

"What did you then behold?"

"A copy of Dun & Co.'s reports, open at the chapter Bucyrus. Upon the open book rested a pair of drug scales, in one pan of which reposed ten pounds of concentrated lye, and in the other sat a small silver jackass."

"What did this emblem signify?"

"The scales indicated the balance between the debtor and the creditor. The other emblems represented the liabilities and assets of bankrupts."

"Did this teach you any lesson?"

"You bet. It taught me the fact, the former are generally so almighty much better than the latter."

"Shake, brother. * * * Will you be off or from?"

"Both, if I can borrow money enuff to get out of town."

"Have you any cigars?"

"I have."

"Give 'em to me."

"I did not so receive 'em, neither will I so impart 'em."

"How will you dispose of 'em?"

"On sixty days' time or 2 per cent. off for cash."

"All right, begin."

"No, you begin."

"Up." "'Em." "Set."

"'Set 'em up.' The words and sign are right, Brother Brown."

Brother Mulhattan and I each lent the chap $2, and he left with many thanks and kind wishes.

Now you can see by this what a help it is to a fellow when he gets dead broke among strangers to have these little things to fall back on.

The *Country Merchant* says: How many bright young fellows have started out on the road with great expectations of becoming successful salesmen and have "dropped on themselves" in three months. Some of them you may find occupying insignificant positions in wholesale

stores, but the majority are doing nothing. It is a painful fact that a great number of young men who have all the mental advantages to make good business men are influenced when on the road by idle associates ; puffed up to the verge of exploding with the conceit that their house selected them for promotion, they soon become lukewarm under the impression that they are too "solid" for censure. It is strange how many more will prefer the example of the idlers than to follow in the wake of the steady hard workers. A youth sent out on the road for the first time, unlimited in his expenses, has more dangers to encounter than the mythical Saint George who defended the virgin from the fiery dragon. After all, it is a good nursery ; the weeds decay while the hardy plants blossom and bring forth fruit. The traveler who does an honest day's work for his employer does a sure day's work for himself—his value as a reliable and successful salesman is property that always finds a good market.

The *Commercial Traveler* speaks as follows : The commercial traveler, if he be a good man—and as a class they are the best examples of American manhood that walk the earth—wields an immense influence. They are the middlemen between the manufacturer and dealer. They are the men that build up trade. They are the men that come nearer controlling the commercial interests of the world than any other class of men. They will, and many of them do, make their houses and give them the standing and dignity in commercial life that they enjoy. Such men are now appreciated.

Boys, go to the top ; sell all-wool goods and thirty-six inches wide ; represent your wares for all they are worth,

and no more. If your employers fail to appreciate your work, others are looking for such men. Patience, perseverance, and persistent honest work will win in the end far better than shystering. Commercial men are not strikers unless it be for higher wages, and the best way to secure a raise is by making your service indispensable.

ONLY A DRUMMER.

He's only a drummer,
A Knight of the Grip,
Boarding the train
On his regular trip ;
Leaving the joys and pleasures of home,
Only a drummer, poor fellow, to roam.

How is your trade ?
"Well, pretty dull."
Such is his greeting,
"My stock's about full."

"Got something new.
Give you full control.
Give me an order.
Start the ball roll."

"Ten off. Sixty days,
Just sells like hot cakes.
I tell you it pays.
Don't buy all the cheap fakes."

His customer sold,
Goes to his hotel,
Copies his orders,
Taps at the bell.

Night comes at length,
He sits there alone,
Thinking of mother
And loved ones at home.

A stranger, poor fellow;
Knows no one in town.
Do you wonder he drinks,
His dull care to drown?

Some people despise him
Because of his class,
But he stands head and shoulders
Above all the mass.

Because some are bad
He a stigma must bear.
Poor, lonely drummer,
Thy lot is not fair.

A big-hearted boy
Is the lad of the road,
But it sullies his joy
To carry that load.

Why not band all together,
Ye boys of the grip,
And stand by each other
Wherever ye trip.

Yes, stand as a phalanx,
Ye boys of the road.
Let each help the other
To shoulder his load.

WILL J. ROBINSON.

THE LAST TRIP.

The drummer stood with grip in hand
Before St. Peter's gate,
And asked that he admitted be,
As it was growing late.

St. Peter frowned. Said he, "What ground
Have you for coming here?
The road you go is down below;
Your record is not clear."

The drummer shook. Said he, "Your book
Must be a trifle wrong;
My story hear, and if sincere
Please let me join the throng."

St. Peter smiled. Said he, "My child,
Have you lived good and pious?
'Tis known afar that drummers are
Disciples of Ananias."

"Hast never been so full of gin
Thy name thou could'st not utter?"
"Alas! 'tis so; I have I know,"
St. Peter heard him mutter.

"Hast poker played and stayed and stayed
All through the night and Sunday?"
"Ah! yes, 'tis so; I've played I know,
And even up to Monday."

The drummer sighed, and then he cried:
"I'm guilty, I'll admit,
But I'll tell you my story through,
And trust I'll make a hit.

"I've never told the men I've sold
Our goods were far superior,
All others made a lower grade
And quality inferior.

"Then you can bet I never yet
Have stuffed an order till
'Twas twice the size 'twould ope the eyes
Of him who bought the bill.

"I never skin a sleeper in
And sleep upon the seat;
I never pass on second-class,
Nor on a 'mileage' beat.

"I have, forsooth, a love for truth,
And use it with respect;
I never prate of over-weight
On baggage I have checked.

"I never scowl, or even growl,
When put up in the garret.
And always eat sole-leather meat,
And murmur not but bear it.

"Though I'm a knave I never gave
A waiter dime or quarter,
And always skipped and never tipped
The ebony Pullman porter."

St. Peter gasped, and then he grasped
The hand that held the baggage;
He rang the bell, then "Front" did yell:
"Here, take this gentleman's luggage.

"Give him the best cloud in the place—
Take him to eighty-seven—
The man who beats the Pullman pests
Deserves the best in heaven."

CHARLES E. BIBBER.

A LA MODE MUSKEGON.

Waitress — "Wevehamaneggsanbeefulamanporkantatersanteaancoffanbiskitswotlyerhave?"

Drummer—"Yes."

Waitress—"Wellwotlyerave?

Drummer—"Gimmesomehamneggsanbeefulambnporkantatersanteaancoffanbiskits."

Waitress informs proprietor that drummer insulted her.

"THERE'LL BE NO KICKERS THERE."

I want to take a ticket through to realms of endless joy,
Where grumbling "kickers" can't invade to worry and annoy;
I'm tired of this turmoil life, and long to travel where
Cross, chronic cranks can never come—there'll be no kickers there.

I want to lay my samples down and drop my little "grip."
To bid farewell to tough beefsteak, and ne'er more waiters tip;
No hackmen will be there to growl, or charge me double fare,
For you can bet your blooming life—there'll be no kickers there.

In that celestial home above there'll be no more hard beds ;
There'll be no heavy lushing nights—in morning no "big heads ;"
No kicking when you "rake the pot" on one small measly "pair,"
For you can bet your bottom "doll"—there'll be no kickers there.

There'll be no baggage smashers there—no charge for extra weight ;
No growling when you come to meals—because it is too late ;
And when you want your wages raised the boss won't tear his hair,
Your drafts will all be honored then—there'll be no kickers there.

Then take me to that better land, where drummers have release
From all the cares and woes of life, to live for'er in peace ;
If orders then I fail to take—there'll be no boss to swear,
Or tell me that I am no good—there'll be no kickers there.

JOE KER.

THE DRUMMER'S DREAM.

In a little room in a little hotel,
In a little country town,
In a little bed—with a musty smell,
A man was lying down.

A great big man with a great big snore,
For he lay on his back, you see;
And a peaceful look on his face he wore,
For sound asleep was he.

In his dreams what wonderful trips he made,
And the piles of goods he sold,
And nobody failed, and every one paid,
And his orders were good as gold.

He smiled and smothered a scornful laugh,
When his fellow drummers blowed;
For he knew no other had sold the half
Of what his order book showed.

He got a letter from the firm one day
Saying: "We've no fitter term
To use in your case than say,
Hereafter you are one of our firm."

A glorious change this made in his life,
And he from the road withdrew
And really got acquainted with his wife,
His sons and his daughters, too.

But a thump and a bang, and a bang again,
The porter was knocking at the door—
"It is almost time for the six o'clock train,"
And the drummer's dream is o'er.

"DRUMMERS' JOKES."

"No man need be a pedant any more than he need be a fool. But he should endeavor to say something more than the last scandal, or be able to tell you something

more witty and humorous than a *drummer's last lewd tale"* (italics ours). From this one may infer that the tenor and bent of tales issuing from the lips of a drummer were of a character not suited to ears polite or fit to be rehearsed in respectable society. But this is not correct, for if one takes but the trouble to inquire and trace out the source and issue of these questionable tales, he will discover that their authorship is not of the drummer class although unfortunately they are credited therewith. We remember the time when every smutty yarn was attributed to President Lincoln, and there are many people who even now regard him as the originator and retailer of jokes and sayings full of indecencies and obscene suggestions. He was humorous and full of native wit, but we never heard of any one who could truly assert that they had heard questionable stories fall from his lips. Many a coarse jest that had its birth in the prurient imagination of some obscure individual, was credited as coming from him, and were wrongly dubbed, "One of Lincoln's jokes."

The same method obtains to-day with the drummer's jokes, so-called; he is credited as their author, and they are retailed in his name so often that the "drummer's jokes" has become a synonym for every vulgar anecdote or double-entendre story. That there are drummers who endeavor to gain a notoriety for retailing nastiness is, alas, too true, but they are, thank heaven, becoming less numerous day by day, and the sooner they disappear from the ranks of the traveling salesmen the better for themselves and the character and standing of their fellows.

If the term drummer is to be associated with lewd sayings, the sooner the traveling fraternity ignore that nickname the better, and take up and adopt, per force,

if necessary, the term commercial traveler. We may hear and have heard of drummers' jokes, but we fail to hear and never will hear of commercial travelers' jokes as being coupled with lewdness and garnished with profanity.—*Commercial Traveler.*

"WILL THE 'DRUMMER' BE CROWDED OUT?"

The above question heads a recent article in the *Columbus Dispatch* relative to the action of a Philadelphia firm who furnished round-trip tickets to a hundred or more of its customers, together with an invitation for them to visit the above city and become personally acquainted with the people with whom they were dealing. The columns of *The National Commercial Traveler* is the channel through which the negative of the proposition can be best discussed, being, as it is, the conduit reaching the greatest possible number of those likely to feel an interest in the reasons adduced. The present supervisor of the census will likely report at least 68,000,000 of population in the United States. Of this number there will likely be at least 1,100,000 merchants and 250,000 commercial travelers. This last class places or disposes of at least 80 per cent. of the entire commerce of the nation. They number six times as many able-bodied men as the standing army of the nation. As peacefully inclined as they are assiduous in the prosecution of their enterprises, they visit every city, village, and hamlet throughout the broad domain of the nation, and in every valley and upon every hill-top may be discerned the banner of this grand commercial army, bearing upon its folds the legend, "ELY." Yankee genius has accomplished

marvelous results in the invention of labor-saving machinery. The introduction of these machines has displaced ninety-nine out of every one hundred persons engaged in the manufacture of wall paper, eighty out of one hundred engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes,the same number of those engaged as farm hands, sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. of those engaged in the manufacture of cotton cloths, and so on, through the entire catalogue, displacement has come to labor in a greater or less degree; but even Connecticut, the land of wooden nutmegs, the paradise of pumpkin pies, has utterly failed to produce a substitute for a commercial traveler. You have never seen one of them stamped "patented." They are fresh and pure, as they came from the hands of their Creator, and are proof against the incursions of the inventor, *because*, in matters of invention, they are authority, and the fountain will not rise higher than its source. The Philadelphia firm referred to had no thought of doing away with their traveling men, but sought rather to assist them by bringing dealer and customer into more friendly relations. It may come to pass that the "drummer" will have to go, but the commercial traveler is here to stay, and the firm who has the element of liberality set forth so conspicuously in their intercourse with their patrons is entirely too far advanced to lose sight of the fact that the commercial traveler is not only the advance-guard of commerce, but its life-guard as well; that if he be loyal to the interests confided to him he will be ready at all times to repel by his ballot, with his voice and his strong arm, the incursions of foes to those interests from without or depredations from within. It is a recognized fact that it is an economic movement for the 250,000 to go to the 1,100,000 rather than

to reverse the operation, and it don't take a very long-headed mathematician to figure out the problem that one ticket from Philadelphia to Chicago, or the expense of the trip, will be but one-fourth as much as for four persons to go from Chicago to Philadelphia, thus incurring the expense of four similar trips instead of one; yet this does not correctly state the commercial side of the proposition of the traveling man going to see his trade instead of they going to see him, because the first only put it in proportion to the number of each class relatively, while, in fact, when the traveling man goes to Chicago he doesn't confine his visit to four, the proportion as above stated, but probably sees fifty, and in the course of his visit west he calls upon five hundred, at a very small additional expense attached to each of these calls. To state that the system of disposing of the products of the country through the agency of traveling men is a very great expense, argues nothing. It is equally true that railroads to transport the tonnage thus disposed of is a great expense, that steamships are expensive, that the telephone, the telegraph, are a great additional expense in the conducting of the business of the country, that rents, taxes, and in fact every other item of expense adds to the cost of doing business, and that the merchandise has to stand it; yet to attempt to carry on the present system of commerce without them, would be considered an act of insanity. It is safe to assume that the commercial traveler will stay, for the same reasons that these other little conveniences will be retained. The proposition for us to discuss is not whether the craft is to be crowded out by modern innovations, but how can we become most effective as the handmaiden of the great and growing necessities of the future America. What of that epoch in our

country's history when 1,200,000,000 of population and 2,900,000 commercial travelers shall have sprung from the loins of the nation? Statistics show that period to be less than a century distant. As in the past the lines have been continually drawing nearer between cost and selling price, so in the future the limit of margins will continue to narrow in. A readjustment of some item of expense must stand a portion of the loss. Where shall it come from? Shall we, like the man who "fit" at Gettysburg, continue to act on the independent plan? or is it better that we unify ourselves and see that each factor in the business transactions of the country stands its proportionate part? If the merchant accepts a lower profit, the salesman must stand the rest of the decline, *unless* he and the merchant can persuade the transportation companies to meet them on a common plane of mutual interest. The merchant is not getting war profits, the salesman is not receiving war salary. Why should the railroad have war rates? The above question is the query; here followeth the answer: Because the merchants of the country, together with their salesmen, have thus far failed to enter a combined protest. Moral: Let us combine.

JNO. C. FENIMORE.

COMMERCIALS CLASSIFIED.

"I have just finished a pleasant job," said a prominent traveling man lately to a *Macon Telegraph* man.

"It was one which took some time, but I am satisfied with the results. I was just sizing up the different members of the fraternity, and the thought struck me, why not grade them?

"Here they are:

"Class 1. The drummer, the every day, common-sense, hard-working, travel-day-or-night fellow, sells lots of 'stuff' on close margins, his career is devoid of all ambition other than that of his profession, and to whom the term 'holiday' is a misfit phrase. He wears store-bought clothes, and is—generally broke.

"Class 2. The commercial traveler, self-styled, is the most attractive young fellow on the earth, takes the world easy, sells the better grade of goods, and does it 'nicely,' wears tailor-made clothing. He knows a few 'drummers,' smokes three-for-a-quarter cigars, takes apollinaris with his ——; is usually of a cynical turn of mind, but on good terms with the whole world. His trade looks him up at the hotel after business hours, for he is 'straight goods,' and 'takes well.' Like the drummer, however, he is—generally broke.

"Class 3. Calls himself a traveling representative. He holds a small working interest in some big firm for whom he has made 'big money,' a firm which needs his services, but has adopted this method of keeping from paying him the salary he is worth. It reduces the T. R.'s income; but who would sacrifice income for the glory of being admitted to the firm? He is most generally a fine, handsome young fellow of good address, polished manners, genial, jovial, liberal, has a 'mash' on his trade, unexceptional in attire, the idol of the hotel. Yet, he too, is—generally broke.

"Class 4. Like to be called commercial tourists, mostly middle-aged, very *passe*, usually unsuccessful merchants who entered business with the idea of 'doing it all.' They still know everything, and tell it, usually recommended from smaller towns by his friends (?) who want to get rid of him and yet serve him. He is the

man of 'gall,' which constitutes his stock in trade, and he works it for all it is worth. They affect elderly society and don't mix with the drummers; have a look of having seen better days, and their dress shows it. They are generally, most generally—broke.

"Class 5. Commercial angels are what we delight to term these darlings of the real alligator grip—bless their little hearts; they generally travel for papa or uncle, who dotes on them and hopes to reform them by this kind of experience; they are getting to be too numerous latterly. But their 'toilets' are ravishing, their raiment is dainty; doesn't give much time to business, but is not his fault: twenty-four hours is entirely too short to get through his affairs in. Altogether 'they make me tired.' We are going to annihilate this class from our profession, and will soon begin the slaughter of these innocents, so doting papas will please take notice. I forgot to say that if the money these fellows spend had to be earned by themselves, they, too, would be entirely broke.

"That is all. I have got them fine, haven't I?"

STRANGE, IF TRUE.

A well known Dallas drummer tells a story that shows at what a low ebb the religion of Kansas City drummers is popularly supposed to be. Lighting a fresh cigar, he proceeded:

"I was stopping at a certain hotel in Western Texas the other night, and the room being a little circumscribed, the landlord asked me if I had any objection to occupying the same room with a Kansas City drummer. I had been with the missionary from the mouth of the Kaw nearly all day, and rather liked him, as he was

decidedly on my style. He could tell more yarns than anybody I ever saw, chewed tobacco, and, in fact, went all the gaits. He was a thoroughbred.

"I signified my willingness to go in the same cell with him, and after smoking and knocking around awhile after supper, we repaired to our room. He told me several tough yarns, and remarked incidentally that it was a darned poor hotel.

"By this time he was undressed, and after saying he would retire, he fell down on his knees with his face on the bed. The first thing that occurred to me was that he must have a fit, and the next thing was that if he should die on my hands I would have a time explaining the thing away. At all events, it would necessitate my staying over another day in town. Not wishing to do this, I sang out to the hotel clerk and at the same time took hold of the man to place him on the bed, thinking he would recover more speedily by being more comfortably stretched out. By this time the landlord, his wife, several guests, four or five kids and a lame negro gathered in the room.

"Under my magnetic touch, by the laying on of my hand, the Kansas City man came to. He got up in high dudgeon. He said he had heard a great deal about Texas being heathenish. He also remembered what Phil. Sheridan said about it, but he had no idea of creating a sensation, or exciting a whole town or disturbing the peace, by simply kneeling down and saying his prayers before retiring.

"Well, you can imagine how I felt. Such a thing as a Kansas City drummer saying his prayers had never entered my head. In fact, I told him that such conduct in a drummer was unheard of in this country. At that time the landlady chipped in and said she would rather

he would pay in advance or stop at another hotel. He said he never wanted to stop there again, and taking his grip, left, saying he would settle with me outside the corporate limits. I apologized to him and warned him not to make any more breaks while in Western Texas"—*Northwest Trade.*

A SOLID (S)MASH.

Jauntily into the car he came
With a busy, breezy air,
And spied a seat unoccupied
By the side of a maiden fair.

"May I sit here beside you?"
He asked with a smile quite bold.
"There's nothing to prevent you, sir,"
She answered clear and cold.

"Ha! ha!" said he unto himself,
"She little knows my power;
I'll have her chinning, sweetly, too,
Within the next half hour."

"Ahem! 'tis quite a lovely day,"
He said, she answered "Yes, sir,
But by the looks of those dark clouds
We'll have a storm, I guess, sir."

And so they sat in converse sweet,
She smiling, he grew bolder,
For soon his arm was round her waist,
Her head laid on his shoulder.

* * * * * * *

There came from out the smoking car
A form tall, gaunt and thin.
A murderous gleam shot from its eye,
As it took the whole scene in.

With a terrible scowl, and a horrid howl
He landed a fearful blow
Right smack on the back of the traveler's neck.
A collision ? whirr ! whiz ! Oh ! Oh !

They gently raised the body up
From under the seat where it lay,
And restored it to its normal,
With the usual spiritual spray.

" How many are killed," says the traveler,
"Is the whole train off the track ?
I feel as if the Pullman car
Had telescoped on my back."

" Dere was no collish," said the gaunt one,
Yer can blame it all on tu me ;
Yer were off yer base, wid yuer arm round her waist.
So I knocked yer out, d'ye see."

" Was this seat engaged ?" said the traveler,
As he quickly sprang on his feet.
" You can bet your sweet life," says the smasher.
"I'm engaged to de gal and de seat."

MORAL.

If with girls in half occupied seats,
You attempt to flirt, or to joke,
Make sure "she ain't got a feller"
In the other car taking a smoke.

C. E. BIBBER.

CHAPTER II.

DRUMMER'S POETRY.

Like a piece of drift-wood
Tossed on a watery main,
Another piece encounters,
Meets, touches—parts again.

Thus 'tis with drummers ever,
On life's tempestuous sea,
We meet, we greet, we sever;
Drifting Eternally.

Then why not treat us kindly.
Ye men of wealth and lore,
For soon in God's own Kingdom
We'll meet to part no more.

And there we'll sing his praises,
And glorious anthems hum,
And thank our Heavenly Father
There are no merchants there to drum.

HE WAS A DRUMMER.

He was a nobby traveler,
A drummer from New York,
Who never eat his pie unless
He did it with a fork.

One day he saw a pretty girl
Upon the "Through Express."
She couldn't get the window up,
And seemed in sore distress.

"Ah, Miss, permit me," and he flew
To help the fair young girl;
He fixed the window and began
His fine moustache to twirl.

And smiling like a son of Gaul,
(The French are always sweet,)
He asked if he could occupy
A portion of the seat.

She let him in—she sized him up—
She shook her pretty fan.
And said to him, in dulcet tones.
"Ain't you a traveling man?"

"Yes, Miss," he answered—sweet and low,
And reached out for her fan,
"But is it such a grievous sin
To be a traveling man?"

"I reckon not," she made reply,
"But father seems to think,
'Twixt bad and worst the traveler makes
The great connecting link.

"He's out there on the platform now,
And looking mighty blue,
So if you are a traveling man,
You'll travel P. D. Q."

MORAL.—He traveled.

SATIRE ON THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

"Is this seat engaged?" he asked of the prettiest girl in the car, and finding that it wasn't, he put his sample box in the rack and braced himself up for solid enjoyment.

"Pleasant day," said the girl, coming for him before he could get his tongue unkinked. "Most bewildering day, isn't it?"

"Y-yes, miss," stammered the drummer. He was in the habit of playing pitcher in this kind of a match, and the position of catcher didn't fit him as tight as his pantaloons.

"Nice weather for traveling," continued the girl, "much nicer than when it is cold. Are you perfectly comfortable?"

"Oh, yes, thanks," murmured the drummer.

"Glad of it," resumed the girl, cheerfully. "You don't look so. Let me put my shawl under your head, won't you? Hadn't you rather sit next to the window and have me describe the landscape to you?"

"No, please," he murmured, "I am doing well enough."

"Can I buy some peanuts or a book? Let me do something to make the trip happy! Suppose I slip my arm around your waist! Just lean forward a trifle, please, so that I can!"

"You'll—you'll have to excuse me," gasped the wretched drummer; "I don't think you really mean it."

"You look so tired," she pleaded; "wouldn't you like to rest your head on my shoulder? No one will notice. Just lay your head right down and I'll tell you stories."

"No, thanks! I won't to-day! I'm very comfortable," and the poor drummer looked around helplessly.

"Your scarf-pin is coming out. Let me fix it. There!" and she arrayed it deftly. "At the next station I'll get you a cup of tea, and when we arrive at our destination you'll let me call on you?" and she smiled an anxious prayer right into his pallid countenance.

"I think I'll go away and smoke," said the drummer, and hauled down his gripsack and made a bolt for the door, knee-deep in grins showered upon him by his fellow passengers.

"Strange!" murmured the girl to a lady in front of her. "I only did with him just what he was making ready to do with me, and big and strong as he is, he couldn't stand it. I really think women have stronger stomachs than men; besides that, there isn't any smoking-car for them to fly to for refuge. I don't understand this thing." But she settled back contentedly all the same; and at a convention of drummers, held in the smoker that morning, it was unanimously resolved that the seat was engaged, as far as they were concerned, for the balance of the season.

A DRUMMER'S REMEDY.

One night this spring on a train coming east on the Erie road, the porter of a sleeping-car aroused half a dozen of the male sleepers to ask if they had anything with them to cure a case of colic. A drummer for a city hardware house fumbled around in his coat and finally said:

"Here's a box of soda-mints which may help him.

He can use the whole box and be hanged to him, for he's no business to have colic!"

Nothing further was heard of the case until morning, when a strapping young man, with a far-West look to his hair, came into the sleeper with the mint box in his hand and inquired for the drummer, and said:

"Took 'em all but one, and they smashed my colic right in the eye. How much to pay?"

"Nothing, sir. I'm only too glad to have been of service to you."

When the other had gone the drummer opened the box and we saw his hair trying to climb up.

"Great Scott, boys; but what do you think?" he gasped.

"What is it?"

"I gave him the wrong box, and he's swallowed eleven bone collar buttons!"—*M. Quad, in New York Evening World.*

MEN ON THE ROAD.

A man without brains has no business on the road.

Why?

Because, to become a successful salesman, a man requires a head full of that needful commodity. And we do not mean merely brains in quantity, but in quality.

Without brains—well cultivated, harrowed, plowed, raked and weeded—a man can not be ingenious.

A drummer must be full of ingenuity.

Without brains he cannot be apt, quick, thoughtful.

A drummer must possess all these qualifications.

He meets and deals with all kinds of men. He "stacks up" against a perfect medley of human nature—pleasant men, cross men, dyspeptic men, religious men, sport-

ing men, business men, and men with no idea of business methods—all kinds, all sorts, all nationalities.

The drummer meets all these people under all sorts of conditions and under a variety of circumstances. He is expected to deal with them all successfully.

Then he needs brains, doesn't he?

He must be a man of ready resource—ready to smile, to laugh, whoop 'er-up, feel ugly and act sweet, be able to sympathize, sorrow, and if need be, weep! And with all this, he must never lose his independence. He must be a man all the time.

And show me a successful salesman who isn't a man all the way through, and I'll show you a duck that can't swim.—*Cor. Supply World.*

THAT BELL BOY.

When I became a commercial traveler, I felt that I had a mission to perform in the interest of the fraternity. I believed that there were a good many abuses lingering about the hotels of the land which might be ameliorated with the aid of a good hard cheek and plenty of kicking.

The first abuse against which I set my lance was the bell boy abuse. The bell boy is born, not made. He rageth about the corridors of the inn, seeking whom he may aggravate unto the pitch of profanity. Early in my mad career I became convinced that he who could take the hide off from two bell boys where the hide of only one had been taken before would go down to posterity as a public benefactor.

I resolved to make an example of the first bell boy who fell into my hands.

I found him on the line of the Michigan Central rail-

way, and a more innocent looking rascal I never met. He sat on a bench in the office reading "Bloody Bob; or the Black Burglar from Blindman's Bay." It was in the middle of the afternoon, but I went to my room for the express purpose of holding an executive session with him.

I rang the bell at 2:45 and sat down to write some letters. At 3:05 the door opened with a bang and my friend of the gory romance entered.

"Did you ring?"

"Did I ring?" I repeated, musingly. "I believe I did ring for some wood a long time ago, but the summer is here now, and you may bring me some ice water."

The youthful villain made a face at the door knob that would have done credit to Quilp, and went out.

At 3:25 he came back with a pint of water and a piece of ice a trifle smaller than the marbles he was rattling in his pocket.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Ice water."

"Where is the ice?"

"In the water."

"Oh, I didn't see it anywhere around and I thought perhaps you had it in one of your vest pockets. Ice comes high now?"

"This ice come four stories high. Anything else?"

"Yes, if you think you can get back before dark go to the bar and get me a cigar."

"Fiver ten?"

"Ten."

At 3:45 he came back with a broken cigar and one match.

"Did you have to wait long, sonny?" I asked.

"Huh?"

"Did you have to wait long?"

"Wot fer?"

"For some bootblack to throw this away."

"It's just as I got it. Is that the first cigar you ever had, mister?"

Yes, sonny, and you may take it and tie it to the tail of the first cow you see climbing a telegraph pole."

"Anything else?"

"Yes; I'm coming here in January and you may as well begin to build a fire now. What became of Bloody Bob?"

"Oh, he got fresh and the devil turned him into a drummer. Anything else?"

I couldn't think of anything else just then, and the boy went away, leaving me to my letters and my sad thoughts. For the next half hour every one who passed my room stopped a moment and went away laughing. At last I opened the door and found this placard:

BEWARE!

Crazy man in this room.

Please do nothing to agitate him.

I appealed from the bell boy to the clerk.

If I could have secured possession of the boy for about ten minutes, the appeal would never have been taken. I saw the smiling face of the young imp peering around an angle of the hallway as I passed down stairs, but I did not attempt to catch him. Once or twice in my lifetime I have endeavored to arrest the small boy in his hasty flight, and I am satisfied that these were the most unprofitable moments I ever knew.

I placed the placard on the counter before the clerk.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Read it."

He adjusted his eye-glasses to the bridge of a nose that immediately rejected them, and then he proceeded to read the placard without their assistance.

"That seems to be all right," he said, with a smile meant to be encouraging.

"But I found it posted on the door of my room."

"Oh! inside or out?"

"Outside, you blasted idiot."

"Did you put it there?"

"Did I put it there? you——"

"Oh, never mind," said the clerk, going back to his books, "I didn't know but you carried your sign with you when you traveled. Shall I do it up for you?"

I intimated to the clerk that if he'd take the bell boy and go out in the back yard I'd do them up.

"Yes, yes," said the clerk impatiently, "I have plenty of opportunities like that. What's the boy got to do with it?"

"He put this thing on the door of my room, I tell you."

The clerk hit the bell and young Asmodeus came skulking out of the check room.

"Did you make that?" asked the clerk.

"Noap."

"Did you post it on the door of No. 47?"

"Noap."

"Ever see it before?"

"Noap."

"You can go."

He stepped around the corner of the counter, ran his tongue out about three inches, and vanished.

I sank into a chair in a sort of daze. There were plenty of things I might have said, but as I ran them

over in my mind they all seemed inadequate to the occasion.

"See here," I said at length to the clerk, "I believe you wrote that."

He never looked up from his books.

"And bribed that young imp to hang it on the door of my room."

Scratch, scratch, scratch!

"And I'll advertise your bed-buggy old shebang the whole length of the road!"

The clerk hit the bell and the boy again skulked out of the check room.

"Bring a bag of ice for this gentleman's head and a pound of salt."

"Yessir."

There wasn't any use of my staying there and collecting a crowd, was there? I went to my room and packed up.

The bell boy nuisance still exists.—*Michigan Tradesman.*

THE GENTLEMAN AND THE SNOB.

There is something strange in the manner in which some men deport themselves when they arrive at a public house or a large hotel. The different temperaments display different and ofttimes amusing traits that if they were told of they would deny most earnestly. But if any one will sit down in a prominent hotel office and watch the arrival of the commercial traveler, he will be both amused and instructed. The difference is so very striking that you will be forced to exclaim, "Can these men be following the same occupation?" You can tell the gentleman the moment he puts down his baggage,

and the snob by the time he gets inside the door. But at the table—there is the place you will find blissful ignorance and unblushing effrontery. The man who was raised in a log cabin with a mud floor wants all the attention of the waiters, talks loudest, and tells you confidentially the house is going down; don't feed worth a cent any more; can't get anything fit to eat; will have to go home to recruit up. Now you can bet your last penny that fellow never saw the inside of a first-class hotel until his cheek got him a place with some house who wanted a cheap man. You will find them every now and then; but they don't last long. They are soon found out, and I ofttimes wonder why landlords don't kick such men out of the house and toss their baggage on top of them.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

C. T.'S AS PICTURED BY A YOUNG LADY.

A bright Brockton girl has given the *Gazette* the following pen-picture of commercial travelers:

"A placard is not needed; it is marked upon them in some undefinable way—C. T. You can almost invariably tell them when you meet them. There may be a chance for a toss-up whether he is an actor or a C. T., but it is a slight one, and you are pretty sure to conclude—and rightly—that he is a commercial traveler. Not but what there are classes and classes in this particular class of mankind, and there are few you may not recognize.

"The first is the conspicuous C. T. You've seen him. If small-brimmed hats are fashionable, his is the smallest you have seen; his ulster the longest, the cape the fullest; his neck-scarf would make two for our most ambitious dudes; his trousers are of the loudest plaid a sedate

town would stand; and in every item his clothing is extravagant. Withal, he is a good seller, and is most likely the head C. T. of the concern, and has just 'run out for the day. Otherwise he comes in two kinds—the jewelry and the clothing man.

"The second class, whereof I speak, is an entirely different *genus homo*. His dress is a little more quiet, very apt to be a pretty business suit, or an all-black one, and a silk hat with a crape band is always part of his toilet. He is not so dashing as his more conspicuously-dressed brethren, but has the reputation of being a worker.

"This one you've all met and rather liked. He is a 'good seller,' been 'on the road' twenty to twenty-five years, and yet grasps your hand as though you were the one person on earth he really cared to see. His stories are new and good, and his inimitable way of telling them is a charm in itself. All the time, however, he is catching you for a good round order, and you are surprised when the bill comes in. He has lived well, and dresses in the same spirit. You might take him for a prosperous business man, but there is still a something about him that proclaims him a C. T.

"There is another style C. T. coming up. It's hard to tell into just what he'll develop; unfortunately we are obliged to wait for that. However, he's young, very young, and may improve, even though he does now think he knows it all, and listens with an O-don't-spend-so-much-time-telling-me-what-I-know look, when his buyer makes some suggestion. He apes his elder brother in the matter of wide trousers and loud checks, and will get there himself one day."

A "FUNNY" MAN FLAILED.

The Dowden McElroy Grocery Co., of Kansas City, Mo., keep a funny man who, when not disseminating his wonderful wit, fills up the time by buying cigars.

About two months ago the representative of a well-known N. Y. manufacturer called there and inquired for the buyer. He happened to strike the funny man, who replied that the buyer had recently died. "Well," said the drummer, "I can't very well tackle a corpse to buy cigars, but if you have a live man anywhere handy I would like to see him." "There is no one attending to his duties as yet," said Mr. Funnyman; so the drummer took his grip and left.

The other day the latter called again and met the funny man once more. "Is the buyer in?" he inquired. "No," was the reply, "he is on the road and won't be back for a week. "What might his name be?" pursued the drummer. "Gill," promptly replied the funny man.

As the drummer was about leaving the store he happened to glance back and found Mr. Funnyman and two of his admiring friends convulsed with merriment, and smelling a mouse, he quietly stepped into the private office and made a few inquiries with results entirely unlooked for by Mr. Funnyman.

The drummer, who stands six feet three in his boots, stalked into the sales-room with blood in his eye. "Who goes by the name of Bates here?" he demanded. "I do," meekly responded the funny man.

"Two months ago when I called here," thundered the drummer, "you lied to me. You lied to me this morning when you told me the buyer was on the road; you lied a third time when you informed me that his name

was 'Gill,'" and then followed such a word-spanking as ought to keep Mr. Funnyman Bates from sitting down for a month of Sundays.

He had, indeed, become the "corpse" he had so amply described himself to be at the initial interview. He was utterly dumb, and looked the deadest man this side of the Missouri river. Slapping down his card on the desk in front of the bewildered "Corpse," the drummer added: "You won't forget me in a hurry, I guess, and if you shouldn't happen to know my name, you'll find it right here."

No doubt the funny man wishes that particular drummer would in future drum a certain territory where manufacturers are not troubled with the burning quality of their cigars, even if the brimstone is a little offensive.

GAF.

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY INN.

On a stormy November night a traveling man who had carried the grip for many years, and visited almost every town of consequence in the country, sat in the "office" of a small hotel in a tumble-down country town waiting for a train. He was sleek, well-fed and had every appearance of being prosperous and pleased with life. He had no business in this dilapidated village other than to change from one railroad to another.

"A beastly night," he muttered, as a sudden gust of wind swept around the corner of the house, slapped the rain against the dingy window and drove it in a stream under the door, "a beastly night and a dreary place in which to spend four hours of tedious waiting."

Another fierce gust of wind caught in its damp clutches the creaking sign above the door, tore it from

its fastenings, and hurled it to the wooden walk outside with a loud bang. The man started to his feet, glanced quickly around the cheaply furnished room, and then, with a smile at his own timidity, sank back in his chair, and, lighting a fresh cigar, composed himself to watch out the slowly creeping hours. He could hear the landlord snoring in the kitchen behind the "office." The round, chubby-faced clock above the counter ticked away at a lively rate ; the storm without raged on, and the traveler smoked and mused. Suddenly the door swung open noiselessly, and closed again. The gust of wind and rain that came into the room aroused the man from his reverie. He glanced up carelessly and then sat stilled into astonished silence. Just inside the door stood a girl of that age which brings to mind the rose-bud on the point of becoming a rose. A girl about to become a woman. Her dress was of the simplest pattern, and, drenched with the rain, clung closely to her form, which was strangely perfect. The face was fair, with the pink-white tinge of apple blossoms. Her eyes were large, and of a deep, dark blue, while around her neck and shoulders clung a mass of wet, wavy hair, shaded like a maple leaf after a frost. Putting one finger to her lips, she advanced cautiously to the traveler, and, bending her face close to his, she whispered :

"Are you warm ?"

"Yes," he answered, and in spite of himself, his voice assumed a tone not unlike her own.

"And comfortable ?"

"As comfortable as one can be in such a dreary place as this. But you ? your garments are drenched with the rain and you must be cold."

"Cold, cold ; no, I shall never be cold again," she whispered passionately, "there is a fire burning here

that will keep me always warm." She laid one hand on her bosom as she spoke and the blue-veined lids trembled slowly down over her great soft eyes.

The traveler, looking on her as she stood there with her beautiful face so full of sorrow, felt a strange thrill. He longed to put out his hand with a soothing touch, but a feeling he could not define restrained him.

"You have some one to love you," she whispered with sudden earnestness, "some one who thinks of you night and day wherever you are, and loves you more with every thought!"

A vision of a thin, dark face, with brown eyes in which love seemed to swim like a star in a stream whenever they turned their light on him, rose suddenly before him, and he answered:

"Yes, there is such an one."

"I was sure of it," she replied. "No one who is not so loved could look so peaceful, so contented, so happy."

She turned her face away, and in the dim light of the lamp he saw a tear upon her cheek, and he thought of a dewdrop on a white rose.

"I dreamed once that some one loved me like that. Listen. Months ago, when the grass was like a carpet and the hillsides were white with daisy blossoms, there was one came here and sat as you do, waiting for a train. He was not like you, but tall and slender, with dark hair that clustered in ringlets about a broad, white brow, and with eyes like a dark night in summer. His voice was soft and low, and when he spoke to me the blood went to my heart with a rush that made me faint. And when he was gone it seemed not to flow at all. He came again, and we walked yonder by the stream in the moonlight. He told me of a beautiful city far away;

he spoke of his lonely life, of his great love for me—but he lied, he lied, he lied !"

She did not say these last words with any show of passion, but they came in wailing sighs like the summer wind in the maples after a storm.

Standing there with her hand on her heart, she was like one who had been struck with a dagger. The traveler was about to utter some word of consolation when she suddenly started, and looking round in a frightened way, she continued :

"I believed him, and trusted him and followed him, but he lied. The old man is asleep—if he should awake and find me here—but he must not—I must go away again. I only came to take a last look at the old home where I was so happy before *he* came. I will go now, you will not betray me ? I can trust you ? Yes, I feel that I can trust—"

There was a noise in the kitchen, the door suddenly opened, and an old man, half awake, came into the room. The moment his eyes fell on the shrinking form of the girl before him, however, they flashed with the fire of passion, the bent form straightened, he raised a threatening hand and cried :

"Girl, girl, have you come back to crush the heart you have already broken ? Out ! Out ! and never let me see your face again."

She fell on her knees before him, sobbing. A moment she knelt there, her wet garments clinging about her, the mass of red-gold hair falling about her face until it swept the floor. The old man stood above her like a bent tree straightened by a storm.

"O, uncle, forgive me," she moaned at length. "I was weak, wrong, wicked, but I did not know. For God's sake don't drive me away, I did not know !"

The fierceness faded out of the old man's face as the red light fades in the sunset sky. He stooped and took her in his arms, then, turning to the traveler, said slowly :

" You will please go, sir. We are better alone. I am sure you will go."

Out into the howling storm the traveler went, and the drops on his cheeks were not all of rain. A whistle in the distance, a rumble, a sudden fierce red eye growing out of the night, and the train had come and gone. In the little ragged village the cheap tavern stood hiding its great sorrow. The traveler traveled as before, and the great world rolled along and never knew, and never cared, of this drama of a little Country Inn.

CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

THE DRUMMER TO HIS GRIP.

Full many a weary mile, old Grip,
We've traveled o'er together,
Both in sunshine and in storm—
In every kind of weather.

How many hours you've waited, Grip,
Alone in some hotel,
While I was selling piles of goods,
Or getting scooped like—well.

I never was profane, old Grip,
You never heard me swear—
Not even when that bottle broke,
And I'd no shirt to wear.

How often you've held down the seat,
You darling, dear old Grip,
While I went to the smoking car
With friends to take a su—smoke.

I've trusted you with secrets, Grip.
In fact you hold some now,
Which, were they known at home,
Would raise an awful row.

You've kept my secrets well, old Grip,
At home and "on the road,"
Tnough scores and scores of times, old friend,
You've carried a "heavy load."

You've seen me shed some tears, old Grip,
When no one else was nigh,
And often tried to comfort me,
With drinks of good old rye.

We've seen some hard times, too, old Grip—
Like me, you've stood abuse,
Sometimes, like me, you've empty been,
And sometimes "fuller 'n a goose."

Yet, I never saw the time, Grip,
When you were really drunk,
Though oftentimes I've had to "preach"
To our old "sample trunk."

We're gray-haired, rusty chaps, old Grip,
And don't look very fine;
The ladies never notice us,
As when we used to shine.

You know the reason, too, old Grip,
They know the world we've seen,
So they "catch on" to newer grips,
And traveling men in green.

Oh, well, we've seen the time, old Grip,
Whene'er we left the train,
It was to leave some gentle heart
Just fluttering with pain.

And you could tell of letters, Grip,
And faces, sweet and fair,
Which I have left day after day,
In your most sacred care.

Well, we are aged now, Grip—
I'm forty-nine, you're seven;
Soon you'll be "laid upon the shelf,"
I—sailing off towards Heaven.

But we'll stick together, Grip,
The longest that we can,
For, next to a woman, there's no friend
Like Grip to a traveling man.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

What would I do without "the boys?" How often they have been my friends. I go to a new town. I don't know one hotel from another. I don't know where to go. The man with the samples gets off at the same station. I follow him without a word or a tremor. He calls to the 'bus driver by name, and orders him to "get out of this now," as soon as we are seated. And when I followed him I am inevitably certain to go to the best

house there is in the place. He shouts at the clerk by name, and fires a joke at the landlord as we go in. He looks over my shoulder as I register after him, and hands me his card with a shout of recognition. He peeps at the register again, and watches the clerk assign me to ninety-eight. "Ninety-nothing," he shouts, "who's in fifteen?" The clerk says he is saving fifteen for Judge Dryasdust. "Well, he be blowed," says my cheery friend; "give him the attic and put the gentleman in fifteen." And if the clerk hesitates, he seizes the pen and gives me the fifteen himself, and then he calls the porter, orders him to carry up my baggage and put a fire in fifteen, and then in the same breath, adds, "What time will you be at supper, Mr. Burdette?" And he waits for me, and, seeing that I am a stranger in the town, he sees that I am cared for, and the waiters do not neglect me; he tells me about the town, the people and the business. He is breezy, cheery, sociable, full of new stories, always good natured; he frisks with cigars and overflows with "thousand-mile tickets;" he knows all the best rooms in all the hotels; he always has a key for the car seats, and turns a seat for himself and his friends without troubling the brakeman, but he will ride on a wood-box or stand outside to accommodate a lady, or he will give his seat to an old man. I know him pretty well. For three years I have been traveling with him, from Colorado to Maine, and I have seen the worst and the best of him, and I know the best far outweighs the worst. I could hardly get along without him, and I am glad he is numerous.

BOB BURDETTE.

THE GENERAL AGENT.

The Commercial Travelaire
With a bold and fearless air
Says unto his Customaire,
  You'd better buy, buy, buy ;
For you'll make a big mistake
If you're trying me to "shake,"
And these bargains you don't "rake,"
  For they'll be high, high, high.

Here's a line of corduroys
Which are bound to make a noise
And are bully for the boys,
  Lord, how they'll wear, wear, wear.
Better twig this lot of socks
That you ought to take in "blocks,"
For the color never crocks
  As I can swear, swear, swear.

Here's St. Peter's patent pills
To relieve all earthly ills
And reduce the doctors' bill
  Throughout the land, land, land.
With tobacco, snuff, cigars,
Fancy soap in cakes and bars
You should freight a train of cars
  If you've the sand, sand, sand.

Which reminds me,—what a jump
Sugars took, refined and lump,
While lard just makes us hump
  To fill our trade, trade, trade,

You will need our style of boots
(With the maker we're "cahoots"),
So, our price it always suits—
Don't be afraid, 'fraid, 'fraid.

Paper hangings will be "pooled,"
And you'll certainly be fooled
If by me you are not ruled
To buy 'em now, now, now.
Hardware stocks are getting small,
Big advances sure! this fall,
Better "take a few of all"
And save a row, row, row.

Thus the trav'ler tried and true
Gives the points to me and you,
While he saves us not a few
Dimes every year, year, year;
So, we greet him every trip
With a warm and friendly grip
And can scarcely see him skip
Without a tear, tear, tear,

JNO. H. FOREY

THE DRUMMER'S GRIP.

Though the rain and sleet are falling,
And the roads are "awful muddy,
Though all men "hard times" are bawling
Though a fellow's nose gets ruddy,
Though the rivers may be frozen,
And the frosts may bite and nip,
They can never stop the advent
Of the drummer and his grip.

Though the trains may all be smashing,
And the horses all go lame,
The drummer, like the bed-bug,
Will get there, just the same.
And when his time is over
Will come smiling from his trip,
For he always "makes connections,"
Does the drummer with his grip.

Ah, he teaches us a lesson,
With his energy and grit,
Things that "paralyze" most people,
Don't astonish him a bit.
And he's ever bright and cheerful
And a smile is on his lip.
He's a daisy from away back.
Is the drummer with his grip.

Then give him a kind word always.
He'll give you back the same,
For the doings of some "black sheep"
Don't give the whole flock blame.
For down, clear down to Hades
Some so-called "GOOD MEN" slip,
While along the road to Heaven
Goes the drummer (with his grip).

DOWN ON THE "DRUMMER."

There is a decided and proper aversion upon the part of a great many commercial travelers to the term "drummer" when it is applied to them as a class. It is the judgment of these that no better reason exists why this epithet should be used in referring to their

craft than for alluding to the minister of the gospel as a "sky-pilot" or "pulpit-pounder." There was a day years ago when drummers went to and fro in the land; when an incorrigible son or shiftless nephew, who, after repeated trials in the house, had proven himself utterly devoid of every element which entered into the make-up of a successful business man, was placed on the road as a "drummer" upon the same general line of reasoning which induces the Russian government to urgently request a great number of her citizens to sample the climate of Siberia. When the custom of buying goods from salesmen began to prevail with the trade, it was deemed politic to fill these positions with the best talent obtainable, and since the war the contest for supremacy has hinged in a very great degree upon the quality of the representatives employed by the competing manufacturers and jobbers. As a sequence, the happy, go-easy "drummer" of the past, the fellow who "painted the towns upon his route a deep crimson," has been supplanted by the earnest, energetic, painstaking and gentlemanly "traveling salesman" of the present; and the lines of demarkation which separate the two are as far removed from each other, the contrast as marked, as between the "sickle" of the olden time and the self-binder of to-day. No class or profession is so completely thrown upon its individual resources as this same traveling fraternity. The lawyer has his text-books for a guide, the minister his theological landmarks, the druggist his dispensatory, the physician his medical library, the chemist his laboratory; but who ever saw a treatise upon the art of selling goods? There are no fixed rules by which a traveling salesman may bring his endeavors to a successful issue, nor can he, when his persistent effort and tact have accomplished for him the

desired result, secure an order from his next customer by the same formula; and what is stranger still, the same tactics on a subsequent occasion will prove impotent where it was previously successful.

The question then is: What are the peculiar qualities that go to make up an efficient traveling salesman? We would answer:

First—A thorough knowledge of human nature.

Second—A personal appearance and demeanor that will attract to its possessor the populace, especially those with whom he attempts to transact business.

Third—An ability that will win for it the confidence and respect of those with whom he comes in contact.

Fourth—A strength of purpose to conscientiously and fairly treat the business confided to him, coupled with manhood enough to defend his rights should they be jeopardized either by the cupidity or lack of honesty of those with whom he deals.

These qualities are necessary to the one who wins his right to the title "commercial traveler." They are the elements that enter into the composition of the highest type of manhood. The possession of them entitles their possessor to the same courtesy that like merit commands in other callings. In the name of that craft which has lifted itself from the realms of just criticism up onto the heights of commendable citizenship, we say that the day of the "drummer," like the "Mohicans," has passed into oblivion.

"Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
thousands!

But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

J. C. Fenimore

A GOOD ONE ON A DRUMMER.

They are telling down East a story respecting the recent high jinks kicked up by a drummer who regularly visits towns in Penobscot and Piscataquis counties. His complete discomfiture was affected in a most startling manner, and with disastrous consequences, says the Lewiston, Me., *Journal.*

The drummer formed intimate acquaintance with a young woman in a country village not far from Bangor, and 'twas not long ere the neighbors commenced to talk about "Sadie Dash's beau," and to predict a speedy marriage. The drummer represented himself as a single gentleman, possessed agreeable manners, and wholly won the love of the girl and the confidence of her parents. He frequently remained at Sadie's home during Sunday, was very attentive, and, according to the generally accepted belief, they were engaged.

One day a telegram was brought to the drummer while he was at the house of his lady-love. He was tarrying in the town awaiting orders from "the house." The girl answered the ring of the messenger and reentered the parlor holding aloft the dun-colored missive.

"Do you really want it?" she queried, half-playfully. "Perhaps it contains dreadful news."

"Guess not, my dear. It's just a line from the boss. Open it and tell me which way he wants me to go,"

yawned the drummer, as he leisurely folded his newspaper.

The girl tore the envelope, drew forth and unfolded the message. As she run her eye over the written words the expression of her face brought the drummer to his feet. Before he could speak she had uttered a stifled squeal and fled from the room, the crumpled paper falling upon the floor. Our drummer rescued the scraps, and here is what he read :

BLANKVILLE, MARCH 19, 1890.

We have a ten-pound boy. Come home.

WIFE.

THE HOUSE PAYS FOR IT.

We had finished our lunch of eggs, biscuit, cold chicken and coffee at the lunch stand, and asked the man across the counter how much we owed the establishment, writes J. H. Fenimore in the *National Commercial Traveler*, and he answered by asking a question himself, and that was, "Are you a railroad man?" Of course we said no, when he meekly replied, "Seventy-five cents." "Now, suppose we were a railroad man, how much would this same food have cost us?" After glancing over the empty plates, he replied "Forty cents." The same day we were in a barber shop getting shaved and were handed a fifteen-cent check, when a man living in the same city and shaved at the same chair only paid ten cents. It was the writer's privilege to overhear a conversation between two liverymen who had been consulted by a traveling man that day about taking him eight miles, when one said : "Charge him $3.50, for he's a traveling man and his house pays for it." The man

who wants to make the drive was posted, and another more enterprising and less mercenary man took him for two dollars. Now, in this connection we want to ask why are the traveling men discriminated against at every point? Why do hotels charge him from twenty to fifty per cent. more than they do other people who eat as much or more? Have the hotels, 'bus men, restaurant men, livery men, barbers and the public generally combined to rob the traveling salesmen and charge them more for the same accommodations than they do others—and then ease their consciences, if they have any, with the statement that his house is rich and pays the bills? If so, it is unfair, mean and unjust, and deserves the condemnation of all fair-minded people.

If these same pirates who stand with one hand on the traveling man's throat and the other in his pocket, would only stop to think and be fair, they would see that instead of taking it from his "rich house" they are taking it from the poor salesman, and they might be more lenient. We say they might be more lenient. Every salesman, no matter his line, has his salary based on the goods he sell, and the cost it is to sell them. Tobacco manufacturers count cost per pound, soap men cost per box, iron men cost per ton, starch men cost per pound, and many others on the net profit of the salesman's labor. If, for instance, a salesman had passes over every railway, for board at every hotel, and had no expense account at all, he would be a desirable man for any house, and they would pay him a larger salary than otherwise, because he would cost them nothing to travel. So on the same principle his house figures expenses, salary and net profit, and if his profits are light at the end of the year he gets no increase of salary, if indeed he retains his position.

And you who have charged him in excess of others on the supposition that his house pays for it, are the cause of his discharge. As a class, we are willing to pay for what we get, but want what we pay for. We want no farmers' rates at hotels, no theatrical rates on baggage, no passes on railways, but we want just the same as others pay for a like accommodation, and it's only fair we should have it. Every man has his hand in the traveling man's pocket, and he gets no favors or special rates from anybody. His customer expects a dinner, theater, or good cigar, "because the house pays for it;" the waiter an extra quarter, "because the house pays for it;" and to get along pleasantly with his friends and trade there are a hundred little expenses incurred, and the house don't and won't pay for it. We can't cut down expenses if trade is dull, as railways, hotels and our houses do, for on we must go, hunting, begging, scheming for business, and at the final "round-up" our employers tell us our expenses are too great for the condition of trade, and we are laid off to further retrench their expenses.

We make the statement here, and we can almost substantiate it by dozens of men, that there is not one man in fifty who does not use a part of his salary for expenses of the house; and this is partly at least due to the fact, as we before stated, every man wants a whack at the money which he *thinks* belongs to the house, when it really belongs to the salesman. Place us on an equal footing with other of your patrons and spare us the chilly, cheerless look of our employers at the end of the year.

AN OLD TIMER'S FIRST TRIP—'WAY BACK IN THE FIFTIES.

My first start out on the road was June 9th, 1857; not with a large lay-out of three or four trunks, as is now the usual outfit of the C. T., nor was I comfortably ensconced in a Pullman, with its cushion-backed seats, foot-rests, hat-racks, wherein to deposit the inevitable stove-pipe, and don the silken scull cap convenient for snoozing in, but I found myself perched in a two-horse express wagon, tarpaulin covered, with a gaily painted dashboard, with a small hitching-post in the center of it to wrap the lines around when a halt was called. The whole turn-out looked like a Kansas schooner after a hard run of luck.

The roads were neither graded nor graveled, nothing but the mother earth to run on, and humpy at that.

As we started during the June rise, the rivers and creeks were up and overflowing, and mud on the track that could not be measured with a ten-foot pole. Our destination was Illinois, and, after a five o'clock breakfast, we were all ready to strike out into the land, or rather mud. Our route (now pronounced root) was over the old National road, running from St. Louis, Mo., to Washington, D. C., which in some sections was then good at any season of the year, but the portion over which we had to pull was through a clay country, not Kentucky clay, although it would stick closer to you than a brother through thick and thin. No stone or gravel to make travel decent could be found in that portion, or any timber to bridge over the holes, nothing but mud up to the hubs, but in spite of all these drawbacks, our horses like ourselves were in good spirits, and

we felt sure of selling our first customer, Mr. S., a good bill of our goods, which consisted of what was called "Yankee notions;" not the fine display our "boys" now carry, but principally buttons, combs, threads, pins, needles, braid, hose and half hose, cotton handkerchiefs and "sich."

Oh, yes! our first bill must be a good one, to let the old boss see that we could sell goods if he only gave us the chance.

Five miles from our starting point, just at eleven o'clock (remember we pulled out at five), the first crack was 'way into a little prairie slough up to the hubs, with both horses almost out of sight. Overboard we went, and soon had enough real estate on our person to cut up into town lots. After getting the horses free from our vehicles (for it was impossible to budge that ark-like structure) we mounted the "nigh hoss," and, leading the off one, for there was not a fence, post, tree or stake to make use of as a hitching post within sight, we rode off to procure help to pull our goods and chattels out of the "soup," and, after a short trot of two hours, halted at a log house with the usual barn attachments, when old farmer Warner, who was the lord, at that time, of all he surveyed, I mean of course the land, salutes us with: "Hello, stranger; git right off your hoss and come into the house before you say what you want, as I know by the looks of you that you are hungry, if not dry. Come right in, and I will send Charles out to feed your horses." I was not long in putting myself outside of the best meal I ever ate in my life; you may laugh, but it is true. Our dinner consisted of corn bread, bacon, sweet milk and apple butter. I have eaten at the best restaurants in the United States since then, but I must say I never ate any meal that I rel-

ished more than the meal I took with old farmer Warner.

In the meantime I had told him of my misfortune. "All right," says he, "just leave your horses in the barn, and I will take my oxen and go down and pull your wagon up here," and off he started with three yoke of oxen, and, after working for two hours, we returned to the house, a home-made single-tree taking the place of the one broken. "Mr. Warner," said I, "how much do I owe you for all your trouble?" "Well, I guess twenty-five cents won't be too much for dinner and horse feed, will it? I won't charge you anything for what little help I have been to you." God has found a good resting place for him I am sure. At dark I found myself at a little tavern eight miles from where I started at five o'clock in the morning. Horses were put in the log stable and well fed. In those days the landlords were honest, and we had no occasion to watch our horses while eating for fear the feed would be taken away from them.—*Com. Traveler.*

CHRIST, CHURCH & CO.

One day, when Bishop ———, who does not wear clerical raiment, but has somewhat of the appearance of an active business man, was in the cars on one of his missionary journeys, a commercial traveler, espying the bishop's gripsack and mistaking him for a fellow "drummer," sat down beside him and opened conversation as follows:

"Good morning! You are a traveling man, I guess?"

"Yes," said the bishop, who likes a quiet joke, "I am on the road a good deal."

"So am I. What's your line of goods?"

"Souls," replied the bishop.

"Soles?" said the drummer. "Oh, boots and shoes, you mean. I carry gent's furnishing goods."

"I do something in that line, too, in the higher grades of goods. Have you been on the road long?"

"About a year," said the young man. "I travel for Loud and Noise, of Chicago. Which house do you represent?"

"Christ, Church & Co. A fine firm it is, too; I am proud of them."

"H'm, don't know as I ever heard of them. Is it a new firm?"

"No, a very old one. I have been with them twenty years myself, and we have branch houses all over the world."

"So? It's queer I never heard of them! How's trade with you now? Getting many orders? I find things rather dull. Competition is so sharp in our line that a fellow has to hump round lively to get any business at all."

"Indeed," said the bishop. "I am sorry for you. We have some rivals, but our firm is so strong that we don't mind competition. The chief trouble we have is with an enemy who is always on the watch to spoil our goods and injure our customers. But we are sure to get him locked up some day, and we are obtaining new orders constantly."

"You're lucky there. Is your house good pay?"

"Yes, excellent. I can draw on the firm for compensation whenever I please, and my drafts are full paid at sight, no discount. Then I frequently start a new branch of the house in some town, and always get something extra for that."

"By Jove," said the drummer, "that's a good hold. Say, does your house want any new men? I'd like to travel for such a firm."

"Yes," replied the bishop, "our house is always on the lookout for good men, especially for the West and for foreign countries. We have branches in China, Japan, Africa, and all over the world, but the firm is particular about its men and will not employ any but Christians."

"That's a queer notion; but I don't blame them. Jews are a mean lot for traveling men. Say, I believe I'll write to Loud and Noise that I am going to quit them and go with another firm. What do you say the name of your house is?"

"Christ, Church & Co."

"Where is their main office?"

"In Jerusalem," answered the bishop.

"In Jerusalem! I thought you said they were Christians. I don't fancy those foreign Jews."

"So they are Christians; but the Head of our firm lives in the New Jerusalem now. All the employes have been invited to meet him there and have a great supper. He will bear all expenses of our journey thither. I would like to have you work for the firm, too, if you are a Christian; or if not, we'll try to make you one before the time for the great supper comes."

"I don't know about turning Christian," said the young man, "though I would like to go with you to the great supper; but I say," he continued, catching the bishop's eye, "what are you giving us? You're fooling, aren't you?"

"No, I am perfectly serious. I would like to have you turn Christian and work for Christ and the Church."

"Oh! I catch on now! You're one of these travel-

ing parsons. Well, you're a sharp one, any way," and he looked away and began to whistle softly.

"Well," said the bishop, "here is the town where I stop."

"It's my town, too," said the drummer, "and I'd like to go and see your branch house, as you call it. I would not mind turning Christian and working for your house if all the parsons were as sharp as you; but those I meet are such awful milksops and duffers."

"Come on, then," replied the bishop, "we like to get hold of wide-awake fellows like you. If you only knew what a glorious thing it is to work for Christ and His Church, I am sure you would join our company and go with us to the great supper when our traveling days are done."—*Standard of the Cross and the Church.*

CHAPTER III.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

The traveler commercial,—the theme of my song,
Of "cheek" beyond compare, of marvelous tongue,
A dealer in everything just to your mind,
With copious talk (he is a sort of trade wind),
With bagful of samples, with citified airs,
(The envy of bumpkins, the idol of fairs),
Doth wander to northward, to south, east and west,
Attending to trade or to love with like zest.
At home everywhere, with whomever he meets,
He talks metaphysics or talk of the streets;
Runs glibly on nothing *so* sweet and *so* nice,
To maidenly beauty, and then in a trice
To matron is speaking of root, herbs and hops,
Or farmer, of cattle, of pigs or of crops.
He lives like the troglodyte, not in his cell,
But rather in selling, which serves him as well.
"To sell," is his motto, chief tenet of creed,
His faith, his religion, his war-cry and screed.
Whatever his "line," be it ruffles and lace,
Or trimmings for dresses, or paint for the face,
Or gloves for the fingers, beads, buttons or rings,—
In short, any one of the numberless things
Invented since Adam and dear Mother Eve,
Unconscious of bodice, skirt, hosiery, sleeve,
Of coat, trousers and vest, of tailor-bills big,
Contented themselves with the leaf of the fig,

You'll find to that line he's aye loyal and true.
Though while selling goods, he "sells" customer, too.
As sparks radiate from the knife-grinder's wheel
When stone feels the pressure of glittering steel,
He's thrown from the Hub by centrifugal force,—
I mean the Bostonian genus, of course;—
And where he has wandered, his pathway you'll find
O'ergrowing with graces by him left behind.
His goods and good manners, virtues and virtue,
Adorn every village by him traveled through;
His name in the guest-book of every hotel,
His "photo" in album of each rustic belle;
And strangest of all things—I can't tell you how;
'Twixt cause and effect no connection may show—
But e'en in the little ones, here and there met,
His features are most unmistakably set.
A person so potent, a calling so quaint,
By equity's right should have high patron saint.
Though saint after saint I've called to my mind,
Not one unappropriated saint can I find.
But stay! Why not take the first trafficker, he
Who sold fruit by sample from Paradise tree?
Of travelers commercial the great prototype,
To raise him to saintship the time now is ripe.
See Job, chapter one, if you doubt what I say,
And all of your doubts will at once fade away.
You'll find the same personage mentioned there, too,
In words that quite clearly connect him with you.
If not saint himself, in their meeting he's found,
Just returned from his travels and wanderings round.
Then hail to the traveler commercial, all hail!
May fortune aye smile, may he ne'er miss a sale,
May dealers buy largely, may ladies prove kind,
At all times may all things be just to his mind.

His life on this sphere, may its record be of such
That when on the mystical shore he shall touch
That stretches beyond the tempestuous Styx,
His patron shall greet him with gleeful antics,
With warmest of welcomes, with loving embrace,
And hurry him home to his own dwelling place;
Where, safe from life's numberless vicissitudes,
Unvexed by prices, by samples, by goods,
Affairs of the pocket, affairs of the heart,
Together they'll stay, nevermore shall they part.

Boston Transcript.

A NOTED DRUMMER.

Bishop Potter, of New York, in a recent speech, said that his early experience in selling dry goods was of great benefit to him in preaching the gospel. In the store of a large New York dry goods jobber he learned a good deal about human nature which is not usually taught in the schools of divinity. A young man who has never been in a New York jobbing house and is innocent of the ways of a business sinner, may be popular with the young ladies of his parish, but his words have no more effect on the masculine members of his flock than the dews of heaven on a brickyard.

PROSPECTS PORTRAYED.

The holidays find many of us with our grips piled up in the corner and our cheek stacked upon the grips, both waiting to be handed out for use after the first of the new year, and our wives will look over the linen,

darn our socks and brush the dust from the greasy collars of our coats while the shoemaker puts new heel-taps and soles on our shoes, and the tailor patches our pants that with the new year we may again go cut to do battle for our country and our country's cause. It has been a year full of trouble, struggle for trade and struggle with early hours and sandwiches. Some of us have had a very satisfactory trade, both to ourselves and employers, and will go in and have our engagements renewed and our salaries raised, while with others we will go slipping in at the back door and watch through the keyhole to see when the boss is likely to be in the best humor, and thankful if we even get to hold our jobs at the present low salary and dally with our expense account. Then again, there are some who will be taken into partnership and have a nice desk and easy chair for the next year, and, better than all, the society of our families and friends, and some again who will get the grand bounce for some reason or other, and who will go out and eat snow-balls with the sparrows. After all our troubles, boys, we have a bright side to our lives, and at least are not annoyed with troubles that annoy others. For instance, not one of us up to date has been implicated in the ballot-box forgery and had to make explanations, none of us have been accused of killing Dr. Cronin, nor none of us are particularly worried because Silcott skipped to Canada. We own no electric-light wires that must go underground, no coal mines or workshops that are likely to close down, and last, but not least, none of us are candidates for the position of United States senator.

TEACHING A SMART DRUMMER THE GOOD OLD ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

As a newly engaged commercial traveler was about starting on a commercial trip from his place in Chicago, the other day, he suddenly turned to the employer, a brave old merchant, and enquired: "I say, boss, what shall I do when I get out of soap?"

"Soap?" said the old man, "why save your samples and you won't get out."

"But I mean what shall I do when I get out of grease," continued the young man.

"Grease? grease?" pondered the old man, "why you don't need any grease—you are not working for a lubricating estab——"

"Oh, but you don't understand me," chimed in the youthful employe, rather embarrassed. "I mean what shall I do if I run out of spondulix—stamps—wealth."

"Spondulix? stamps? wealth?" echoed the mystified merchant, looking at the young fellow over his glasses, to see if he had gone crazy.

"Yes, currency—greenbacks," exclaimed the drummer, "cash money, you know!"

A light seemed to dawn on the old gentleman's mind at the moment, for gazing upon the creature before him with a look of contempt and pity, he broke forth: "Young man, what are you giving us? I rather guess you needn't go out, for I don't believe your class of customers could get along very well with you—they all speak English. Pull down your vest, step up to the cashier's desk and get your sugar. Now cheese it, cully, you're bounced."

And that is the way the high-toned kid got bounced —all through the pernicious habit for slinging slang.— *Cincinnati Enquirer.*

REFORM BADLY NEEDED.

The attention of the writer has been often called to certain hotels in this State—within a radius of a hundred miles of Syracuse—whose invariable terms to the commercial travelers are two-fifty, while to *county people* their terms are only two dollars per day. Now, this is an act of gross injustice to a class of men who usually do and certainly should receive all benefits derived from reduced rates. The attention of the writer was called, only a few days since, while stopping at one of the above mentioned hotels, to the following circumstances :

A *county man* and a commercial man each stepped to the office to pay for a dinner. The clerk accepted fifty cents from the former, and—with a smile so child-like, etc.—charged the latter seventy-five cents. Remonstrating with the clerk for this irregular procedure, I was coolly informed that there was no other way of securing the trade of the people of the county. I was impressed, from his manner, with the idea that the commercial trade was a matter of secondary importance.

Reform is the word of the day, and it lies in the power of the commercial men to reform all such abuses by acting in a body and refusing to patronize these hotels until they are willing to suppress this injustice and offer us terms on the basis of justice to all. REFORM.

Syracuse (N. Y.) *Commercial Traveler.*

A COMEDY IN A SLEEPING CAR.

Mr. and Mrs. Whiffin were on their way to the Hot Springs where he intended to get relief from his rheumatism in the baths. At a way station a drunken traveling man boarded the train and was put to bed in the berth next to Mr. and Mrs. W. by the porter. Shortly after, Mr. W. woke up with a dreadful stitch in his side. Like a good, dutiful wife, Mrs. W. arose and went to the lavatory to make a strong, extra strong, mustard plaster with which to relieve the pain of her liege lord.

On her return she pulled the wrong curtain aside and placed the plaster upon the stomach of the senseless, drunken drummer. Then she went to the lavatory, washed her hands, and returned to her berth, getting into the right section, and finding Mr. W. asleep.

Finally a loud groan was heard, then these words: "Oh, my stomach, my s-t-o-m-a-c-h, oh-h-h!" This was followed by "I'll never touch another drop as long as I live. Oh, its burning a hole in me, oh-h-h!"

By this time heads were peeping out from behind curtains, and the porter was on his way to the traveling man's berth. Of a sudden out came the bed clothes from the T. M.'s berth, and a cry of "Oh, my, there is my stomach! I'm dead!" The exclamation was topped off by the mustard plaster being thrown out on the aisle of the car. The porter then grabbed the drummer and shook him until awake. During the first stages of sensibility he muttered: "Oh, my stomach is gone, gone!"—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

HE WAS INSURED.

The sun had just set 'neath the hills in the west,
And their shadows were creeping along o'er the earth,
While nature seemed then to be sinking to rest
And the darkness of night was expounding its worth.
Away from his home and from those he loved dear
A traveling man stood at the station one night ;
When the cry "all aboard" soon greeted his ear,
And he heard the shrill whistle and then saw the light
Of the iron horse coming away down the track,
And his heart beat for joy, for he soon would be back
To the loved ones who waited for papa to come.
The iron horse halted, and with snort and with puff,
Panted as if she were short of her breath ;
"All aboard," came again, and a puff and a snort
Announced the iron horse ready to start.
She moved, and the traveling man, soon in repose,
Was dreaming those dreams that so soon were to close ;
He dreamed of his home and the loved ones so dear,
Of his child's tender kiss, and his wife's joyful tear ;
But alas for his hopes, for his joy, for his dreams,
There is little in life that is quite as it seems ;
For down yonder track there was some one who blun-
dered,
And the train sped along, but as yet no one wondered
If aught was but safe or if aught was but well,
She was flying along, but to where, who could tell ?
For ahead in the darkness a glimmer of light
Shone forth on the track on that terrible night.
Was it light from some cottage, or what could it mean ?
For the iron horse driver before had ne'er seen

A light on the track where this one then was,
And his nerves seemed to quiver, his brain seemed to
pause,
For along with that light came the message of death,
And his heart seemed to stop and he gasped for a breath.
"My God! boy!" he cried "'tis a train! jump or die,"
But the fireman, dazed, did not even reply.
Nearer the light came, and nearer and near,
But the traveling man sleeping knew nothing to fear,
He still was a dreaming of love and of home,
And the little ones waiting for papa to come.
But for only a moment; he woke with a start,
And the blood from his veins seemed to fly from his
heart,
And it stopped! then a thunder, a crash,
A volume of steam, a groan and a flash
Of hell's lurid light, then all was but dark,
The iron horse lay but a wreck on the track.
There was little the loved ones had then to console,
For the husband and father so taken away,
So far as love went, but his name on the roll
Stood sure for Five thousand in the good C. T. A.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

If the trunk manufacturers do not quit making so many thousand valises exactly alike, somebody is going to get into some awful trouble about it sometime, and some trunk maker will be sued for damages enough to build a court house.

The other day an omnibus full of passengers drove up town from the Union depot. Side by side sat a commercial traveler named William Maccaby, and Mrs.

Winnie C. Dumbleton, the eminent lady temperance lecturer. When the omnibus reached the Barrett House the commercial traveler seized his valise and started out. The lady made a grab after him and he halted.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but you have my valise."

"You are certainly mistaken, madame," the traveler said, courteously, but firmly, "this is mine."

"No, sir," the lady replied, firmly, "it is mine. I would know it among a thousand. You must not take it."

But the traveler persisted and the lady insisted, and they came very near quarreling. Presently one of the passengers pointed to a twin valise in the omnibus and asked :

"Whose is that ?"

"It isn't mine," said the traveler ; "it is just like it, but this is mine."

"And it isn't mine," said the lady ; "he has mine, and I'll have it or I'll have the law on him. It's a pity if a lady can't travel alone in this country without being robbed of her property in broad daylight."

Finally the traveler said he would open the valise to prove his claim. The lady objected at first, saying she did not want her valise opened in the presence of a crowd of strangers. But as there was no other way of settling the dispute, she at length consented. The traveler sprung the lock, opened the valise, and the curious crowd bent forward to see.

On the very top of everything lay a big flat flask, half full of whiskey, a deck of cards, and one or two things that nobody knows the name of.

The traveler was first to recover his self-possession and speech.

"Madame," he said, "you are right; the valise is yours. I owe you a thousand apolo—"

But the lady had fainted, and the traveler relocked his valise with a quiet smile. Early in the afternoon a sign painter down town received a note in a feminine hand, asking him to come to the Barrett House to mark a red leather valise in black letters a foot and a half long.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

IT WAS TEA.

A short time ago a knight of the grip well known to the traveling fraternity, entered a dining car to appease the wrath of an empty stomach on a square meal. The car being well filled, the only available space was at a table partially occupied by an old lady (one of the inquisitive kind, of course) with a ponderous pair of spectacles saddled across her nasal appendage.

Our gallant knight took a seat opposite and soon made known to the waiter the few articles on the bill of fare he did not want, but among the things he did want was a glass of iced tea with a piece of lemon. The viands were soon forthcoming, and the iced tea, being of the extra dark kind, attracted the attention of the old lady, and as our hero squeezed the lemon into the tea she could stand it no longer, and so she drew a bead on the glass with her globe sight, sallied out—

"Young man, do you drink?"

With due reverence for his aged companion and with all the respect at his command he answered, "Sometimes."

"Stranger," continued the old lady, raising her voice to the key of Z, which amused the occupants of the car, who saw the embarrassment of the vendor of Wescott

calf and sole leather counters, "do you know what you are doing? I have seen the evil effect of drinking and hate it; yes, I had a brother who died a drunkard."

"Yes, but madam," retorted the crest-fallen brave, "this is iced tea," and ere the words had fairly vibrated on the old lady's audiphon she made a lunge across the table, and in an instant had the imagined *bug juice* in close proximity to her smelling apparatus, and with a look of disgust screamed out "*'tis tea*," which brought down the car, and the old lady stalked out with an air of satisfaction that she had, at least, performed her Christian duty.

A TRAVELER'S BY-WORD.

A traveler once, with thoughtful mind
Tried to invent another kind
Of phrase, a substitute to be
For this: "There are no flies on me."

At last he found the words he sought,
And straightway sent this happy thought
Throughout the country far and near:
"There are no insects basking here."

When haughty landlords sought to give
Him fare on which he scarce could live,
He'd wink, and say, with knowing leer:
"There are no insects basking here."

When other travelers tried to get
The trade on which his heart was set,
He'd murmur soft: "I have no fear;
There are no insects basking here."

But when upon the tavern bed
He sought to rest his weary head,
He held his tongue and shed a tear,—
The words lost all their meaning here.

—*Hotel Man's Guide.*

THE SORT OF A HOUSE HE REPRESENTED.

A Philadelphia drummer saw a man on a railroad car whom he thought he knew, and slapping him on the back, asked him how he was. The man looked up, and the drummer saw that he was a stranger. He apologized, saying he thought that he was a friend of his. What followed is best told by a Jersey newspaper: "'I hope I am a friend of yours,' the man said, and they got to talking, and the commercial man, seeing the gentleman's gripsack, thought he must be a commercial man also, and asked him what house he represented. 'I represent,' said the gentleman, 'the largest house in the world.' 'Well,' said the traveling man, 'if you represent the largest house in the world, you certainly have a snap. What house is it?' 'The Lord's house,' said the gentleman; 'my name is John Scarborough, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church.'"

DRUMMER AND ARCHBISHOP.

Coming from Philadelphia on the Chicago limited, I noticed in an opposite section two men who, from their garb, I judged to be Catholic priests. They wore silk traveling caps, which made them appear like mediæval monks. One was aged, gray hair curling from beneath

his head covering. His companion, who appeared much younger, was spare of form and wore gold-rimmed spectacles. His face was one which commanded instant attention by its benignity, and when he smiled, which he did frequently, it became absolutely lovable. I never saw a more inviting smile upon a man's face. Traveling was tedious, and a Brooklyn drummer returning from the West, having talked all the other passengers to sleep, sauntered along the car aisle, and, seating himself beside the young ecclesiastic, said in an easily familiar way, "Clergyman, I suppose?" The younger priest assented with one of those rare smiles which had so captured me. Then the drummer began. He once knew a Catholic priest who was "a mighty jolly sort of fellow," and with this as a premise he began a loud-voiced statement of his theological views, proudly proclaiming himself an agnostic. He talked for an hour. The man beside him never gave a sign of impatience, that lovable smile never deserted him, and once in a while he interjected a smiling remark, but in a voice so exquisitely modulated that it only crossed the aisle as a faint whisper. The drummer was evidently well pleased with himself and with his agreeable companion. Finally he said—I could not help hearing him—"I would like to come across you again. Where do you have your church? Who are you with?"

Before the young ecclesiastic could reply, his elder companion, who all this time has uttered not a word, broke in brusquely, saying, "This is the Archbishop."

"Who?" exclaimed the drummer.

"Archbishop Corrigan, of New York," said the elder cleric, who then abruptly jumped up and walked to the other end of the car, as though very tired of something. The drummer blushed—yes, he actually blushed. The

Archbishop put one hand on his shoulder, and, still with that winning smile, he began talking to the man to whom he had listened with so much patience. He talked not as the proselyter, but as a brother, not as a lecturer, but as a friend. And the drummer listened, and not another word did he say about agnosticism. And when we reached Jersey City he took off his hat to the most popular minister in all New York and pressed his outstretched hand with reverence.

I rather liked the drummer for blushing.—*Correspondent Philadelphia Times.*

ON THE ROAD TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

There have been many changes in the methods of doing business during the last twenty-five years, and these have had their effect on the boys who go out on the road. A Chicago traveling man, referring to the time when he first began in July, 1863, says that in those days nobody ever thought of carrying twelve pounds of samples. "Practically," he continued, "we carried no samples at all. We would go to a customer and talk business over with him, and he would tell us how much he wanted, and at what price. Then, too, in those times we only made two trips in the year. Nowadays competition has changed all of that. Instead of twice a year, the purchaser must now be visited twice a month. The explanation of all this is that the retail dealer has been forced by competition to learn how to buy and sell more cheaply. Salaries all around are much more than twice as good now as they were then. But you must remember that in the '60's we were all working in the dark; nobody knew what he ought to pay or what he

was earning. Now, with our elaborate system of reports and records, we know to the fraction of a cent just how much profit has been made upon each bill of goods, and just how much the salesman has earned in selling them. Salaries are adjusted for each year upon the basis of a man's previous proved value to us. Until after a man has established the fact that he can sell goods there is nobody who can tell, no matter how much he knows about him, whether he is going to be a success or a failure. It all depends on the man—on his tact—on his ability to sell goods, in a word. I believe that the work on the road leads to the highest rewards in business."—*Hatter and Furrier.*

GOOD-BYE, OLD GRIP.

Good-bye, old grip!
On many a trip
We have braved the world together,
With grinding wear and lashing whip
And snubs of men and sales that slip,
Through storm and sunny weather,
And on my face
They leave their trace,
As on your battered leather.

For years, old grip,
On train and ship,
In every clime and season
I still have swung you at my hip,
In hustling hours, with jibe or quip,
Or words of business reason,
And to the end
You are my friend
With not a thought of treason.

You know, old grip,
That many a tip
For you has been demanded,
And sometimes I have had to skip
When I had neither coin or scrip,
Though starting out full-handed,
Yet you and I
Would not say die,
However we were stranded.

Ah me, old grip!
Companionship
Is strong as love to bind us,
And something starts from every rip
To make me smile with trembling lip.
Good people, do not mind us—
We never know
How dear they grow
Till friends are left behind us!

Then shake, old grip!
To you I sip
A parting toast full tender:
Yet while regretful tears will drip,
In deeper love my heart I dip,
To home my homage render,
For home excels
The best hotels
Or palace cars in splendor!

Good-bye, old grip!
And so I clip
And lock you up forever!

For absent hearts their faith outstrip,
And sundered hands will lose their grip
In spite of all endeavor—
To love and wife
I give my life,
No more from them to sever!

R. L. D.

TRAVELER'S STORIES.

"Safest town in New England is this town," remarked a drummer the other day, as the Boston train rolled into the gloomy depot at Salem, Mass. "Landlord takes no end of trouble to save you from being burned up. Notice posted right upon the wall." Reaching a room in the hotel a few minutes later, the drummer pointed to this :

"NOTICE."

"In case of fire the means of escape from this room is to turn to the right.

"At the southern end of this passageway there is a fire escape with egress through a window.

"At the north end of this passage there is an egress through a window and down over a roof in the rear.

"There will be red lights burning through the night at the main stairway. After going down one flight, turn to the left and keep to the left. (The next stairway is under the above.)

"Otherwise turn to the right through the passageway and keep to the right and down the other stairs.

"A watchman will be on duty through the night, and in case of fire will sound the gong."

"There, how's that?" exclaimed the drummer. "Now look here." He threw open a window. It was just eight feet to the sidewalk.—*Hartford Times.*

THOSE BOLD, BAD DRUMMERS.

About seventy-five traveling men were snowed in at Green Bay during a blockade last winter, and they were pretty lively around the hotel, having quiet fun Friday and Saturday, and passing away the time the best they could, some playing seven-up, others playing billiards, and others looking on. Some of the truly good people in town thought the boys were pretty tough, and they wore long faces and prayed for the blockade to raise so the spruce looking chaps could go away. The boys noticed that occasionally a lantern-jawed fellow would look piously at them, as though afraid he would be contaminated, so Sunday morning they decided to go to church in a body. Seventy-five of them slicked up and marched to Rev. Dr. Morgan's church, where the reverend gentleman was going to deliver a sermon on temperance. No minister ever had a more attentive audience, or a more intelligent one, and when the collection plate was passed every last one of the travelers chipped in a silver dollar. When the sexton had received the first ten dollars the perspiration stood out on his head as though he had been caught in something. It was getting heavy, something that never occurred before in the history of the church collections at the Bay. As he passed by the boys, and dollar after dollar was added to his burden, he felt like he was at a pic-nic, and when twenty-five dollars had accumulated on the plate he had to hold it out with both hands, and finally the

plate was full, and he had to go and empty it on the table in front of the pulpit, though he was careful to remember where he had left off, so he wouldn't go twice to the same drummer. As he poured the shekels out on the table, as still as he could, every person in the audience, almost, raised up to look at the pile, and there was a smile on every face, and every eye was turned to the part of the church where sat the seventy-five solemn looking traveling men, who never wore a smile. The sexton looked up to the minister, who was picking out a hymn, as much as to say, "Boss, we have struck it rich, and I am going back to work the lead some more." The minister looked at the boys, and then at the sexton, as though saying, "Verily, I say unto you, I would rather preach to seventy-five Milwaukee and Chicago drummers than to own a brewery. Go, thou, and reap some more trade dollars in my vineyard!" The sexton went back and commenced where he left off. He had misgivings, thinking maybe some of the boys would glide out in his absence, or think better of the affair and only put in nickels on the second heat, but the first man the sexton held out the platter to planked down his dollar, and all the boys followed suit, not a man "passed" or "renigged" and when the last drummer had been interviewed the sexton carried the biggest load of silver back to the table that he ever saw. Some of the dollars rolled off on the floor, and he had to put some in his coat pockets, but he got them all, and looked around at the congregation with a smile, and wiped the perspiration off his forehead with a bandanna handkerchief, and winked, as much as to say, "The first man that speaks disrespectful of a traveling man in my presence will get thumped; and don't you forget it." The minister rose up in the pulpit, looked at the wealth on the table, and

read the hymn, "A charge to keep I have," and the whole congregation joined, the travelers swelling the glad anthem as though they belonged to a Pinafore chorus. Then all bowed their heads, while the minister, with one eye on the dollars, pronounced the benediction, and the services were over. The traveling men filed out through the smiles of the ladies, and went to the hotel, while half the congregation went forward to the anxious seat "to view the remains." It is safe to say that it will be unsafe, in the future, for any person to speak disparagingly of traveling men in Green Bay, as long as the memory of that blockade Sunday remains green with the good people there.—*Peck's Sun.*

DOCTRINE OF DISCOMFORT.

Did you ever notice—of course you have—the attention paid to the art of making hotel rooms systematically unhomelike and uncomfortable? I have been observing it for thirteen years. I suppose the object is to keep the guest out of his room as much as possible, so that he won't use the furniture, the soap and towels, the gas or the lamp. In the average country hotel—by that I mean a hotel in a town of 5,000 or less—a guest has to keep up a constant struggle in order to occupy his room at all While he is at breakfast a girl comes in, takes away all the linen and tosses the bed up into a volcanic bit of chaos, throws the pillows on the lounge or sofa, if there be one, hangs the bolster on the lone chair or table, and takes away all the towels. There is but one; I use the word "all" out of courtesy. The idea that anybody washes his hands or face at any time during the day, save immediately after rising, seems never to occur to some land-

lords. Unless you raise a row about it, after the towels (those towel) are (is) taken away during breakfast hour, no more are (is) brought in until after supper. Of course you never use the soap in a cheap hotel, so the fact of its presence or absence does not worry you, unless you should want something to sharpen your pen-knife on, and then a cake of cheap hotel soap rises to the situation. It beats an oil stone all to pieces. And in a hotel of what you may call the third, and often of the second class, it is a part of the landlord's creed that no living man ever, ever wants to write a letter in his own room. A table is not part of the furniture. When it is it is either a good saddler with a gentle canter, or a "single footer" with a gait like a Kentucky "sand sifter," and you have to hold it with your knees when you try to write. I have quit using them. I take out a bureau drawer, turn it upside down, push it back in place about two inches, and defying the landlord, have a table it would break his heart to see.

But come to the first-class hotels. Now and then you get a room with a drop light in it. You can then sit in your own room in the evening and read. But as a rule there is no drop light. The bureau and mirror are on one side of the room, heavy, rich, massive, no sparing of expense. Now, it is just as easy to have the lone gas jet close to the mirror. Then one can shave, see the parting of his hair and dress. But no; either there is a bracket jet away over on the other side of the room, or a dim chandelier hanging so high that a man of my height has to stand on a chair and light it. And you might just as well try to read by the moon. And since the smaller towns have got to using electric lights I have had a time. The light in your room is a pear-shaped thing hanging on the end of a string, from the center of the ceiling. I

chase the beggarly thing all around the room sometimes before I can get a grip on it and turn it on. When it is turned on it is about a two-candle power, and you can neither read nor dress nor sit still and think by it. The hotel bedroom is exclusively a bedroom. It's good to sleep in and nothing else. If there was any economy in making it uncomfortable and inconvenient, I wouldn't kick. But any man who has ever traveled knows that the landlord often goes to a great expense of money and trouble to arrange his bedrooms to the greatest inconvenience of the guest who may have an insane notion that he would like to read and write in his own room.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

THEY BELIEVE IN ADVERTISING.

A printer recently walked into a certain business house on his rounds to learn who desired anything in the way of advertisements, and noticed that a drummer stood by the counter with his sample valises ready to open. "Anything you want to say in the paper this week?" queried the printer of the man behind the counter. "No," said the business (?) man. "I don't believe in advertising; I wouldn't give a cent for all the advertising." The drummer waited until the printer was half way to the door, and then slowly taking up his valise, remarked: "Well, that let's me out. I do not care to sell on time to any man, who in this age, does not believe in advertising. I prefer to deal with live men. When I want to strike up a trade with a dead man, I will go to the graveyard and swap tombstones. Good-day, sir.—*Schenectady Star.*

COURTEOUS RECEPTION OF COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

The importance and value of a courteous reception to all commercial travelers is by no means as generally appreciated as it should be. Many dealers grow very impatient at interruption of this kind, and from thoughtlessness—we are sure it can merit no harsher name—greet traveling men with coldness, if not absolute rudeness of manner. This is altogether a mistake. A courteous reception should always be shown to the traveling salesmen from the houses which carry your line of goods. There are several good and sufficient reasons by which we can support this assertion.

In the first place, then, these men are human, and appreciate human kindness. In knocking about the world, and finding much selfishness and rudeness in it, and very little of the kind and unselfish Christian spirit, they have come to be very callous to coldness and unkindness; still they can fully appreciate courtesy, and will always be grateful and willing to aid you in remembrance of it.

In the second place, you can learn much from travelers if you will. They bring new ideas; they go from one part of the country to the other, and it is their constant aim to keep up with the trade fully. They are usually possessed of keen, observing minds, and give you hints well worthy of adoption. Always look over their samples, take their prices, rates, etc., even though you do not require to buy at that time. Never be too busy to do this, for by this means you are gaining information that will be of direct profit to you. You are posting yourself in styles, prices and grades; when your next purchases

are needed, you will know the advantages you have gained through the traveler.

To have the good will of the commercial traveler is a good omen for any dealer. They are a class that have their peculiarities, it is true, but as a rule, they are smart, intelligent men, and walking cyclopedias in their trade. It is their capital to know all about their business, and to make friends with all. These men can help the retailer, by giving him valuable information, as we have said, and also in many other ways. Their lot is a laborious one, their efforts are often but little appreciated. The retailer who remembers this, and who does what he can to make their hard lot easier, will surely not fail of his reward.—*Bookseller and Stationer.*

THE MAIDEN SWEETLY SMILED.

"I hate a tunnel!" the maiden said,
And closer to the drummer drew;
"They always make me feel afraid
Of some disaster; don't they you?"
And then the drummer shook his mane.
"You're safe enough with me!" said he.
"Whatever happens to the train,
You always can rely on me!"

And, with ear-splitting whistle's shriek,
The train plunged in the black abyss;
The drummer sought her blooming cheek,
And frescoed it with manly kiss.
Emboldened by her sweet alarm,
As on they tore through that eclipse,
He laid her head upon his arm,
And friezed a dado on her lips.

"Ah, me!" the maiden sweetly smiled,
As she arranged her tumbled hat,
And once again the sunbeams filed
In at the window where they sat.
"Ah, me! for once that horrid pest
Was robbed of every startling fear.
I thank you for your interest;
Excuse me, sir; I get off here!"

And so she left him drowned in sighs,
And on the sea of soft dreams tossed,
Of her sweet lips and pure, bright eyes,
So quickly gained and quickly lost.
To dream! but, ah, at last to wake
And learn that in the tunnel's din,
She'd seized upon her chance to snake
His watch and chain and diamond pin!

—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

DIFFERENCE IN SALESMEN.

One introduces himself as the representative of a house; his address is respectful and pleasant, and the merchant glances over his samples, and listens to his arguments respecting styles, qualities and prices put forth in the usual manner, from the manifest standpoint of self-interest and desire to effect a sale. At length the merchant says, "I am glad to have met you and to see your goods, but trade is dull, collections slow; besides, it is a little early in the season, so that I don't feel like buying to-day. I will keep your card, and when in town again, come in and we may give you an order."

The next day, perhaps, another salesman calls with similar goods and prices. Somehow, he gets closer to the merchant. His talk is unassuming, sensible, not at all stereotyped, and it interests him. He seems to enter into the practical spirit of the merchant's business, to realize his hopes and his struggles, and to appreciate his prudence. He touches upon details, and every-day results stand out clearly. He makes it plain that goods must be bought, or they cannot be sold ; yet he does not try to sell him more than he thinks it prudent for him to buy. His suggestions and recommendations are characterized by an intelligent interest in the welfare of the man he is dealing with ; he aims to do as he would be done by, and he shows it. As a result he takes with him an order, and leaves behind a customer and a friend. In these things lie the differences between salesmen on the road.

SALESMEN AND THE RAILROADS.

It is well known in commercial circles, that a very large proportion of the wholesale business of the country is effected through the agency of traveling salesmen. Every house in every branch of the trade has its representatives on the road, and when we take into consideration the number of establishments seeking an extension of their sales through their instrumentality, we can form something like an adequate idea of the number of persons so employed. Generally speaking they are observant, quick witted and intelligent, constant students of human nature, its faults, its frailties, and peculiarities, ever on the go, coming in contact with all kinds of people, and traversing the entire country, their

influence is felt in every town and hamlet in the nation. For general information as regards traveling they are complete encyclopædias of knowledge to the general public. The best hotels, railroads and routes of travel to them are subjects of every day study, and constant comment, and woe to the institution that comes under their ban.

They furnish at least one half the trade of all the hotels of the country, which, to a great extent, is duly appreciated in reduced rates, and a ready willingness to aid and facilitate in every manner possible on the part of "Mine Host." But how about the railroads? Notwithstanding traveling men are the principal factors in procuring freights; notwithstanding they are generally the arbiters in the selection of the routes for shipment; notwithstanding the fact that they are ever acting gratuitously, and effectively acting as agents to promote the growth, the welfare and success of the railroads; notwithstanding they are constantly pouring a steady stream of cash into the coffers of the railroad companies, what concession do they receive?

The politician can secure his annual pass and half rates for his friends, the preachers and summer tourists who travel mayhap once a year, can be afforded reduced rates, excursion tickets and an extra allowance of baggage, and so on through the category, but to the class who furnish thrift and vitality to every railroad corporation, who wield an untold influence on those who travel occasionally, and who must perforce travel continually, what advantages are accorded? Absolutely none. They are considered the legitimate prey for extortion, because forsooth, traveling with them is a necessity, "needs must when the devil drives," and as a consequence they are fleeced in every conceivable man-

ner. If they chance to have an extra pound of baggage it is not forgotten, they see local travelers enjoying the immunity of commutation rates, they see discrimination wherever they go, but never in their favor, and the wrong has become so palpable that it cries aloud for redress. Now, we suggest in these dull times, when business men are barely meeting expenses (fortunate if they do), that one or more of the leading railway lines adopt a system of commutation to traveling men as an experiment, and mark the result. There is a power to aid and foster a generous policy, and it will not be found unremunerative.—*Merchant and Salesman.*

THEY ARE BUILT RIGHT.

A business man must forfeit his life,
To manifold calls day by day,
But he can't reach a hundred places at once,
Because he ain't built that way.

—*Rochester Herald.*

A good C. T. can converse and talk,
Can chat and gossip all day;
And sell a bill that will fill the till,
Because he is built that way.

Next!

JACK HAZZARD, COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

One of the "old style" of commercial travelers was Jack Hazzard, of New York. Jack was passionately fond of the "pasteboards," and would occasionally indulge in a little game with the boys in the basement

of the store, when not upon the "road." One morning when thus engaged, the "old man" was heard approaching, and Jack stuffed his last trick in his pocket, chucked the rest of his pack into an empty case, and the company broke up. The cause of the intrusion was soon explained by Jack receiving an order to start for Philadelphia at once with samples of a new line of goods. Jack flung the samples into a valise, put on a clean paper collar, bought ten cigars for a quarter, and started at once. Arrived in Philadelphia his first call was on an old Quaker house on Broad street. Pulling himself together Jack marched in, and laying a card before the senior partner, who was busily engaged at his desk, said in his most sanctimonious manner, "That is the party I have the honor to represent." The old follower of Penn looked carefully at the card, and then fixing his steady blue eyes on Jack, handed it back, saying: "If that is the party thee represents, thee will find Philadelphia well stocked with his goods." Jack cast one horrified look at the card. It was the "little joker," on which a fellow clerk had strongly sketched the head and horns of His Satanic Majesty, and the bold salesman, for once discomfited, beat a hasty retreat to his hotel.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

HIS PARTNER.

This poem was read at the Annual banquet of the Commercial Travelers' Association of Iowa, by its President, Banks:

Friends, I've a story to relate
About one of the boys. I'll state
Right here, 'tis short.

Near as I can I'll tell the tale
Just as I heard it. Should I fail—
But no—without excuse I'll sail
Straight into court.

A commercial man, on sales intent,
Into a country store house went,
With smiling face and bland ;
Right thro' the crowd about the stove
Straight on the merchant's desk he drove,
His "grip-sack" on the counter hove,
And shook the merchant's hand.

Then, while his tongue ran quick and fast,
Upon the merchant's face he cast
His most persuasive look ;
Pleading the while, "I'll gladly show
My pleasing lines and prices low,"
He spread his samples in a row,
And ope'd his order book.

Erstwhile a form came through the door
In clothing tattered, old and poor,
And happening to the spot
Where, by his wares, the traveler stood,
Seeming in an inquiring mood,
Asked not—"please, sir, do I intrude ?"
But fingered o'er the lot.

The sample man, with darksome frown
Gazed on the seedy hat and gown,
That clothed the country man.
And when he asked, in gentle way,
"What is the price of this to-day ?"
Turned quickly on that sinner gray,
And thus to him began :

"Pray, what is that to you, gray head?
I represent the wholesale trade;
Why—look—you cannot buy!
D'you know, old man, you're too fresh—quite!
My goods would be in a pretty plight
Had every straying man the right
To handle them—come, fly."

The old man turned his glass-trimmed eyes,
With steady look of mild surprise,
Upon the man of ire;
Then, as on some deep thought intent,
Turned slowly round, and silent went
Back to the stove, where, forward leant,
He warned him o'er the fire.

"Bah!" said the traveler, "what a boor,
Such men I never could endure;
A plague on them I say."
The merchant smiled. "I fear," said he,
"With you I hardly can agree."
"Why?" "Oh, because he is, you see,
My partner, sir. Good-day."

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS AND YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

Quite a number of Commercial Travelers were in attendance upon the International Convention of Y. M. C. Associations at Cleveland, O., May 24–29, and a deep interest was manifested in this particular branch of the Y. M. C. A. work.

Rev. F. Von Schluembach spoke as follows:

I am just as much a Commercial Traveler as anybody

The goods I have for sale are the best goods in the world, but the thing of most importance was, first, what can we do for the Commercial Traveler, and second, what can they do for us? I will tell you what happened to me in Boston. The clerk at the hotel one day handed me a letter; I thought, what can this mean? they know me already. I opened it and it was an invitation to a Commercial Traveler's meeting. I looked up and the clerk had a laugh in his eye. He thought I was a lager beer brewer, you know; he laughed at that invitation, but I thanked him for it. I laughed, too; I felt good; I went to my room and I put myself in the Commercial Travelers' place, and I found I was alone; then I read that letter and I felt good. I thought how lonesome those fellows must be. After that good meeting I came home and I felt my room door open; I saw the door next to me open; I walked to my door, and that man walked to his; then we came out in the hall and we got to talking. He got to talking about religion. He didn't believe in religion, he was an infidel, he talked all the infidel arguments and I led him on with them. I gave him more rope. I knew they had been gambling in his room all night before. Then I began to haul in that rope. He found out I had been an infidel and I found out that he was the son of a minister. By and by the tears began to come, and sitting on the stair rail up in that top story he saw himself and was melted to tears. Then we went in the room and prayed, and he has ever since been telling the story of the cross wherever he went and he is doing good service. In St. Louis I went into a place to see a man on business. One of these "drummers" was there. He wanted to sell some jewelry. "Get out," said the proprietor, "I don't want to see your samples." "But you must," said the man. "I won't get out." "Get out," said he again. "I

won't," said the man, and he began to unpack. The man became interested, and so did I. He showed him a fine lot of goods, diamonds, pearls and precious stones set in gold, and he sold the man seven hundred dollars' worth. "Well," I thought, "that fellow is smart." When he had sold his little bill he said to the merchant: "Now I have one more thing to show you; the best thing I have got," and he began to go down deeper into his cases, and I began to wonder what could he mean. Better than gold, and diamonds, and pearls? and I got up closer, and the merchant did, too. The "drummer" took out a little case and opened it, and there was a Bagster Bible, and he began to turn it over, and said, "This is the pearl of great price; this is better than all earthly possessions; it is God's word. Sir, are you a Christian?" I never heard anything like that. It took right hold of the merchant and of me. That's the kind of fellows these Commercial Travelers are when they go to work, and we must have them.

DR. TALMAGE TALKS TO THE TRAVELERS.

Here is a brief synopsis from the report of a sermon preached by Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, to commercial travelers. It is from the *New York Herald:*

Mr. Talmage preached to the commercial travelers. There are 285,000 professed commercial travelers in the United States, said he, but 500,000 would not include the number of those at some time engaged in the service. They have their official newspaper organ, their mutual benefit associations, with 2,000 names on the roll, and have distributed more than $68,000 among the families of deceased members. They are a ubiquitous, unique and tremendous power for good or evil. In a few days

our national perplexities will all be settled, and then look out for the brightest ten years of national prosperity which this country has ever witnessed. All our astute commercial men feel that we are standing at the opening door of coming prosperity. Let the merchants open new sets of account books in place of those filled with long columns of bad debts. Let them start on a new commercial train. It is impossible, it is said, that this land from so much depression should ever revive. In 1857 there were failures to the amount of $291,000,000. We got over that. We will get over this. Mr. Talmage then addressed himself to commercial travelers in the following words :

Now you, the commercial traveler, have received orders from the head man of the firm ; you are to start on the long excursion. Well, what is this little package in the valise ? "Oh," you say, "that's a pack of cards. There's certainly no harm in a pack of cards—is there ?" Instead of answering your question I will tell you that there are thousands of men with as strong a brain as you have who have dropped down into the gambler's life and into the gambler's hell. What's that other bundle in the valise ? "Oh," you say, "that's a brandy flask." Well, my brother, just empty the contents and fill it with cholera mixture. It's very important to have something that will help you in case of sudden illness. Only one more advice to you and then I will have done with your baggage. Take some good wholesome reading ; let it be a historical work or even a work of fiction, or some work that will be of peculiar advantage in your business. Get a Bible with large type.

Now you are ready to start. You have your valise in your right hand, and your blanket and shawl strapped in your left. Good-by ! May you have a prosperous

voyage, large sales and great percentages. Oh, there's one thing I forgot to ask you about, "What train are you going to take?" "Well," you say, "I will take the five o'clock Sunday afternoon train. I will save a day by that, and I will be by Monday morning in the commercial establishments by the time the merchants get down town." My brother, you are starting wrong. Sabbath breaking pays no better in this world than it pays in the next. If the Sabbath is given for the employer it is given for the employed. The dollar that you earn on the Sabbath is a red-hot dollar, and if you put it in a bag with 5,000 honest dollars that red-hot dollar will burn a hole through the bag and let out all the 5,000 honest dollars with it.

For a few weeks now you will pass half your time in the railroad train. How are you going to spend it? Don't do as most of the commercial travelers do—sit reading the same newspaper over and over again, looking listlessly out of a window, or spending three or four hours in the smoking car, the nastiest place in Christendom. Instead of that call Shakespeare and Tennyson and Ezekiel and Paul, inspired men of God—call them to stay with you and talk with you.

But you have come now to the end of your railroad travel. You saunter out among the merchants and begin business. There are two things you must remember. First, that all the trade you get by the practice of treating always damages the house that gets it. Besides, you can't afford to injure yourself for the sake of your employers. Again, I charge you, tell the whole truth about everything you sell. Lying travelers will precede you and lying travelers will come after you; don't let their lying competition tempt you to do as much.

But it is almost night, and you are getting back now to the hotel. You go back to the hotel. Now comes the

nightly tug for the commercial traveler. Tell me where he spends his evenings and I will tell you where he will spend eternity. There's your room with the books; there's the Young Men's Christian Association room; there's the gambling saloon, the theatre and the house of infamy. The theatre—do you think the tarrying in that place till eleven o'clock at night will improve your bodily health or earthly fortunes? No man ever found the path of commercial success or heavenly reward through the American theatre.

"Well," you say, "I guess, then, I will go to the gambling saloon." You will first go to look on; then you will go to play. You will make $100, or $500 or $1,000; you will make $1,500—then you will lose all. Then you will borrow some money so as to start anew. You will make $50, then $200, then $600; then you will lose it all. Those wretches of the gambling saloon know how to tempt you. They lead you on, and lead you on; but, mark this, all gamblers die poor. They may make great fortunes, but they lose them. You say, "John Morrisey is a brilliant exception." John Morrisey is not dead yet. I wish he were. (Sensation.)

"Well," you say, "if I can't go to the theatres and can't go to the gambling saloon, I guess I will go to the house of infamy." Halt! (in a stentorian tone). There are other gates of sin through which a man may go and yet come out; but that gate has a spring lock which snaps him in forever. He who goes there is damned already. He may seem comparatively free for a little while, but he is only on the limits, and Satan's police have their eye on him to bring him in any minute. The curse of God is on that crime. There are men here to-day whose heaven was blotted out ten years ago. There is no danger that they will be lost—they are lost now. I look

down through their glaring eyeballs, down into the lowest caverns of hell.

Oh, commercial traveler! I pray for you to-day. There is another day, when you will need divine grace: the one when you have no success. That night you will be sore tempted to give away to strong drink; the other day when you will have great success, and the devil will tempt you, and tell you you must go and celebrate your success.

There is another day, the last of your life. I don't know where you will spend it—more probably in the railroad car, or some strange hotel I see you on your commercial errand. The train of your earthly existence is nearing the depot of the grave. The brakes are falling, the bell rings, at the terminus the train stops. All out for Eternity! Show your ticket now for getting into the gate of the Shining City—the ticket washed in the blood of the Lamb. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul."

Speaking of this sermon the *Commercial Traveler* said: Commercial men are schooled in one thing, they possess the art of listening politely and silently; we may say, without fear of successful contradiction, they possess this art "to perfection" even when those who address them may be speaking concerning things about which there is an honest difference of opinion. Rev. Mr. Talmage has spoken some good words. He is one of Brooklyn's big guns, hardly of the rifled kind, in one sense, and this: he puts in much powder. We hope to hear Rev. Mr. Talmage is to speak again to our friends. We wish it expressly for this reason: the preacher, if he be reported correctly, addressed only a very small class of commercial travelers. The majority of commercial men are neither

drunkards, gamblers, prostitutes or Sabbath breakers. Of course the Rev. Mr. Talmage don't think they are, but it might have been a little more just if he had said so.

THE SMARTEST OF THEM ALL.

"Greatest man to pump the town and get acquainted with folks I ever saw, Jap Johnson was," said a traveling man. "Give Jap a chance, for a night and a day, in a country place, and everybody there would call him by his first name, and he'd call everybody the same way, even the girls. In forty-eight hours he'd know every man, woman, child, horse, dog and cat in the town, and could tell who married who, who got drunk once in a while, and who had fits or rheumatics. Give him three days in a town, and he'd have every bit of the gossip and musty old scandals that ever went over the back fences of that town, down finer 'n silk. He was a wonderful man, Jap was, and he could sell goods like a house afire. The biggest thing he ever did, though, was 'bout four years ago. He had four hours to spend in a little town in Western Iowa. In that time he sold two bills of goods, was invited to dinner by the mayor, decided four bets, was referee in a dog fight, proposed marriage and was accepted by the belle of the place, borrowed $5.00 from her pa, beat another man two games of billiards—and it happening to be election day, he capped the mansard by sailing in, and having himself elected town clerk by a majority of eleven votes.—*Chicago Herald.*

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRAVELING MAN'S HOME.

The following is related of an old farmer in the northern portion of this State, who had forsaken the Jerusalem of his youth, beaten his plowshare into a carving-knife, moved into his county town and opened a hotel, which was labeled in large letters across the front, "The Traveling Man's Home." He had waited long and anxiously for the traveling men to awaken to a sense of appreciation of what he was itching to do for them in the way of providing home comforts, and was at last rewarded by the appearance of two sleek-looking Knights of the Grip who came off the Baltimore & Ohio east-bound train, and, after having registered, they asked for a large double front room. The old gentleman fairly bubbled over with hospitality, never forgetting to keep prominent all of the "home comfort" features of his establishment, but the climax was reached when he took them up to bed. "Gist see how nice and clean everything is, boys. Look at them there pillershams. Hain't that like home?" Then turning down the bed clothes and patting the sheets: "Git yer eye on them sheets once! Did you ever see any cleaner sheets than them at home? Lots of these here fellers that keeps hotel use the same sheets three and four days hand runnin', but you bet yer life you don't find none of that here; these here sheets was washed this mornin.' Gist feel of 'm, boys; they're damp yit!"—*Ohio State Journal.*

LONG-LIVED COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

In a recent issue allusion was made to the singular exemption from accident on rail or water which seems to be enjoyed by commercial travelers ; but it appears that this is not the only way in which the men on the road are favored by fortune. Statistics lately published by the Connecticut Life Insurance Company show that among the 70,000 males insured by that company during thirty-two years, there were two classes of men especially conspicuous for longevity, namely, traveling salesmen and lumbermen. Journalists and clergymen, who are very appropriately classed together, make a much worse showing in the mortality record. It is commonly supposed that the regular habits, avoidance of intoxicating drinks, and strict adherence, generally speaking, to the severest standard of morality for which journalists are so noted, are conducive to longevity. Yet we see that while this strict morality gives long life to the commercial traveler, the equally virtuous editor is not so favored. There is a mystery here which the social science philosophers would do well to investigate.—*Carpet Trade and Review.*

NO WONDER.

"The man of the grip" numbers 285,000 in this country. No wonder some of his jokes are stale. All the almanacs in the world would not furnish new jokes for 285,000 drummers.—*Tribune of Rome.*

THE BA D.

We are a band of drummers brave,
  We neither toil nor spin,
But yet, you bet we work the town
  And give it lots of chin.

If taken all in all, we are
  A handsome set of men,
Mustaches sweet and siders fair,
  A bald head now and then.

And who can talk as we can talk
  (Just some one answer that),
Or sing as we McGinty's woes—
  And Where'd you get that hat.

We never blow about ourselves,
  Too modest, too polite,
To speak our own effulgent praise
  Before this crowd to-night.

Our babies always take the prize,
  They are of the largest make,
And as to sweethearts and to wives
  Our's always take the cake.

A great religious set are we,
  We nothing know of dice ;
We never play for poker chips,
  We've not a single vice.

The temperance cause we nobly lead,
  Our drinks are grave aud mild.
Let no one kindly now suggest
  How often we have smiled.

Our only fault is bashfulness;
O, brother, let us try
To mend our ways and no more be
So timid and so shy!

H. C. ELDER.

TIPS.

Spasm 1.

When a C. T. is C. T-ing,
With his samples and a grip,
He can never fail of seeing
The advantage of the "tip."
He must tip the jolly porter,
Tip the boy who answers bell
If he'd "do it as he oughter"
At the very best hotel.

2d *Spasm.*

He must be a cheery joker,
He must have his jibe and chaff,
He must play it fine at poker,
He must cultivate his laugh,
He must learn the latest story,
And know how to tell it well
If he'd blaze in C. T. glory
At the very best hotel.

Spasm 3.

Uncommercials at the table
Wink and wonder, as they stare,
Why the C. T.'s always able
To command the bill of fare?

Though to dine he may come later,
His persuasives always tell
As he tips the clever waiter
At the very best hotel.

4th Spasm.

Chambermaid or blacking-artist,
Or the driver of the "buss,"
The stupidest or smartest—
They can all remember us;
For that Tip's the "very devil"
When we try to cut a swell;
'Tis the pull on service civil
At the very best hotel.

THE DRUMMER'S LIFE.

One came in the morning, with eager eye
The register scanned, then quickly sought
The merchant out, induced him to buy,
And his book was soon with an order fraught.
So the drummer comes and the drummer goes,
And his heart with joy is ready to burst.
He recks not, he, his competitors' woes,
But hugs himself that he got there first.

One came in the evening, with hopeful air,
And spread his samples in a hurried way,
But left full soon, bowed down with care—
The "other fellow" had passed that day.
So the drummer comes and the drummer goes,
And the days are bright and the days are sad,
Yet cheerful always, and no one knows
Why the heart is sore of the drummer lad.

They met ere a month was scarcely past,
And hand clasped in hand, in firm, true grip,
And "brother" and "brother" to each was cast
From beaming eye and speaking lip.
So the drummer comes and the drummer goes,
And his hand is ready, his heart is brave,
To buffet life's evils with sturdy blows,
Till he takes his last order and fills—a grave.

CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

THE SAMPLE KINGS.

The first drummer I ever became acquainted with drove four magnificent horses attached to a huge caravan filled with candy, writes a contributer of the *Christian Union*. I could hear the rattle of this traveling house almost a mile away, and when the driver turned the corner into the main street of our village, and with a snap of the whip warned other vehicles to get out of the way, to my boyish eyes the candy drummer was greater than any king. This method of selling goods and delivering them at the same time has not died out altogether, but the increase of railroads and the facilities for reaching many otherwise difficult points of access has made the four-horse method too slow, except for the smaller places. The commercial tourist of to-day often finds the railroads too slow; he would welcome an invention that would annihilate the distance between his towns,

The first thing the traveling man does, leaving on his first trip, is to lay out his route, or have some one more experienced than himself tell him where to go. Then he gets from the Mercantile Agency, books—books containing the name of every merchant in every town in

the United States—his list of prospective customers; perhaps some of them have already had dealings with his firm. The amount of baggage he carries depends upon the business he is in; the necessities of some lines require only a sample case, while others bring into use from one to six huge trunks, the terror of baggage masters. I met a man in New Orleans who had fourteen bales all rolled up in canvas and bound with straps. He was a carpet drummer. With samples all packed, and route laid out, it is customary to inform by postal card the principal merchants on the line the probable day of your arrival in his town. These advance cards offer an opportunity for many humorous devices; for it is a great point to have a drawing, or a few lines of verse that leave an impression. This impression sometimes influences a merchant to wait for a particular man before purchasing his goods. The last thing to do, and the most important of all, is to visit the cashier and get the allowance of money for traveling expenses. The amount furnished depends upon the time it will take to make the trip—from $4 to $12 or even $15 a day being allowed, according to the distance the towns or cities are apart. This amount is sometimes given in currency, and sometimes part currency and part checks or drafts. Some men travel on commission—getting 2, 5 or 10 per cent. of their sales—and pay their own expenses; others receive a salary based on the business they do, and their expenses are paid by the house. which last is the most popular way for beginners. With handshakings all around and wishes for his success freely expressed, the drummer starts out on his first trip with mingled feelings of hope and fear. He buys his ticket at a reduced rate, and soon learns to travel as cheap as the cheapest, and withal to have the

best of everything. This last is the motto the average traveling man carries in his mind. He stays at the best hotels, and pays the lowest price. Arriving at the first town on his list, the commercial traveler goes to the hotel picked out for him by an old traveler, registers in a bold handwriting, New York City out in full; at the second place he writes New York merely, and before he gets back home is satisfied with N. Y. Then he looks around the town. If it is evening, he strolls by the firms he hopes to sell, and wonders what kind of a reception he will meet. When the time arrives for him to begin his business, he calls on the trade. If any of his samples can be put in a grip-sack he carries them with him, and shows his wares in the stores; but if he has trunks filled with goods, he first displays them attractively in a sample room at the hotel, and then endeavors to make appointments for the buyers to meet him there.

The first day on the road is a memorable one in the minds of many men who have since obtained high places; a day of excitement, discouragement and wonder if one will ever succeed. It needs courage to carry one through it without giving up entirely. When the first town has been thoroughly drummed, not a stone left unturned that might possibly result in a sale, then the baggage is again packed, the hotel bill paid, and over the rails to the next place! What a life of excitement! On the go always; always seeing something new, making new friends, learning something. And the temptations! It is a life fraught with many dangers, the very love of excitement it engenders the greatest danger of all. Away from home, in a strange place, with bright, entertaining companions proposing this, that and the other form of amusement, it is no wonder that many fall by the way. But it is a test.

Without temptation what would character be worth? Said a commercial traveler whom I met on Broadway recently: "I have been traveling ten years, and all I have to show for it is a stock of bad habits and an unsettled disposition." On the very next block I met a member of the firm of a large dry goods house, who began as an errand boy and had traveled five years. Still young, he had married, settled down, and was a highly respected citizen. Such examples are found in every profession.—*Hotel Gazette.*

THE DRUMMERS' GALLERY.

(Lines suggested on viewing the collection of Drummers' photographs in the office of Messrs. Henking, Bovie & Co., Gallipolis, Ohio.)

The Drummers' photo gallery,
A wonder, I'll declare;
The only one on record,
'Tis an exhibition rare.

Four hundred different faces
Are arrayed upon the wall.
They represent all sorts of men;
The fat, the lean, the tall.

There's one thing you'll be sure to note,
Explain it if you can,
In all this variegated group,
There's not an ugly man.

Though taken in all sorts of styles,
With "samples" and with "grips,"
The exclamation: "Handsome crowd,"
Will linger on your lips.

Some sit on boxes, labeled well,
But here is one I'll vow,
Whoever heard of such a thing,
He's taken with a cow.

Well yes, I do remember, now,
This is the brand of Dwight,
And, if his soda you will try,
Your bread will turn out right.

A single "rose" among the "thorns"
One female face I see,
An advocate of "woman's rights,"
And glorious liberty.

Old "roadsters" are among the group,
For some are bald and gray.
They've traveled with the jolly "boys"
For many a long, long day.

Their faces soon will disappear,
Save in these photos here,
For shorter grows their brief sojourn
With every coming year.

A few have left the noble band,
These photos, draped in black.
Bespeak the sad'ning truth too plain
They'll never more come back.

Oh, will these Drummers gathered here
From every State and clime,
Still make a fair, unbroken group
Beyond the bounds of time?

Oh, will these faces pictured
To my eager, wondering eyes,
Appear, without a blemish,
In the gallery of the skies?

GEO. L. MARSHALL.

THE BOYS ON THE ROAD.

There are men on the road who can tell you funny stories for hours at a stretch, and their fund is inexhaustible. Some country merchants can be captured by a good story who are impregnable to all other assaults, and cases are known of dealers who absolutely decline to "talk business" until they have been regaled with the latest city jokes. A budget of good stories is nothing to be sneered at, because nothing so pleasantly destroys the tedium of a long ride, or long wait at a lonely station for a train, as a rattling good yarn. What a memory for name, dates and places, faces and prices, the successful gripman must have! To forget the name of a customer's obscure clerk or to fail to recognize the customer's baby by proper title would often mean the loss of a sale. The veteran traveler is apt to be accomplished in several ways. Many of them are gladly welcomed at the country hotels where the landlord's ungainly daughters listen in rapturous silence to the brilliant rendition of the latest city "pieces." A sonorous chorus will always be at hand if there are any travelers, and quartets of excellent calibre will be improvised at a moment's notice.—*Hatter and Furrier.*

THEY FORGE A LINK.

The following lines were written by E. F. Fletcher, of Boston, and read recently at a social gathering in Syracuse :

Drummers, like straws upon a restless stream,
Meet and part and ne'er again are seen ;
Like bubbles blown from childish hands on high,
Meeting and bursting ere they reach the sky.
So drummers meet and in the busy mart
They forge a link in friendship's chain, then part.
Years come and go ; they may ne'er meet again,
But link by link they've forged a mighty chain
Whose compass binds the heart of one to all
In sympathetic answer to a call.
If there be death among the loved at home,
Far from the drummer that is forced to roam ;
A gentle pressure of his comrade's palm
Lends to his aching heart a soothing balm ;
Or, if unsuccessful in the field of trade,
Kind words encourage in the war they wage,
And when on earth their race is fairly run,
May they be greeted with "Come in ! Well done !"

SENT HIM A SETTER.

A sporting C. T. who ached for a day's gunning, wrote a friend to lend him a setter. His friend expressed him a three-year-old speckled hen ! C. T. setter up and shot her on the spot

A POEM.

It is all very well for the drummer to tell,
By way of his "chestnuts" adorning,
Of how he piled out to catch the "express"
At three o'clock in the morning;
Of the order he captured by "getting there" first,
And his "half-past-six" nap scorning;
With his collar and necktie stuffed into his hat
At three o'clock in the morning.

But between you and I, it's all a d—— false impression—
Believe not one word that he utters;
For when he is called by the bell-boy at seven,
He cusses, and grumbles, and mutters.
Why, the fact is right here: If told to "vamoose"
In a hurry. "The hotel is on fire,"
It's twenty to naught (if his room wasn't caught)
He'd come back with "I think you're a ——" discredit you.

It may not be wrong—when he gives you a son
And dance on the size of his orders—
To shoot rather recklessly, put it quite strong,
Tell his tale on the fairyland borders;
But you know very well it's quite different to tell
Without having given you warning,
How he went out of bed, his hotel and his head,
At three o'clock in the morning.

My impression is this (stated with emphasis),
That a drummer who would contract such habits
Would be shunned by the trade on the route which he made—
You can not hunt merchants like rabbits.

Besides, in less time than a year he would find
His vitality in such a fix, sir,
That to travel at all he'd have to subsist (very largely)
On Doctor Brown-Sequard's elixir.

THE BATTERED OLD GRIP'S LAMENT.

Yes, I'm an old gripsack worn out in the race;
A newer and brighter has taken my place;
High up 'neath the rafters contemptuously cast,
Neglected, to dream of a glorious past;
No comrade to share my lone exile, ah me.
I, who have traveled by land and by sea,
In my old age forsaken, 'mongst cobwebs and dust,
Slowly falling to pieces from disuse and rust.

It is gloomy enough, I assure you up here
In this grim, dreary place, and oft-times a fear
That I never shall see the bright sunlight again,
Stirs my shrunken old sides with a wearisome pain;
I deserve something better than rust and mildew—
To my trust I was always faithful and true—
And they surely could spare an old servant a nook
Where life had something of cheer in its look.

Oh the pathway of life, lay it out as we may,
A word or a breath may change in a day.
And now that I'm broken by service and age,
I'm tossed like a vagabond into this cage—
Like a storm-beaten ship cast up on the strand—
'Tis the way of the world, and fate's cruel hand
Has little of pity; our usefulness past,
We are all laid aside and forgotten at last.

My master has now all the comforts of life,
A neat cheerful home, a sweet loving wife,
Bright, rosy-cheeked children to comfort his cheer,
A bank account growing from year to year;
And when the kind darkness has driven away
The shadows that mock my poor semblance of day,
And their concerted voices float up to my den
In laughter and song, I am happy again.

Sometimes, but not often, two pairs of small feet
Bring two little figures my prison to greet,
And two little faces make sunshine of gloom,
And two merry voices make joy in the room;
And oft in their play, with frolic and shout,
They toss my battered, worn figure about.
Oh, may they never suffer the heart-aches and stings
The sorrows and woes which adversity brings.

Thus day after day I lie here and dream,
While drift the dull years down Time's sluggish stream,
Calling up the dear pictures of days "on the road,"
When trouble and care was a feather-weight load.
The engine's shrill whistle strikes sharp on my ear,
The bluff, hearty greetings of "brothers" I hear;
I dream and awake to my desolate lot,
To feel that I was, and know I am not.

Oh, ye who successfully 'counter life's ills,
And mount to the summit of fortune-kissed hills,
While plenty surrounds you and pleasures o'erload
Remember the weaker ones passed on the road.
And if there's a brother in trouble to-day,
Who neglected himself to help you on your way,
Help him out—who can tell but your own feet may slip—
Just think of the face of the batter'd old grip.

CHAS. EUGENE BANKS.

THE TRUE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

The true commercial traveler is the mouth-piece of his employer, a guide for his customers and a commercial convenience to both. He will study the interests of his employer, the character and wants of his customer, so that through him both will secure benefits and profit. In all his dealings he will be true to the first, truthful with the second, and trustful of himself.

He will be polite, perseveriug and pushing ; polite but not servile, persevering but not presumptuous, and pushing but not offensive. His conversation will be samples of his character, his actions the indices of good motives, and his outward appearance the reflex of an honest heart.

Above all, he will cultivate self-respect, for, before others will respect him, he must respect himself.

A man may rid himself of an enemy, avoid pernicious companions, but himself he can not. His mind, his thoughts and conscience are ever with him, ready at all times to encourage or condemn.—*The National Commercial Traveler.*

DRUMMERS, TRUE MISSIONARIES.

"Pilgrims," "Angels," "Runners," "Agents," "Lords of Commerce," "Commercial Tourists," "Drummers" and "Missionaries," are a very few of the numerous ambiguous appellations applied to the great Forces which keep the Commercial World revolving upon its axis, open the gates of Heathen nations to the reception of the Gospel, and bind them to our own benign civilization and christianity with the strong bands of trade.

We, "Missionaries," the exponents of the World's commerce and prosperity, do know that commerce and christianity go hand in hand, and that were not the commercial instinct of the Heathen first gratified, the efforts of the missionaries of the Church of God would be greatly impaired. We, "Agents" of Mammon, "Pilgrims" through an inhospitable world, prepare the way for the church; build up our home enterprises; enrich corporations which extend their ventures into all lands; and indeed, indirectly, wield the "Angelic" influence which turns the Heathen to repentance. Follow this thought from the Celestial Empire to our own American Indian reservations, and then call us "Missionaries."

W. C. Amos.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 14, '87.

THE DRUMMER'S BEST GIRL.

He hurried up to the office, as soon as he entered the hotel, and without waiting to register, inquired eagerly:

"Any letter for me?"

The clerk sorted over the package with the negligent attention that comes from practice, then flipped one—a very small one—on the counter.

The traveler took it with a curious smile that twisted his pleasant-looking face into a mask of expectancy.

He smiled more as he read it. Then oblivious of other travelers who jostled him, he laid it tenderly against his lips, and actually kissed it.

A loud guffaw greeted this.

"Now look here, old fellow," said a loud voice, "that won't do, you know. Too spooney for anything. Confess now, your wife never wrote that letter."

"No, she did not," said the traveling man with an amazed look, as if he would like to change the subject. "That letter is from my best girl."

The admission was so unexpected, that the trio of friends who had caught him, said no more until after they had eaten a good dinner and were seated together in a chum's room. Then they began to badger him.

"It's no use, you've got to read it to us, Dick," said one of them; "we want to know all about your best girl."

"So you shall," said Dick, with great coolness; "I will give you the letter and you can read it yourselves. There it is," and he laid it open on the table.

"I guess not," said the one who had been loudest in demanding it; "we like to chaff a little, but I hope we are gentlemen. The young lady would hardly care to have her letter read by this crowd," and he looked reproachfully at his friends.

"But I insist upon it," was the answer. "There is nothing in it to be ashamed of—except the spelling; that is a little shaky, I'll admit, but she won't care in the least. Read it, Hardy, and judge for yourself."

Thus urged, Hardy took up the letter shamefacedly enough, and read it. There were only a few words. First he laughed, then swallowed suspiciously, and as he finished it threw it on the table again and rubbed the back of his hand across his eyes as if troubled with dimness of vision.

"Pshaw," he said, "if I had a love letter like that—" and then he was silent.

"Fair play!" cried one of the others with an uneasy laugh.

"I'll read it to you, boys," said their friend, seeing they made no move to take it, "and I think you'll agree with me that it is a model love letter."

And this is what he read :

MI OWEN DEER PA PA—I sa mi PRairs every nite annd Wen I kis yure Pict-ure I ASK god to bless yoo gOOd bi Pa Pa yure best gurl. DOLLY.

For a moment or two the company remained silent, while the little letter passed from hand to hand, and you would have said that every one had hay fever by the snuffling that was heard. Then Hardy jumped to his feet :

"Three cheers for Dolly, and three cheers more for Dick's best girl."

They were given with a will.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FENNIMORE'S FUN.

Nearly every one in Columbus is acquainted with Mr. Jno. C. Fennimore, the tea salesman for a large New York house. If you have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, hustle around and make it, for not a better-hearted man exists, and among his fellow travelers he is known as the wittiest and best story-teller on the road.

John gets a party around him and tells them stories in French, Irish, Spanish, Italian and Volapuk, and his audience convulsed in laughter, at which time he calmly sits figuring profit on teas, or speculating on a possible advance in coffees. But last Monday, January 14th, 1889, the genial John came very near telling his last story, and passing into the sweet by-and-by, subsequently to join the angel choir and tread the golden streets. On a train leaving the city on the afore-mentioned day, was seated this man of samples seeking

whom he might devour—in a business way. Two seats were turned together, and he was entertaining his friend Moorhead, the Ivory Soap man from Cincinnati "with tales of field and flood," when the train pulled up to a crossing and "twenty minutes for dinner," was called, when both left the car in the midst of the story, to be completed at the table. Now John is no common story teller who goes on at random, but one who illustrates his story with gestures, and who brings before your imagination the very party of the third party. In the course of this yarn it was necessary to hold up his hand, whistle and beckon to the creature of his imagination. As he did this it happened that the girl who was waiting on the table was in direct line of his call. She came bounding in, boiling with rage after the manner, as she supposed, he had taken to summon her presence. John saw his mistake, colored up, actual fact, though this point will be doubted by readers who know him, and stammered out, "I beg your pardon, ma'am; I really beg your pardon; I–I–I meant no offense, I assure you; I–I–I was not calling you. Oh, confound it, I was telling this gentleman a story, and was, was, was sort of illustrating it, you know."

All this time the girl was standing over him in a towering rage, as this way of addressing her was particularly obnoxious to her.

Nothing but the hearty, ringing laugh of Thompson, the conductor, and others who saw John's discomfort, saved him from an early grave and a job at pushing clouds. Well, the story was never finished. John got up with his dinner half eaten, sought the society of the smoker and a Wheeling stogie, and denied himself to his friend the balance of the trip. He now walks along the street with a sad and downcast look—and his sam-

ples—and he swears if any one wants him to tell another story they will have to get inside of a safe. His young, happy life is blighted, his old cheerfulness gone, and it is to be hoped none of the readers of this will ever ask him to relate the story of his first trip, or a leaf from his life as a drummer.

A TRAVELING MAN TALKS.

In your last number, some one, either a merchant or jobber who employs traveling men, gives the boys a going-over, and, thinking that turn about is fair play, I will try my hand at giving you a few pointers on how the merchant sometimes—and, I am sorry to say, very frequently—gives his employé a rebuff that cuts him to the quick.

Many a weary drummer, tired and fagged out with all night travel and all day labor, on the alert for weeks at a stretch, and seldom off duty from daylight to dark, on his return to his "house" is met with a reception of such a temperature as to freeze out of his composition any faint ideas he may have had that there are such things in this world as sympathy and kind words. Returning from a dull trip, no matter how faithfully he has endeavored to secure the coveted orders, his ears are often assailed with taunting remarks of inattention to business, excessive expense account, no need for this outlay or that delay in making a point, questioned and cross-questioned as if he were on the witness stand, with his word doubted, his integrity impugned and his honesty a thing for suspicion—in fact, treated both outwardly and inwardly as if he were a mere hireling instead of a trusted employé, whose brightest and best

years have been given for the benefit of the hand that claims to feed him.

No matter what condition the roads may be in, or what is the state of his health, or the thousand little hindrances that will arise every day to annoy, vex and mislead even the most thoughtful traveling man, his employer seems bent only on wringing from his labors the coveted dollars, never condescending to speak one kind word, or by a hearty hand-shake give evidence of the interest he should take in one to whom he has delegated the power of representation and the credit of his house. Many a poor commercial pilgrim, after an absence of months from the bosom of his family, needing rest, but seldom finding any, cannot obtain permission of his employer to stay in his household for two or three days to recuperate and to give his loved ones needed care and attention. No, the request is harshly denied. "We cannot afford to let you lay idle for a day. Sunday is the only day for you to stay at home, and we want you on the road Monday morning early." These are a few of the unpleasantnesses which meet many a traveling man on his return from a long and wearisome trip. Again, many of the houses employing traveling men adopt such rigid ironclad rules, that are impossible to be obeyed, and which the head of the firm, when he sometimes takes the road on what he terms a trial trip, or prospecting tour, throws aside and entirely ignores.

The dullness of trade, excessive competition, or the tightness of the money market, are seldom ever considered, but their consequences are invariably attributed by many an unthinking merchant to the remissness of the traveling man, his inattention to business, or want of activity. But on the contrary, should *success* attend the journey of the commercial tourist, orders be obtained

easily, greater both in number and amount than was anticipated, the house will take all the credit and assign as a reason for the success, the big stock, good styles, low prices, and "of such a quality that they would sell without the assistance" of the tired wanderer. These are but few of the inconveniences and unpleasant circumstances which surround a traveler's life; he is one who carries his life, as may be said, in his grip, exposed to dangers, disease, and even death in his wanderings and promiscuous lodgings. But come what may, or happen what will, a traveler's life has some attractive qualities, and while the life blood courses freely through the veins in the high tide of manly strength, much pleasure can be evolved from the profession, but it has also its unrequited future and inevitable evil, for many a traveling man, after years of patient and unremitting labor, is left by his employer to meet the accumulating ills that follow age without assistance offered or friendly action given, or by words spoken in season which appear as apples of gold in pictures of silver, do good to both the giver and the receiver, and bind them together in ties much stronger than any written agreement. With such a contract the heart of the employer opens to the heart of the employé and hastens the time for the full acknowledgment of that principal and fundamental truth of Christianity that "He hath made of one blood all nations that dwell on the face of the earth."—*Nat. Com. Traveler*

HE CANCELLED THE ORDER.

"Yes, there are few merchants that won't buy from a drummer," said a hardware man. "I know a party in Southeast Alabama," continued the commercial man, as

he quietly returned his expense account to his side-pocket—"that is the hardest man I ever tackled. He had sworn by all that is good and bad, that he wouldn't trade with traveling men, besides he was very insulting, and most of the boys had quit going to see him. I struck his town one day, when trade was very dull, and I made up my mind to try him. Well, sir, as soon as I commenced drumming him, he insulted me. I knocked him down on the spot, and jumped on him, and you bet I got an order out of him before we got up."

"Took the order while you had him down?"

"That's what I did, but I didn't send the order in."

"Why not?"

"Well, as I told you, I took his order while I had him down, and you bet I sold him regular all the way through; I didn't cut a thing—sold him the fullest bill of cutlery you ever saw, but just as I was about to get up, having slackened my hold on him to put my order book back in my pocket, the old fellow made a kind of hen-wallow movement, and before I knew what had happened, he had me under the bottom, and as he choked my tongue out he said: 'Since I come to think about it, trade is very dull, and if it is all the same with you, I guess you had better not ship those goods.' After awhile he allowed me to put my tongue back in my mouth, and I told him that while I would like to send the goods, at the same time, if trade was dull, of course I would cancel the order."

"No, I have never been back to see him."—*Nashville American.*

"THE DRUMMER."

Those who think that a Drummer's life
Is free from hardship, toil and strife,
Are mistaken, for he has to go
Through mud and rain, through sleet and snow.

He sallies forth, gripsack in hand
To seek for custom through the land,
He boards the train, flings baggage down,
You'd think him owner of the town.

Beside a pretty girl he spies,
A vacant seat, and forthwith tries
To make a favorable impression
By putting on a bland expression.

She tries in vain to raise the sash,
He offers, and makes "quite a mash,"
Then ventures winning words to speak,
For oh! these drummers have such cheek.

But soon must end the gay flirtation,
For rapidly he nears the station.
He bows and scrapes, much ado,
And bids the charming maid adieu.

Then picks up gripsack, traps and things,
And off the platform now he swings,
Looks out for porter or a hack,
But has to "toat" his own gripsack.

At hotel he records his name,
Competitors have done the same,
He calls a boy to brush his clothes,
Down-town for victims then he goes.

First meets a customer of yore,
To find he'd been besieged before;
No argument can make him buy
He don't want this, and that's too high,

But can't resist the drummer's will
At last consents to buy a bill.
He sees no chance to get release,
And does it for the sake of peace.

Then to the hotel back he goes,
Such horrid fare you'd scarce suppose;
The beefsteak's tough, the bread half done,
And as for milk, they say they've none.

No harder beds were ever seen,
Or bugs more ravenous or lean.
He cannot rest, but broken down,
Must travel on from town to town.

Make rich his boss,
Who then retires, whilst he in poverty expires.
Oh! friends, such is a drummer's life,
Away from children, home and wife.

MORAL.

Young men, who e'er you may be,
With aspirations high,
I'll give you now a "quiet tip,
"A pointer" bye and bye.
Don't seek, I pray, a drummer's place:
A hard one 'tis, you bet—
And if you follow my advice
You'll thank me for it yet.

ONE OF THEM.

DRUMMER-GRAPHS ON DRUMMER PREACHERS.

The commercial itinerants will soon furnish from their ranks a complete theological assortment.

Brother Fife is not the only North Carolina drummer who, renouncing the gripsack, has espoused the rôle of preacher in the field of gospel work.

Brother Fife is a Presbyterian, and about the liveliest blue stocking specimen I ever saw. If Bro. Fife is denominationally perpendicular, he, of course, has Calvinistic predilections. But, I am sure, from having heard him, that he pauses far short of fatalism ; preaching, as he does, the efficacy of Christ's Atonement to all who in seeking may accept.

The latest contribution of an evangelistic character from our ranks, is my old friend Ken Holmes, of Franklinton, N. C. He is a well known and successful salesman, representing Carlin & Fulton, of Baltimore. He receives a good salary ; and is surely in earnest when he relinquishes his handsome stipend, and rests his temporal future on the uncertain remunerations consequent on passing around the hat in meeting.

A friend told me that, on last Sunday, the fifth instant, he heard Ken preach two good sermons ; that he stuck to his text, explained it satisfactorily, drew his inferences logically, and focalized the ramifications of thought in a climax forcefully convincing. Like Brother Fife, he has fine physique, big brain ; and, I believe, cherishes a hope of Heaven, with a desire to save men from hell or any other place where the average sinner is liable to "turn up" in the future.

Ken has entered the Methodist ministry, and is now

the Reverend Kenneth Dawson Holmes. He will make application to join the conference in Greenville this winter, and should he be admitted will take such work as may be assigned.

If Ken is denominationally straight, he will, of course, be a free-gracer, believing in free grace and plenty of it. I predict that he will make a good preacher and a useful man in the world. May God sustain him.

Drummers are so wont to joke that when I heard Ken had become the Reverend Kenneth Dawson Holmes I did not believe the report. But it's so. I interviewed the reverend gentleman, and his assurance was conclusive of the fact. He kindly permitted me to transcribe his license.

It, in Doctor Cunninggim's handwriting, read as follows :

" The bearer hereof, Kenneth Dawson Holmes, having been duly recommended, and having been examined as the Discipline directs by the Quarterly Conference, of Franklinton Circuit, of Raleigh District, of the North Carolina Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, is hereby authorized to preach the gospel according to the rules and regulations of said church. Signed in behalf of the Quarterly Conference.

J. A. Cunninggim, P. E.

W. H. P. Jenkins, Sec'y.

Our Baptist brethren profess a modification of Calvinism, as popularly understood, with a limitation defining a line short of the extremes of Arminianism, supplemented by the doctrine of immersion. Thousands of good and great men believe as Bible truth what I have epitomized as the faith of our Baptist friends, who have no written creeds. I would not be surprised if some

good drummer should step from our ranks to proclaim Baptist doctrine, from the sacred desk. In view of such a contingency, I ask Brother Bailey, of the Biblical Recorder, to keep an extra pulpit on hand.

One of the best sermons I ever heard was a discourse by an ex-drummer, an Episcopal clergyman, from the chancel of St. Mark's church, on West Lombard street, Baltimore. He was graceful in the gown of a deacon and under the stole of a priest. His peroration was beautiful, with just a bit too much poetry. His pathos found response in sensible emotion. He made me weep. A fellow must step very heavily on my corns or stir my emotions very deeply before I spring a leak in the eyes. He preached a fine sermon.

Bishop Keene, formerly of the Catholic See of Richmond, now Dean of the University of America, was, I have heard, a drummer. I never heard him preach; but I listened to a lyceum discourse from him in Corpus Christi church, in Baltimore. He is one of the most scholarly orators on the continent. He was not superb, but, with one exception, the chastest speaker I ever heard.

These ex-drummers being far apart denominationally, sustain my statement that a complete theological assortment will be furnished from the ranks of the commercial salesmen.

I hope the assortment will in another world demonstrate the adaptation of variety for the consummation of unity, and that Brother Bill Fife, Brother Ken Holmes, the possible occupant of Brother Bailey's extra pulpit, the clergyman in the deacon's gown and under the stole, and the mitred bishop, may each, in fellowship with the whole, behold the faces of angels in pictures of light. —*John R. Morris, in State Chronicle, Raleigh, N. C.*

WHO PAYS THE BILL?

I am Solomon Simoni, cloding man,
I haff me a ferry fine sdore.
I haff fourteen kommearkel men oudt on der roadt,
Und I'fe come oudt mystelf for von more.
Dehr drad's so pe*coo*iear, idt has to be vatched,
Or idt viggles avay like an eel.
So Rachel is coundting der monnies at home,
Uun vatching dat clerks do not stdeal,

Vile I haff come oudt youst to make a shordt drip,
Mitt my drunks filled mit samples so fine,
(Youst vaidt dill I show you der ferry best goods
Dot you effer haff seen in der line !)
But I haff discovered von ferry strange thing,
Vich I hardly can vell understandt,
I haff to pay double for all dot I puy,
As I traffle aboudt droo der landt,

When eating or drinking in car or hotel,
I always must pay double price ;
If I *ob*jec dey dell me, " Oh ! come off der dump !
Your house pays der pill." *Aind't dot nice ?*

Id's der same vay I s'pose mit dose odder fourteen
Dot I haff got traffling you see,
Dhey are paying youst double fer all dot dhey get,
Und der house pays der pill—und dot's me.
Ach ! Moses, but dis ish a coundry of dhiefs.
Now vot vill I do, you suppose ?
I'll dake me der drain for Chaikago donight,
And raise up der price on my clothes.

For eadting or drinking, in car or hotel,
I alvays must pay double price ;
If I *ob*jec dey dell me, "Oh ! come off der dump !
Your house pays der bill." *Aind't dot nice ?*

CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX'S TRIBUTE.

First in the crowded car is he to offer—
This traveling man, unhonored and unsung—
The seat he paid for, to some woman young,
Or old and wrinkled. He is first to proffer
Something, a trifle from his samples maybe,
To please the fancy of the crying baby.

He lifts the window, and he drops the curtain
For unaccustomed hands. He lends his case
To make a bolster for a child, not certain
But his mamma will frown him in the face.
So anxiously some women seek for danger
In every courteous act of every stranger.

Well versed is he in all those ways conducive
To comfort, where least comfort can be found.
He turns the seat unasked, yet unobtrusive;
His little deeds of thoughtfulness abound.
Is glad to please you, or to have you please him,
Yet takes it very calmly if you freeze him.

He smoothes the Jove-like frown of the official,
By paying the fare of one who can not pay.
True modesty he knows from artificial;
Will flirt, of course, if you're inclined that way.
And if you are, be sure that he detects you;
And if you're not, be sure that he respects you.

The sorrows of the moving world distress him,
He never fails to lend what aid he can.
A thousand hearts to-day have cause to bless him,
This much abused, misused commercial man.
I do not strive to cast a halo round him.
But speak of him precisely as I've found him.

This poetic picture is not in the slightest overdrawn, as I have cause to know from an intimate acquaintance and practical contact with thousands of commercial men during more than twenty years of my life.

There came a drummer in at the Baldwin a few days ago, says the San Francisco *Daily Examiner*, all the way from New York. He carried five tons of samples, all at extra baggage cost. He has five great rooms at the Baldwin at which he opens up his goods. He has a clerk that he brings from the East, two porters hired here, and he travels at a cost of $30 a day. He has a salary of $5,000 a year and commissions amounting to as much more, with all expenses paid.

Deacon—"Young man, I think I will give you an order, but I much fear that you have not told the exact truth regarding your goods."

Drummer—"Well, sir, the fact is I have not. Why, sir (sinking his voice to a whisper), were I to tell all the truth about those goods, I'd be murdered for my samples before I reach the next town."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

CHAPTER V.

A PLEA FOR THE DRUMMER.

Warmly press his jeweled flipper,
Ask him how he fares to-day ;
Speak to him in accents chipper,
List to all he has to say ;
Great the envoy from the centers,
From the marts of every land—
Lo, behold the drummer enters
With his sample case in hand !

For you will not see him ever ;
Some day he'll be laid away,
With his little yarn together
Hidden far from light of day.
Then remorse your peace will scatter
If you e'er did give him pain ;
And you'll miss his merry chatter
When the robins nest again.

Harken, then, O merchant Crœsus !
To his merry little tale ;
Think of home joys that he misses
In his life upon the rail ;
Think what you would do without him
And his grip and sample case—
What a charm there is about him
From his toes to smiling face.

He it is that ever brings in
All the latest and the best,
Makes you buy the very things in
Which you know you'd ne'er invest ;

Calls you "Tom" or "Dick" or "Jimmy,"
Tells you all the latest news;
If you're not in first-rate trim, he
Quickly drives away the blues.

Greet him, then, with welcome cheer;
And when his race has run,
When at last of life he's weary
And his last yarn he has spun,
Plant him 'neath the weeping willow—
Sign of all that's sad and meek,
With a gripsack for a pillow
And a rock upon his cheek.

—*N. Y. Tobacco Leaf.*

PROCTOR KNOTT'S SPLENDID SPEECH.

On the evening of September 21st, Louisville celebrated the commercial achievement of increasing her business $60,000,000 in one year, and adding forty-three new manufactories, employing 1,400 hands and bringing nearly 10,000 new population to the city within seven months. The occasion was a reception by the Commercial Club at the Louisville Hotel to the commercial travelers representing Louisville business houses. Invitations were sent to 3,000 of the fraternity, and of these about 500 who were not on the road responded with their presence. O. P. Pindell, President of the Travelers' Protective Association of The United States, represented that organization.

Ex-Governor J. Proctor Knott spoke to the leading sentiment as follows:

"I trust you will believe me sincere, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, when I assure you I never rose to deliver an address under more embarrassing circumstances in my life. When my excellent and esteemed friend, Mr. Allison, invited me to be present and participate in the moral, intellectual, and gastronomic exercises of this interesting occasion, he promised me on the honor of a gentleman that nothing whatever should be permitted to cramp my splendid genius [laughter] if I would only consent to make a speech. That I might rummage the entire universe for a theme, and hold my audience spell-bonnd, if I should see proper, until the circling ages should mark high noon on the dial plate of eternity. [Great laughter.] Then I noticed in Sunday's *Courier-Journal* that all the speeches of the evening were required to be strictly extemporaneous—redolent of the aroma of spontaniety, fresh as the fragrance of new-mown hay, delicious as the odor of the dew-moistened violet. [Laughter and applause.] I was delighted with this wise and humane regulation, for I had long been convinced that any speaker who should fail on such an occasion to 'shoot from the shoulder' should be shot in the neck. [Great laughter.]

"I determined, therefore, that I would sit down and write me out a first-class extemporaneous speech, and deliver it off-hand when my turn should come. [Laughter.] A speech in which I would not only ransack the richest treasure-houses of wisdom, but sound all the depths and shoals of soul-stirring and heart-rending, scalp-lifting eloquence [renewed laughter] one that would make your knotted and combined locks to part and each particular hair to stand on end like the fur on a cat's tail when a strange dog comes into the room. [Great laughter.]

The difficulty, however, was in selecting a suitable subject. There was a vast variety of topics upon which I felt fully competent to shed a perfect deluge of light, but I was in the predicament of the traditional donkey who perished heroically between two haystacks, a voluntary martyr to his own impartiality; I couldn't choose between them. [Roars of laughter.] To tell the truth, I couldn't for the life of me think of any topic within the entire range of human intelligence about which the average commercial tourist didn't know a great deal more than I did myself; for if there is anything worth knowing, that estimable and wide-awake class of our fellow-citizens has found it out long ago, and don't you fail to charge your memories with the fact. [Great laughter.] I did think for awhile of offering a few new and original suggestions in relation to a tariff for revenue only [roars of laughter], but upon reflection, I abandoned the idea. It seemed to me that it would be entirely unnecessary, as I was confident my audience would be in full accord with me on at least one branch of the subject, for, whatever your views may be with regard to the tariff, I am satisfied you unanimously are 'for revenue only.' [Laughter and applause.]

"I concluded, therefore, to follow the example of the pseudo preacher mentioned in Modern Chivalry, who announced to his congregation on rising to deliver his trial sermon, that he would not take any particular text, but just preach up and down in the Scriptures whereever he could find words of seasonable doctrine—[laughter].

"And right here I think I had better pause and submit a profound observation or two upon an important but vexed question of terminology. Desiring to be as

elegant as possible in my diction, I alluded awhile ago to the excellent gentlemen in whose honor this entertainment is given, as commercial tourists. But I don't like the term as there applied. In one sense it is accurate enough, perhaps; but beyond the mere fact that he generally confines his travels to a prescribed circuit, the word 'tourist' conveys no definite idea of the vocation or the characteristics of the active, energetic, intelligent, pushing pioneer of trade who braves the vicissitudes of the seasons and challenges the perils of flood and field for the love of his arduous calling. It is equally as appropriate to the overworked man of business who seeks surcease of toil in an excursion beyond the seas, or to the indolent dawdler who follows the beaten paths of travel simply to escape the pangs of *ennui* which prey upon him in his luxurious home. It suggests nothing beyond mere locomotion in a circle.

"For the same reason I object to the term commercial 'traveler,' which my friends, 'the Chairman and Mr. McDermott,' employed in their elegant and instructive address to which you have just listened. It is too indefinite and inconclusive. Commercial 'Evangelist' strikes me as far more significant and appropriate. [Laughter.]

"Especially in view of the modern acceptation of that word—the avant courier of Christian civilization, who puts aside the endearments of home and family and goes bravely out into the world of his Master's work, defying discomfort, disease, danger, and death.

"I make no point on the well-known, characteristic piety of the Knight Errant of Trade, which of itself might give him a colorable claim to the title of evangelist [laughter], but I hold that next to the blessed religion of our Divine Saviour, the most potent of all

the promoters of human civilization is Commerce. It ministers to our wants, multiplies our comforts, gratifies our tastes, enlarges our intelligence, increases our enjoyments, elevates our natures and prepares the way for the gospel peace—peace on earth and good will to men. [Applause.] It disregards alike the heat of the tropics and the snows of the frigid zones. It dares the night and tempests of the trackless sea; it spans the raging torrent; it brushes the mountain out of its way; it changes the wilderness into the teeming field, and rears the stately palace in place of the squalid hovel. The school bell beats time to its steady march, and the church spire springs up in its pathway. [Great applause.] Why should not the forerunners of an agency so beneficent and sublime be termed 'evangelists?' [Renewed applause.]

"Of course the old name 'Bagmen' is utterly out of the question. It is not to be thought of. It might have been well enough a hundred years ago, when the exigencies of the craft required nothing more capacious than an ordinary grip-sack, but how singularly inappropriate it would be now, when each member sets out equipped with three or four iron-bound, steel-clad sample-cases as big as the hull of an old-fashioned, square-rigged, high-pooped man-of-war. [Laughter.]

"Still, I can't help confessing to a certain tenderness for the old term—'Bagman.' I have had a sort of fondness for it ever since I was a small boy, when I saw Tom Smart, in 'Pickwick,' with his clay-colored gig, with red wheels, and his vixenish bay mare braving the blasts of the stormy night, and watched him while he drank his five tumblers of hot punch in the snug parlor of that cosy wayside inn, speculating on what he would do when he married the widow. [Great laughter.]

Jolly Tom Smart!—he has always been to me the typical drummer.

"By the way, why not, after all, stick to that good old-fashioned, suggestive word 'drummer?' Tourist, traveler, or evangelist may be more euphonious, but I prefer 'the drummer' to any of them. It is such a hale, hearty old word; so suggestive of energy, courage and manhood.

"Are not our friends always in the van of the all-conquering Army of Commerce? Do they not always lead its resistless march! Does not their rattling reveille wake its mighty hosts to action? Do not they mark the weary steps of the toilsome march? Does not their long call give warning of the slightest approach of danger?

"And then it fits the mouth of the rural landlady so well. [Laughter.] How handy it is for her to say: 'You, Angeline, come here and brush the flies offen the sass and pass it to the Drummer.' [Renewed laughter.] How delightful to hear her pipe out in the wee sma' hours ayont the twal, 'Somanthy Ann! hain't you an' that drummer through with yer sparkin' yet?' [Roars of laughter.]

"But tourists, travelers, evangelists or drummers—call them what you will—I like the craft. I have met them many a time and oft during my wanderings for the last twenty years, and have always found them a genial, whole-souled set of fellows, as well as intelligent, energetic, honorable business men. [Applause.]

"In fact, I have been with them so much I 'know them by their backs.' [Laughter.] Do you see that fellow curled up on the car-seat there, sound asleep, unmindful of the roar of the train, the yell of the brakeman, or the ingress or egress of the passengers? He

is a drummer. He rode forty miles last night, through wind and rain and mud to make his point, and he made it. [Laughter.]

"That debonair young man who is helping that poor tired-looking lady with her numberless bundles and her sick baby, he's a drummer, too. [Applause.] And the bright, jovial-faced youngster, who is rising to give that venerable old gentleman his seat, is a drummer also. And so are those four fellows at the rear end of the car, who are amusing each other and everybody around them with their flashes of wit and humorous stories. They are all drummers; the closest observers and the most entertaining narrators of curious and interesting facts in the world. It has been one of the leading characteristics of the commercial traveler, from SINBAD THE SAILOR—the great prototype of the profession—down to my genial and esteemed friend, Joseph Mulhatton, who, in that particular, at least, is said to be far more gifted than the illustrious Father of his Country. [Great laughter.]

"I am glad to meet so many of them here to-night; to welcome them back from their late campaign, and to wish them a hearty God-speed in all they may undertake in future. [Great applause.] They are engaged in a grand and glorious work—more important, perhaps, than they have hitherto realized themselves—the work of pushing forward the prosperity of this splendid metropolis. It is a work in which I have long felt the profoundest interest, for although not a citizen or property-holder of Louisville myself, I realize the patent fact that her prosperity is the prosperity of the Commonwealth.

"I repeat, therefore, Hail and God-speed the drummer! May he always find friends as cordial and whole-

hearted as those who greet him here to-night, and may his fare never be worse than what I think he will find in the next room." [Prolonged applause.]

THE DRUMMER AS HE IS.

Who roams in freedom o'er the land,
With cheek of brass and smile so bland
Nor maid nor merchant can withstand?
The Drummer!

Who cheers the lonely traveler's ways,
And guileless games of Poker plays,
And sees a deacon's modest "raise"?
The Drummer!

Who seats himself in front of dish,
While o'er his shoulder floats the wish
That he will try the "SOUPERFISH"?
The Drummer!

Who tucks his napkin to his throat,
And thinks of hardships now remote,
While roasts and stews before him float?
The Drummer!

Who lives as only good men should,
Makes Famine reign where Plenty stood,
And still is offered "Pie-er-Pud"?
The Drummer!

Who tells the tales Joe Goodwin built,
The yarns that make Boccaccio wilt,
That, though not gold, are largely guilt?
The Drummer!

Who casts his coy and bashful gaze
Where e'er the light of beauty plays,
And walks in all Love's devious ways?
The Drummer!

Who eloquently can explain,
To wife, who must at home remain,
How she from flirting must refrain?
The Drummer!

Who fails to practice "all the same,"
A law, which, shielding her from blame,
Makes life for him a trifle tame?
The Drummer!

Who, though his faults be grievous, too,
Has virtues bright and none too few,
And to himself is mainly true?
The Drummer!

Whose heart is open to the prayer
Of sore distress or deep despair,
Whose charity is everywhere?
The Drummer!

Who loyal is to every trust,
Takes sweet abuse—because he must,
And not because the censure's just?
The Drummer!

Who "hustles" in the realms of trade,
And meets with courage undismayed,
The card his sharp opponent played?
The Drummer!

Who strives with all his might and main
His house's prestige to maintain,
And their "small profits" still to gain?
The Drummer!

By Geo. L. Knight.

"WHO TURN DAT HOG LOOSE?"

The *Merchant Traveler* gets off the following:

At a certain hotel in Peoria, where the meals were not always what they should be, a merchant traveler one day sat down to the table. He put a dollar under a tumbler, and calling the waiter, said:

"Do you see that dollar, Jim?"

"Yas sar," replied Jim with a grin.

"Well now, Jim, I want you to get me a real good first class dinner. You understand?"

"Yas sar," and Jim sat about furnishing a dinner fit for a king. He had no time to see any one else. He hunted up new dishes, and put extra touches on everything, and kept his eye on the dollar. Finally, the merchant traveler finished, and, wiping his mouth, he winked at Jim.

"Yas sar," grinned the darkey with anticipation.

"Jim, you see that dollar?" putting his hand out in a generous way

"Yas sar."

"Well, you will never see it again,' and it went into his pocket, and out of the dining-room, while Jim indignantly remarked:

"'Fo' de Lawd, who turn dat hog loose in heah!"

HE HAD CHEEK.

"May I have this seat?" she asked of the genteel looking man whose baggage was occupying it.

"I don't know, ma'am," he answered, "it belongs to the railroad, you know; but I'll see the conductor, maybe he will give it to you."

She grew purple and said:

"You don't understand me. I mean, can I take it?"

"Well, I don't know that, either. You see it is fastened very firmly to the car floor, and would be troublesome to get up—however, I'll have a carpenter to come on board at the next station, and ask his advice."

"I don't want to take the old thing," she howled. "Is this your trap on it?"

"No'm," blandly answered the drummer; "it belongs to the firm I travel for."

"Well, can I sit down here?" she finally screamed, shifting from one foot to the other.

"I don't know, ma'am, you are the best judge of your physical powers."

"And where do you travel from?" she yelled.

"Chicago," he replied.

"That settles it," she said meekly. "Will you please move your valise, and permit me to occupy a small portion of this seat?"

"Certainly," he replied, "why didn't you say that at first?"

The train sped on, while he sat counting his expenses, and she wondering if Chicago's Cheek had any equal under the sun.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THIS CEASELESS CLATTER.

To buy or not to buy, that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler for a man to suffer
The ceaseless clatter of a drummer's tongue,
Or in self defense use extremest means,
And with an order quiet him. To order—to try
Once more, and by chance, to say we get
The goods that we do buy. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To buy—to pay;
To pay! perchance to fail; aye, there's the rub
For in that lapse of time, what bills may come,
Too often, and too large: must give us pause—
There is respect that makes trading of so long a life:
For who would bear the "date ahead" and "four months" time,
The heavy expense, the landlord's punctuality,
The excessive freights, the lights and coal,
The insolence of customers, and the aged stories
The merchant from the drummer takes.
When he himself might all this avoid,
By simply assigning? Who would such trials bear,
To grunt and sweat around a general store,
But that the dread of something worse—
The doubtful result of making a change—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather cleave to the business we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of!
Thus drummers do make cowards of us all;
And thus what little is left of resolution,
Is sicklied o'er by the persuader's talk;
And from offers of "spot cash" bargains,
Not having the means we are obliged to turn away,
To meet the notes accruing.

WHAT THEY SPEND.

Some idea of the present expenses of commercial travelers, and their expenditures may be gathered from the following statement published about ten years ago by the *Traveler's Weekly*. The number of drummers now on the road is estimated at more than triple that given in the *Traveler's Weekly*, which says:

"Do you know that there are about 80,000 commercial travelers in the United States? Surprised to hear it? Yes: most people are when they hear it, but it is a fact nevertheless. You may also be surprised to learn, that each one of them spends on an average $3000.00 a year, or a total of $240,000.00.

"If you add to this their salaries, averaging at least $1000.00 per year, you have a total expenditure of $320,000.00 by commercial travelers a year. This is naturally spent in all parts of the country, but the hotels and the railroads get the lion's share of it.

During the last year there has been a great change. It does not pay now to send out any but the most steadfast and reliable business men. On the other hand the travelers' remuneration is much better than formerly, salaries from $3000.00 to $6000.00 being by no means infrequent.

SHORT STORIES.

The commercial traveler's little daughter had been taught always to conclude her little prayer with these words:

"God bless papa, and bring him safely home Saturday night."

One week he came home Friday, and that night he

heard the infantile petition solemnly rendered, but with the following startling philosophic addition :

"Chestnuts, Lord ! He's here now !"—*Westboro Tribune.*

A party of Commercial Travelers resting over New Year's were seated in the corridor of a leading hotel one morning, discussing the characteristics of the different towns they visit. Said one : "The meanest town in the west is in northern Kansas. While I was there last month they found the dead body of an unknown man in the streets. In his pockets were $100 and a revolver. Instead of taking the money and giving him a decent burial, they arraigned him under the name of Richard Roe, fined him the $100 for carrying concealed weapons, and buried him in the potter's field in an old pine box."—*Kansas City Star.*

Head of the Firm—Mr. Perambulator, what is the meaning of this item, "Funeral expenses $24," in your expense account?

Traveling Man—That was the cost of burying my sorrow when I learned that Thin, Skin & Co. had a day before given a heavy order to one of our competitors.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Just as a Commercial Traveler was writing his name on the register of a Leavenworth hotel, a bed-bug appeared and took its way across the page. The man paused and remarked :

"I've been bled by St Joe fleas, bitten by Kansas City spiders, and interviewed by Ft. Scott graybacks ; but I'll

be darned if I was ever in a place before where the bed-bugs looked over the hotel register to find out where your room was!"—*The Hustler.*

Did you ever notice when a merchant failed how many smart drummers were on the road? You often hear the remark: "He didn't catch me. I was too smart for that fellow. I knew he was going to fail, so I stood from under." You can generally put it down that this self-same drummer had been trying to sell the merchant for years, and the only reason he was not caught was the merchant wouldn't buy from him.—*Commercial Traveler.*

Salesman—I suppose you will allow me to sell Broke, Up & Co?

Principal—I'm somewhat afraid of their credit, Mr. Valisse.

Salesman—But you know they failed a year ago and settled at ten cents.

Principal—is that so? Then they must have money. Sell them all you can.—*Michigan Tradesman.*

An Indiana girl offered her heart, hand and $3,000,000 to a Chicago drummer, supposing him to be a single man. When he realized that he had a red-headed wife and seven children at home, with not the slightest excuse for a divorce, he leaned over the railing of a bridge across a creek and let his sad tears mingle with the babbling waters.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S ARCH DISTORTER OF THE TRUTH.

Five or six years ago the newspapers published a remarkable story about a Kentucky farmer who had imported a ship-load of monkeys from Africa and had trained them to pick hemp. The monkeys required little care in their keeping, received no pay, and did their work so well that the farmer discharged nearly every man in his employ, determined to import a thousand more monkeys, and looked forward with joy and confidence to the time when, owing to the low cost of his labor, he would obtain a practical monopoly of the business of growing hemp, and would become one of the richest men in the South. Then the story went on to say that the Knights of Labor of Kentucky had become terribly excited over the affair, that they had denounced the importation of monkey labor from Africa as being worse than the importation of pauper labor from Europe, and that a strike would certainly occur and there might be riots and bloodshed, unless the entire monkey business was stopped.

This yarn was told in such an ingenious way that many people believed it. But the wary veterans among newspaper readers regarded it as the work of a colossal liar. It was not long before Joe Mulhatton, a commercial traveler, was known to be the man who started the story on its rounds. Then everybody knew that it was a lie. This story is called to mind by the dispatch from Chicago, saying that Mulhatton was found wandering about the streets in a dazed condition and is now locked up in the Detention Hospital for the Insane.

Mulhatton was born in Allegheny City, Pa., 43 years

ago, and has been on the road as a commercial traveler for 15 or 20 years. In business affairs he has been regarded as honest and conscientious. His home is in Louisville and he belongs to the Baptist church. For many years his constant aim has been to startle the world with remarkable stories of "fakes," as such productions are known in newspaper offices. In telling lies of a plausible and yet a remarkable character, Mulhatton found almost his sole enjoyment in life. Some men devote their attention to billiards after business hours, others to horses, others to cards, to theatres, to literature, and so on; but Mulhatton's weakness was for the strange and marvelous, and in the course of time he became known as the Champion Liar of America, the Monarch of Mendacity. His name and his stories appeared in all the newspapers, he became famous for outlandish inventions, and in 1884, the commercial travelers, desiring to do him honor, nominated him for President against Ben Butler and Belva Lockwood, and then forgot to vote for him.

Three years ago, in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, was printed a dispatch from Atlanta, Ga., telling about the remarkable experience of a gentleman who had just returned from a visit to the central part of Alabama. On one occasion, while in the country, he saw a man driving 10 or 12 geese toward a cotton patch. Here is the story of what followed:

"What is that you have on the necks of those geese?" said I.

"Those are gourds full of water. I drive the geese into that cotton patch and keep them there all day weeding out the cotton. There is no water in the cotton patch, and I have to give them water, and this is the way to keep them there. Those geese will weed out

more cotton in a day than two people would. They will eat the grass and weeds, but they won't touch the cotton."

"But how do they get water out of those gourds under their necks?"

"They drink out of each other's gourd. Each gourd has an opening in the side, so that another goose can put his bill into the gourd and drink. If you will stay here long enough you will see for yourself."

I waited there half a day to see that performance, and finally saw it. The geese did just the same as the man said they would. When a goose got thirsty, he walked up to his neighbor and coolly drank out of the gourd on his neck.

When asked if he had yet made a crop with the help of the geese, he replied that he had made a small crop last year, but only had a limited number of geese, as he was only experimenting. This year he had over a hundred geese in harness, and they have succeeded in keeping his crops cleaned out so far. He had a hundred acres under cultivation, and says he will make the best crop he has ever made. When asked how he came to think of using the geese as farm hands, he replied that two years ago he had a small patch of cotton near his house. In this patch the geese raised about his yard were allowed to run. He noticed that the cotton had little or no grass and no weeds at all, and he began to watch the geese. He found that they ate every weed and every blade of grass, but they did not touch the cotton. Finding how valuable they were for his purpose, he resolved to try them on a larger scale, and is delighted with his experiment. His neighbors have paid close attention to the matter, and next year they

will start a number of geese in harness in their cotton crops.

The dispatch concluded with the prediction that "if the farmer's experiment is as successful as he thinks it will be, it is only a question of a few years until the whole cotton crop of Alabama will be weeded out by the ordinary goose." This was another of Joe Mulhatton's stories, and it went the rounds, amusing the wise, and deceiving the credulous.

Mulhatton's earliest attempts at "fakes" dealt with wonderful caves in Kentucky, full of bones of prehistoric men and animals. Once he wrote how oil wells of extraordinary capacity had been drilled near Glasgow Junction, Kentucky. This lie was very deceptive, and many prospectors and scientists hurried off to Kentucky to make investigations. Another of Mulhatton's inventions was in regard to a meteor that fell in Texas. It was big enough to cover an acre of ground and bored a tremendous hole in the earth.

Mulhatton has been engaged also with preparing the dispatch from Chihuahua, Mexico, dated April 22, 1889, that was published in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.* This was a story of a tree that devoured birds. To begin with, there was a detailed description of how the narrator studied botany and made long trips into the mountains, looking for specimens. Finally the tree in question was discovered. It was something like the "weeping-willow," but the long, drooping, whip-like limbs are of a dark and apparently simple appearance, and seemed possessed of a horrible, life-like power of coiling and uncoiling.

One day the observer saw a bird settle on the top of a tree. "The branches immediately began to awaken and curl upward. They twined and twisted like snakes

about the bird, which began to scream, and drew it down in their fearful embrace until I lost sight of it." Under the tree was a sort of cave which the explorer discovered by accident. "I enlarged the hole," says the liar, "and then pushed my way up through the passage. When I had nearly reached the top I looked out cautiously to see if I should emerge within reach of that diabolical tree. But I found it nowhere near the aperture, so I sprang out. I was just in time to see the flattened carcass of the bird drop to the ground, which was covered with bones and feathers." The next day the explorer got half a dozen chickens and threw them into the tree. "The moment I tossed in the fowls," he says, "a violent agitation shook its branches, which swayed to and fro with a sinuous, shaky motion. After devouring the fowls, these branches, fully gorged, dropped to their former position, and the tree giving no signs of animation, I dared approach it and take the limbs in my hand. They were covered with suckers, resembling the tentacles of an octopus. The blood of the fowls had been absorbed by the suckers, leaving crimson stains on the dark surface."

The dispatch concluded with an account of how the explorer wrote of his discovery to Prof. Woldenhaupt of the University of Heidelberg, who replied that the tree was the arbor dragoli, only two specimens of which had been known to science, one growing on a peak of the Himalayas and the other on the Island of Sumatra.

A TRUE STORY ABOUT A SLOW TRAIN.

"Speaking of railroads," said the candy pilgrim, as he turned a car seat, and slowly divested himself of his duster, "reminds me of one in Kentucky. The only way you can tell the direction the train is running, is by the way the seats are turned. I was on that train one day last winter, going from Russellville out to Adamsville, a distance of only twelve miles. On the train was a clothing man who was fretting considerably about the slow time. Finally he concluded he couldn't stand it any longer, and he got out and walked. He got so far in advance that he thought the train had gone back, so he sat down to wait for it. The exercise he had taken had exhausted him very much, and before he knew what he had done, he had keeled over and gone sound asleep between the rails.

About 9 o'clock that night the passengers and officers of that road were startled by the continuous blowing of the whistle and the cries of some one in pain, and deep distress. We immediately went forward, and found to our horror that the train was slowly but surely passing over the prostrate form of our clothing man. The brave engineer whistled down brakes, and made a heroic effort to reverse the engine, but alas! she would not reverse worth a cent. It seemed that this was the first live thing the train had ever caught, and that it intended to run over this man, if it took all the winter. It had passed now, over his feet, and the engineer said if she continued to make schedule time and the water got too low in the boiler, it would probably arrive at his knees about midnight. The poor fel-

low seemed to appreciate the fact that death would sooner or later occur.

He called for pencil and paper, and there by the dim light of the conductor's lantern, the dying traveler wrote his will, and prepared to take his trip to that land where "sorrows never live" and the hotels don't charge drummers fifty cents more for a meal than they do farmers. He also wrote to his house. But when he called for more paper and said he wanted to write to a girl, there wasn't a dry eye in that vast assembly. Old men wept and women fairly howled. This sentiment seemed to strike a tender place in the heart of the murderous engine, and the mute head in the boiler actually wept—while a little bull's-eye lantern on the brakeman's arm shed tears as large as wild goose plums. He did the square thing by the girl and don't you forget it. He willed her his insurance policy and transferred it right there, but she never got a cent."

"Transfer not properly made," suggested a bystander —a hardware man.

THE LEGEND OF THE DRUMMUH.

Thus speaketh Robert Burdette:

It was during the reign of the good Caliph, when Abou Tamerlik came to the city of Bagdad, threw his gripsack on the counter, and as he registered, spake cheerfully unto the clerk, saying:

"A sample room on the first floor, and send my keyster up right away, and call me for the 6.28 train east in the morning."

And Basler el Jab, the clerk, looked not at him, but went away to the mirror and gazed at his new diamond.

And Abou Tamerlik hied him forth and went into the booths and bazars, and laid hold upon the merchants and enticed them into his room and spread out his samples and besought them to buy. And when night was come he slept. Because, he said, it is a dead town and there is no place to go.

And before the second watch of the night, Rhumul em Uhp, the porter, smote on the panels of his door and cried aloud :

"Oh, Abou Tamerlik, arise and dress, for it is train time."

And Abou arose and girt his raiment about him, and hastened down stairs and crept into the 'bus.

And he marveled that he was so sleepy, because he knew that he went to bed exceedingly early, and marvelously sober.

And when they got to the depot, lo, it was the mail west, and it was 10.25 P. M.

And Abou Tamerlik swore and reached for the porter, that he might smite him, and he said unto him :

"Carry me back to my own room and see that thou call me at 6.28 A. M., or thou diest."

And ere he had been asleep even until the midnight watch, Rhumul em Uhp smote again upon the panels of his door and cried aloud :

"Awake, Abou Tamerlik, for the time waneth, and the train stayeth for no man. Awake and haste, for slumber overtook thy servant, and the way is long and the 'bus gone."

And Abou Tamerlik arose and dressed, and girded up his loins, and set forth with great speed, for his heart was anxious. Nevertheless, he gave Rhumul em Uph a quarter and made him carry his grip, and he cursed him for a driveling laggard.

And when they had come to the train it was 11.46 P. M., and it was a way freight going south.

And Abou Tamerlik fell upon Rhumul em Uhp and smote him and entreated him roughly, and said :

"Oh, pale gray ass of all asses, the Prophet pity thee if thou callest me once more before the 6.28 A. M. east."

And he got him into his bed.

Now, when sleep fell heavily upon Abou Tamerlik, for he was sore discouraged, Rhumul em Uhp kicked fiercely against the panels of his door, and said :

"Oh, Abou Tamerlik the drummah, awake and dress with speed. It is night in the valleys, but the day star shines on the mountains. Truly thy train is even now due at the depot, but the 'bus is indeed gone."

And Abou Tamerlik, the drummer, swore himself awake and put on his robes and hastened to the depot, while Rhumul em Uhp, the porter, went before with a lantern.

For it was pitch dark and raining like a house a-fire.

And when they reached the depot it was a gravel train going west, and the clock in the steeple tolled 2 A. M.

And Abou Tamerlik fell upon Rhumul em Uhp, the porter, and beat him all the way home, and pelted him with mud, and broke his lantern and cursed him.

And he got him to bed and slept.

Now, when Abou Tamerlik awoke the sun was high and the noise of the street car rattled in the street. And his heart smote him and he went down stairs, and the clerk said to him :

"Oh, Abou Tamerlik, live in peace. It is too late for breakfast and too early for dinner, nevertheless, it won't make any difference in the bill."

And Abou Tamerlik, the drummuh, sought Rhumul em Uhp, the porter, and caught him by the beard, and said unto him :

"Oh, chuck el edded pup! (which is, 'Thou that sleepest at train time,') why hast thou forgotten me?"

And Rhumul em Uhp was angry, and said :

"Oh, Abou Tamerlik, the drummuh, hasty in speech and slow to think, wherefore shouldst thou get up at daybreak, when there is another train goes the same way to-morrow morning?"

But Abou Tamerlik would not hearken unto him, but paid his bill and hired a team and a man to take him to the next town. And he hired the team at the livery stable, and he cursed the house that he put up at.

Now, the livery stable belonged to the landlord all the same. But Abou Tamerlik, the drummuh, wist not that it was so.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

HE PAID AS USUAL.

The commercial traveler of a Philadelphia House, while in Tennessee, approached a stranger as the train was about to start and said :

"Are you going on this train?"

"I am."

"Have you any baggage?"

"No."

"Well, my friend, you can do me a favor and it won't cost you anything. You see I have two rousing big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one checked on your ticket and we will euchre them. See?"

"Yes, but I haven't any ticket."

"But I thought you said you were going on this train?"

"So I am. I am the conductor."
"Oh!"
He paid extra as usual.

THE RIVAL DRUMMERS.

It was two rival drummers
The merits that did blow
Of safes were in St. Louis made
And safes from Chicago.

They chanced upon a merchant
Who fain a safe would buy,
And in the praise of their houses' wares
The drummers twain did vie,
Each striving to see which could construct
The most colossal lie.

Out spake the St. Louis drummer:
"Once a man a cat did take,
And locked the animal in a safe
Of our superior make.

"They made a bonfire round the safe
With tar and kerosene,
And for four-and-twenty hours it blazed
With raging heat, I ween.

"The fire went out, the safe was cooled,
And I will forfeit five
Hundred good dollars if that cat
Did not come out alive."

Then mild upspake and answered him
The Chicago safe-agent:
"With our safe one day we did essay
The same experiment.

"We placed the safe selected on
Of coals a fiery bed,
And pitch-pine we heaped in coal oil steeped
Till the iron glowed bright red;
And in forty-eight hours we ope'd the safe,
And, alas! the cat was dead!"

"Was dead? Aha!" his rival cried,
With a triumphant breath;
But the Chicago man replied
"Yes; the cat was frozen to death!"

No word that St. Louis drummer spoke,
But silent stood and wan,
While the Kansas merchant an order gave
To the Chicago man.

SEND US A LETTER.

The Hotel 'Buss from the midnight train,
Brought only one passenger through the rain;
A traveling man—tired, weary and sad;
For he had toiled all day and trade was bad.

Not a single order was on his book,
The disgust he felt was shown in his look.
With a careless hand he wrote his name,
On a page of the book unknown to fame.

The drowsy clerk the signature scanned,
Then a letter placed in the drummer's hand;
See how he starts, while a smile of delight,
Comes over his face at the welcome sight.

Thus clouds of despair that will ever appear,
To the traveling man sometimes in the year,
Are often dispelled by such simple means ;
As one friendly letter—how queer it seems.

So wives, sweethearts, brothers and chums,
If you know where we'll be when Sunday comes.
Write to us there, if your time will permit ;
Draw on us at sight—and we will remit

OUR THANKS.

A BAD MAN TO FOOL WITH.

The *New England Druggist* comes to the aid of the drummers, with the following good story.

"In a certain town is a business man who is rather piggish, for the size of the place. If a salesman calls, he must send in his card to the office and humbly seek an audience. On one occasion, a salesman sent in his card by the boy and word came back that the proprietor wanted nothing. The salesman told the boy to return and ask for the card, as they cost his firm money. The boy soon returned, saying the proprietor had torn up the card, and he brought five cents to pay for it. The salesman quickly took two more cards out, and writing on the back of one—'My firm does a square business, and never takes advantage of any one. They only cost three for five cents,' sent them to the proprietor."

Give the salesmen a fair show with generous tradesmen, and there will be no just cause to regret it. They are an indispensable adjunct to our civilization.

VERY CLEVERLY DONE.

Henry Guy Carleton being unable to be present at a dinner given by the Commercial Travelers' Club of New York, sent the following very clever note :

"I pen these few lines with a soul full of emotion. I feel that by staying away from the large, long feed, to which you kindly invited me, I am losing the opportunity of my life to get square with the drummers. During my long and variable career as a private citizen I have traveled a good deal, but I have never yet seen a real live drummer. I have often heard of him, but he has always been about ten minutes ahead of me. All the best rooms were occupied when I arrived, and the affections of the prettiest girls had been placed. I never got a lower berth on a train but once, and that was when a drummer who had got ahead of me gave it up so that he could offer his condolence to a poor little orphan girl, aged about twenty-five years, in another car, who was on her way to join her parents in Kankakee. I once paid $4.00 a day in Denver, where I was shown up to room 1947 on the eighth floor, with a cracked mirror, no soap, no towel, a packet of insect powder, and a bureau with no handles—while the blue-eyed drummer with gold filling in his front teeth, who arrived just before me, got the best chamber for $2.00, with ten per cent. off for cash. But let this pass. I have noticed that drummers are always complaining of loss of appetite, but I have also noticed that there is seldom anything left after they get through but the cut glass pickle-dish, four corks, and the mustard. I would be a drummer myself but my intimate friends say I am not shy and retiring enough ; they also say that I talk too much."

A DRUMMER'S BILL OF FARE.

Drummers have tough experiences with hotels sometimes. Here is a burlesque bill of fare:

SOUP.

Mock Herring. Sponge. Ox Ear. Cork. Whalebone.

FISH.

Hamilton Fish. Red Herring. Blind Herring. Scalded Herring. Cross-Eyed Herring

COLD DISHES.

Broken Ice. Mashed Ice. Cold Ice. Baked Ice. Hot Ice.
Raw Iceberg. Fried Iceberg. Broiled Iceberg. Stewed Iceberg.

ROASTS.

Buffalo, a la Robe Sauce.
Antelope, a la Caper Sauce.
Gander, a la Goose Sauce.
Elephant, a la Tusk Sauce.
Chickens, Forty-Eight Years old.
Elk, a la Ham Sauce.
Sacred Crow, a la Hoof Sauce.
Turkey, Stuffed with Rubber Shoes.
Goat, Stuffed with Cotton.
Swan, Stuffed with Red Flannel.

GAME.

Don Pedro. Old Sledge. Euchre. Casino.
Old Maid. Smut. Pitch. Keno.
Faro. High Low Jack. Presbyterian Billiards. Whist. Pool.

TONGUE.

Old Maid's Lip, Vinegar Sauce. Curtain Lecture, Old Woman Sauce.
Mother-in-Law Tongue. Son-in-Law Sass.

ENTREES.

Umbrella, Rain Water Sauce,
Locusts on the Half Shell.
Fish Giblets, a la Gin Sauce.
Spider's Toes, Breaded.
Stewed Cat, Boston Style.
Frogs' Ears, a la Coal Oil Sauce.
Buzzards' Eyebrows Larded
Baked Chignons.
Tree Toads, Fried & Stuffed with White Mice.
Horse Blankets Fricaseed.
Boiled Flies, Corn-Cob Salad.
Black-Bird's Eyebrows Larded.
Broiled Hairpins on Toast.
Humming Birds, Stuffed with Old Shoes.
Fried Buffalo Robes (very tuph).
Tilters on Toast.

VEGETABLES.

Corn. Corn Fried. Tight Boot Corns. Soft Corns.
Corn Broiled. Corn Baked. Corn Cob. Hard Corn.

PASTRY.

Apple Pie, Fluted, Machine Made.
Custard Pie, Left-Handed.
Rubber Pie, with Goodyear's Patent.
Sponge Pies, Cut Bias.
Round-Shouldered Pies.
Leather Pies, with Buckles.
Saw Dust Pudding, a la Pine Sauce.
Spalding's Glue.
Paper Hangers' Paste.
Flax Seed Pudding, a la Mucilage Sauce.
Mustard Seed Pudding.
Shingle Nail Pudding.

DESSERT.

Erie Canal Ice Cream. Yeast Cake. Cord Cake. Boarding House Cake.
Liver Jelly. Floating Raft. (a la lock 40) Sauce. Door Jam.

FRUITS, NUTS, ETC.

Peeled Onions. Osage Oranges. Snow Balls. Mandrakes. Sour Grapes.
Thorn Apples. Red Flannel Caramels. Hogs' Foot Gum Drops. Boiled Acorns.
Hash. Bourbon County Gum Drops. Horse Chestnuts. Doughnuts.

ISAAC SOMMRE'S LIQUORS.

Ice Water. Soft Water. Cold Water. Hot Water. Hard Water.
Salt Water. Iola Water. Boiled Oil. Castor Oil. Hair Oil. Magnolia Balm.

At the same wild western house the following was posted:

NOTIS TO GESTS.

If the bugs are troublesome, you'll find the kloroform in a bottle on the shelf.

Gents goin' to bed with their boots on will be charged extra.

Three raps at the door means there is a murder in the house and you must get up.

Please rite your name on the wall paper, so we may know you've been here.

The other leg of the chair is in the closet if you need it.

If that hole where that pain of glass is out is too much for you, you'll find a pair of pants back of the door to stuff in it.

The shooting of a pistol is no cause for any alarm.

If you're too cold, put the oil cloth over your bed.

Caroseen lamps extra; candles free, but they mustn't burn all night.

Don't tare off the wall paper to light your fire with. 'Nuff of that already.

Gests will not take out them bricks in the mattress,

If it rains through that hole overhead, you'll find an umbrella under the bed.

The rats won't hurt you if they do chase each other across your face.

Two men in a room must put up with one chair.

Please don't empty the sawdust out of the pillow.

Tallow candles burned after bed time 37⅔ cents per inch extra.

Guests favored with knives and forks without handles charged 25 cents extra.

Travelers are earnestly requested to report all servants who show them any attention, in order that they may be immediately discharged.

The proprietor will not be responsible for property stolen from rooms in which the occupant retired without pushing the bedstead against the door.

Waiters are provided with cards and slate pencils. The most polite ladies will act as waiters, dressed in Pea Green Jackets, Tilting Hoops and High-heeled Buttoned Gaiters.

Suckers, Setters and Blowers will make their dinners out of Crackers and Cheese.

THE GAME DID NOT PAN OUT RIGHT.

The New York *Sun* says, that a bridal couple took the train from Buffalo to Philadelphia, and it was generally remarked that they conducted themselves as well as could be expected under the circumstances. After about a four hours' ride, the groom got off at a station where a short stop was made—saying to the bride that he wanted to speak to a man, but saying to one of the boys on the quiet :

"When the train starts, I'll get into the car behind and she'll think I was left. Then look out to see her go into fits. I appear on the scene in time to prevent consequences."

The programme was carried out. As the train started, a drummer rushed into the train and plumped himself down by the side of the bride, without a question, and in five minutes he was talking about the weather, Buffalo, Philadelphia, and a dozen other things. She grew interested at once, and did not seem to think of her newly made husband. The latter waited a quarter of an hour, and then sneaked into the car. He expected to find her half dead with anxiety, but she wasn't. She was talking in a very animated way. And when he came forward she looked up and said :

"That you, James ? I thought you were left ; sit back there somewhere."

And for two hours he "sat," while that drummer held the fort and every lady was tickled to death. "Your experiment didn't work as well as you thought it would, did it ?"

"Not exactly," was the reply, "but you wait ! You ought to be around to-night and see me lick her with a towel."

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE ROAD."

What a world of meaning hidden
In the brief words "On the Road ;"
Memories crowding up, unbidden
From the heart's disturbed abode.

Ere I take up humble pen,
O ! my brothers "On the Road,"
Judge ye leniently, as men,
Pardoning the feeble mode.

Not a teacher, to the taught,
But as scholar to the wise ;
Would I now these lines submit
To your sympathizing eyes.

Sometimes, radiant with success,
Seeing thro' hope's rosy light ;
All things beautiful and fair
As the glowing sunrise bright.

Push and principle and tact,
These our trusty watchwords three ;
So to speak and think and act
That our object gained may be.

Meeting non-success with smiles,
Persevering to the end ;
Is not this a picture faint,
Of our struggles, oh, my friend ?

May we, in the new year coming,
Win fresh laurels in the fray ;
Shoulder e'en to shoulder marching,
Hearts intrepid all the way.

Brothers ! as we journey on,
Let us be as righteous leaven ;
By our influence aiding each
"On the Road" that leads to Heaven.

A. G. WAIT, in *On the Road.*

AN OLD TIMER.

Yes, I've seen him oft before,
As he went from store to store
With his grip.
I knew him years ago ;
The drummers had a show,
And didn't have to blow
And "shoot their lip."

When he was in his prime,
Way back in sixty-nine,
Few could sell—
Half the goods old Charlie sold ;
But now he's getting old,
And well nigh lost his hold,
So they tell.

He was always fair and square ;
Couldn't beat him anywhere
In the land ;
Always drove his business straight,
Working early, working late,
And a trade, well, simply great—
Did he command !

Never did a finer chap
Don a coat or wear a cap,
'Pon my word !

But like all the clever boys,
Full of frolic, fun and noise,
He at last lost equipoise,
I have heard.

He took his customers to dine,
Told 'em stories, bought 'em wine,
Many a glass ;
Show'd 'em all there was in town,
Always smiling, ne'er a frown,
But too many got him down,
And alas——!

The poor old fellow's bust !
"Blow'd in all his dust !"
While his friend——?
You know how 'tis yourself,
When a man has lost his pelf,
Why, they lay him on the shelf,
There he ends.

Yet you cannot keep him down,
And still he comes to town,
Lame and old.
But as long as he comes 'round,
With his grip, I am bound,
He will never say he found
Me cold.

By Le Gage.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE TRAVELERS.

The commercial traveler to-day exercises a greater influence for good or evil on the young men of this country than any other kind of man. The clerks in the country stores that he visits during the year, look up to

him and admire him ; the storekeeper is influenced by him and is swayed by his persuasive powers; and he either inspires confidence in his fellow-man or makes him lose faith in him. On the streets of seven-eighths of the towns and villages of this country he is a marked object. He laughs, he talks, he insinuates himself into the good graces of the very best people, and invades their homes and firesides, casting an influence which is either for good or for bad. On the railroad platforms, in the railroad depots, on the railroad trains all over this continent, we find him. There is no place where he does not go and wield his mighty influence.

Who and what are these men is a question which modern society must ask itself and be careful about the answer it gets. Are they what many of our good people suppose them to be—a wild, thoughtless, reckless set, intent only on selling a bill of goods and having a good time, not caring who or what are their companions, indulging in all sorts of licentiousness and folly?

As one who has spent eighteen years of his life among them, I answer very emphatically, "No." They are men of superior intellect, push, perseverance and tenacity of purpose, selected by the house for whom they do business ; men who can be trusted to work well and faithfully for their employer's interests while far away from his eye ; men to whom he intrusts money, railroad tickets and samples amounting to hundreds ; yes, sometimes to thousands of dollars ; clean, straighforward, honest, upright men. "Clean?" you say. "Yes, clean," I answer, and as an example I take the house with which I am connected. We employ sixteen of these men. I have charge of them, and as I look them over you would find it hard to pick out sixteen cleaner, straighter men in any walk of life, and the

cleaner and straighter they are the better for their house. The business of to-day is done on such close margins that no house can afford to employ any but clean, straight men, who give the strictest attention to business. The day of the "bummer drummer" is past. The man who formerly held his trade by treating, wining and dining his customers is fast passing away, and will soon be entirely a thing of the past. Our house, for one, will not employ a man if we know him to be a drinking man, no matter what his record as a salesman may have been, or what promises he makes.

That there are wild, reckless, dissolute men among the commercial travelers still, I admit. That often young men, and even older ones, exposed to the temptations that beset the man away from home and all its fond associations, and the safeguards which it throws around him, sometimes fall, and often commit acts they would not at home, and are guilty of grievous and many sins, I do not question; but the majority of the traveling men of to-day are strong, clean, able, upright men.

What credit is it to a man to be morally good at home, who has a good, true wife, mother, or sister to set before him every morning a good, sweet meal, to send him out to his day's work with the benediction of a pure woman's kiss on his lips? Busy he is all day, pushing his work, so he may get back to the home where wife, children and mother are waiting to welcome him. How different the surroundings of the commercial traveler! In the hotel at his breakfast table often sits the temptation which does not assail the man at home. On the street, in the railroad depot, and on every occasion, temptation assails him. Instead of being at home, surrounded by wife and family, at night he has to again face terrible temptations. Take seven-eighths of your

stay-at-homes, place the same temptations before them, and they would fall at the first step.

I have said that these sixteen men under my care are as clean as any ordinary sixteen men you would meet. Like conditions prevail in other houses and lines of business. Men are in them just as good as these, just as strong; men of great ability, large resources, able to stand by themselves, men selected specially for these characteristics; picked men from the men around them. Are they not specially adapted to spread the kingdom of our Lord and Master as they travel from city to city, from town to town, from village to village, from hamlet to hamlet? They are men who are able to overcome difficulties and handle their fellow-men.

But you ask: Are not these men opposed to the Church and to Church work? On the contrary many only stand waiting to be asked to go to the church. In the smaller towns Sunday often is a dull day to the commercial travelers. Nothing to do, no place to go, they sit around the hotels during the hours of church, like the laborers who stood idle because no man hired them.

A commercial traveler sat at breakfast in a country town with three others. As he left the table he invited them to call in his room. They did so. On the table lay an open Bible. One asked: "Is that your traveling companion?" When he answered "Yes," all spoke up, and by turn admitted that they had occupied, when at home, one position or another in their different churches; and through the influence of that open Bible all attended church that day. In another town, at the supper table of a hotel, sat two St. Andrew's Brotherhood men. At the same table were four commercial travelers. One of the Brotherhood men determined to try and get the

crowd to attend evening service. He knew none of them, but by a few well directed questions opened a conversation, invited them to attend church, and they all did so, saying they were glad of the invitation and opportunity.

Meeting a young man a few days since, formerly a member of the same Chapter as myself, now a commercial traveler, I asked if he attended church, and he answered, "Yes, always when on the road." Another member of the first Chapter with which I was connected, when he went on the road, traveling through small villages and to saw-mills in the South, went speaking, preaching and talking of the work of the Brotherhood. In one of our large cities last fall I met a man who was carrying on a mission in one of the hardest quarters of the city. He told me that the greatest help he got in his work was from a commercial traveler who came regularly when in the city to help him. And who has done more for the work and the spread of Christ's kingdom among men than he whom we all honor and love, because he has given up his business and gone solely into the Master's work—Charles James Wills? And was he not a commercial traveler, and are there not numbers, yea, hundreds, like him among them, only waiting to be called into the work?—*John M. Locke in St. Andrew's Cross.*

THE DRUMMER'S TOAST.

Could I sip of the nectar the gods only can,
I would fill up the glass to the brim,
And drink success to the traveling man,
And the house represented by him.

And could I but tincture the glorious draught
With his smiles, as I drink to him then,
With the laughs he has laughed and the jokes he has told.
I would fill up the goblet again.

I would drink to the wife with the babe on her knee,
As she waits his return with a sigh;
As she opens his letters so tenderly and reads,
While a tear dims the eye.

I would drink to the sweetheart who gave him good-bye,
With a tenderness thrilling in bliss;
As she thinks of him now with a tear in her eye,
Recalling the sweets of his kiss.

To the purest of hearts and the fairest of hands,
I would drink with my hopes and my prayers,
For the heart she must trust is a traveling man's,
And as warm as the ulster he wears.

I would drink to the feeble old mother,
Who sits by the fireside weary and lone,
And murmurs and weeps o'er the stockings she knits,
As she thinks of her wandering son.

I would drink long life and health
To the friends who meet him with many a cheer;
To the generous hand the stranger extends,
To the sojourner wandering here.

And when he must quit this earthly abode,
And has paid the last fare that he can,
Mine host of the inn at the end of the road
Will welcome the traveling man.

J. Whitcomb Riley.

THE WOMAN DRUMMER.

"There is a new racket on the road," said a commercial traveler; "it's a female drummer. "I met her the other day and she is a dandy. Of course she is from Chicago and she sells goods like a January thaw. She has been out so long now that she is as independent as a hog on ice. She sits in an ordinary car and charges up sleeping berths in her expenses just like the rest of us. She walks to the hotels from the stations, and charges up the hack fares, just as we do. She beats the landlord down to $1.50 a day, and charges the house $2.50, in the regular old style. She can take care of herself every day in the week; and she knows how to order up a bottle of wine, and work it on the expense account, too. Why, when I saw her last she was a new silk dress ahead of the firm, and by New Year's proposed to have a sealskin sacque out of her expenses. And that isn't all: she has half of the hotel clerks in the Northwest mashed on her; and the way the little rascal knocks 'em down on her bill is a caution. She has a regular trick of staying over Sunday where one of her admirers runs the house; and she walks off Monday morning, forgetting to pay the bill. What does she sell? That's the funniest thing about it, You would think she would handle jewelry or millinery, or dry-goods, wouldn't you? But she doesn't. She sells gents' furnishing goods; and the fly young men who usually keep that kind of stores buy of her as if they hadn't seen a commercial traveler for six months. And she is a dandy poker player, too. She handles the cards awkwardly, and acts as if she didn't know a full hand

from two pairs, and raises $2 on deuces, and nearly cries when t'other fellow shows up three of a kind, and then gets excited in a big jack pot, and raises the opener, and bets the limit, and raises back and scares t'other fellow out, and slides into the deck a little pair of sixes or sevens or a bobtail as innocently as you please. Bluff? Why, she has a bluff on her like the Wisconsin River. She's a daisy; and I tell you it's mighty lucky for the boys that there ain't any more like her on the road."—*Chicago Herald.*

DEDICATED TO THE

ANGELS OF COMMERCE.

COMMONLY DESIGNATED DRUMMERS.

"Saint Peter still sits by the heavenly gates,
And sweetly he plays on his lyre,
And still he is singing as calmly he waits,
For the spirits of those who expire.

The legions of angels, they pause now and then,
To hear the sweet words of the song,
Which echoes and murmurs and echoes again,
And swelled by the heavenly throng.

For ages I've waited and sung to my lyre,
At the doors of the region of light.
The kickers I've watched as they went to the fire,
While the Drummers all turned to the right.

The Drummers who labored, the Drummers who wrought,
And gave to their city their might—
O, the Kickers will roast where the climate is hot
But the Drummers will come to the right.

What odds though the Drummers on earth were bereft,
When waits them eternal delight.
For now while the Kickers all turn to the left,
The Drummers come in by the right.

So go to the captain, O Drummers, and call
For a crown and a garment of white,
And play on your harps through the centuries all,
While the Drummers come in at the right.

Their voices the Heavenly anthem will swell,
In the land of the happy and bright,
The Kickers get in on the ground floor of——
While the Drummers come it at the right."

THE DRUMMER'S SCALPS.

The Western Traffic Association are after the drummers and no mistake. To prevent him from standing in with the conductors, agents and baggagemen has been a study and a puzzle to the railroad managers, but worse than this the naughty "Angel of Commerce" has found the way to Clark street, but not only buys mileage from the ticket broker, but sells what he has no further use for at a discount, and this piece of folly demoralizes the rates and keeps the manager in danger of a lecture, or worse from Judge Cooley. But beware, ye drummer, the slave pen is being got ready for you, you are now to be caught, branded and marked. The agent who sells the Mileage Book, after an examination to determine that the drummer is himself, and not made up of wigs, corsets, glass eyes, artificial legs, arms, teeth, etc., which are liable to be changed, will carefully fill out the mileage ticket with a full description about as follows: Name, J. J;

height, 6 feet 6 inches; weight, 200 pounds; straight, hunchbacked, one shoulder high, short legs, stiff knee, large joints, face freckled, brown mustache three inches long, chin shaved and scar in middle, mole on nose left side, gray eyes, black spot on left side of left eye, front teeth large, one filled with gold left corner, eye tooth on left side missing, teeth blackened with fine cut tobacco, spits frequently, hair brown, cut short, with the bump of benevolence bald, and self-esteem showing up with hairless pride. The ticket being thus filled out and paid for with an additional ten dollars as security that the drummer will not change his teeth, hair, eyes, head or face, or be guilty of the crime of growing whiter, blacker, more freckled, taller, fatter, leaner, or otherwise changing in one year, on which conditions the mileage ticket is good for transportation for one year from the date of same, otherwise he shall lose himself, mileage, ten dollars and all. The drummer thus equipped with the necessary "bits" to pay his hotel bills, starts on his "trip;" the genial conductor of Great Mogul R. R. comes along. "Tickets" rings through the car, and punch, punch, till our drummer presents his transportation signed, stamped, punched, etc. In his innocence he expects to be quickly passed, when in thunder tones the Con. says, "Stand up! look me straight in the eye, take off your hat, open your mouth. Have you changed your teeth? Yes, here is the dentist's bill, $25. All right. I'll pass you this time, but don't do it again. Tickets," and the future superintendent of the Tunder and Blitzen Short Line moves on. —*Courser*, in *Commercial Gazette.*

SAND IS WHAT THEY HAVE.

I observed a locomotive, in the railroad yard one day,
It was waiting near the round house where the locomotives stay.
It was panting for the journey, it was coaled and fully manned,
And it had a box, the fireman was filling full of sand.
It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip
Upon their slender iron pavements, cause the wheels are apt to slip.
So when they strike a slippery spot, their tactics they demand
To get a grip upon the rail ; they sprinkle it with sand.
It is about this way with travel along life's slippery track,
If your road is rather heavy, and you are always sliding back,
You can get to any station, that is on life's schedule scene,
If there is fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine,
And you'll reach a place called Flushtown, at a rate of speed that's grand,
If for all these slippery places, you've a good supply of sand

COL. STIRLING B. TONEY'S SPEECH.

The following is the speech of Col. Stirling B. Toney, made at the Galt House Convention of Drummers in 1885. It will be seen that it is not at all like the speech of Governor Knott, as has been supposed by some :

"Mr. Chairman—I have no claim to the high and undeserved honor by which you have distinguished me in demanding that I shall respond to the toast, 'The Commercial Traveler.' I feel that the compliment is not only unmerited by me, but is injudiciously bestowed, when I see around me such an array of wit and genius, by whom the subject could be so much more artistically and eloquently handled. The theme is eloquent, though its advocate be mute.

The commercial traveler is no fictitious invention of modern times. Tradition, history's tearful, but still faithful, watchful mother, reveals unmistakable evidence of his existence in pre-historic archæology; while in the science of anthropology we find that he has been undergoing processes of development and evolution in his ethical status, as well as mutation in his philological classification. In the gray dawn of civilization, greatness had its coronation and its fall in the market-place. In the mad house of toil, man was a maniac dancing his death round for a golden coffin. Traffic was robbery. Trade was legalized pillage. Nestor asked Telemachus: 'Are you a merchant or a pirate?' So cankered were the monetary ties betwixt man and man, in the life scuffle for wealth, that might was the criterion of right, and piracy and commerce were synonyms. The policy of States was modified, and new energies were inspired, and the material destiny of man elevated, by the advent upon the world's stage of the commercial traveler. Are we not told that it was they who came from Gilead into Egypt with samples of myrrh, and spice, and balm, to whom Joseph was sold by his brothers? Did they not come from Phœnicia and discover the plain of Jordan, the hilly slopes of Judea, the sacred Mount Moriah, the long "promised land," with its

grapes and pomegranates? Did they not bravely launch their oared barques upon the stormy deep and found Tyre and Sidon, of whose opulence and splendor sacred and profane history are so replete with abundant proofs? Did they not exchange the grain and ivory of the Nile for the oils and silks and spices of Western Asia? Did they not penetrate the golden land of India and bring to Solomon the wealth of Ophir?

They traversed the Mediterranean from the pillars of Hercules to the garden of the Hesperides, and laid the foundation for the future splendor of the commercial cities of Greece. At Palmyra they illuminated the palm-covered and lucrative groves of commerce with Roman gallantry and Attic wit. They destroyed the commercial isolation of Palestine; they established the marine grandeur of Carthage; they made Venice the bride of the sea. They preserved amid the storms and waves and darkness of the middle ages the sacred flame of commerce that was to relume and rebuild the world. They followed the stroke of the valiant oar of Columbus, and emptied into the lap of Europe the gold and silver mines of Mexico and Peru. They have established the mercantile glory and greatness of our country, and have given it a commercial magnificence unknown before. They have built up among the States of this Union a solid material and social comity, which is the enduring base of a high and permanent commercial civilization and political glory.

As a fraternity, I should rather say as a noble priesthood, they are as cohesive and formidable as the ancient Druids of Britain and Gaul, as resolute as the croziered Crusaders, as valiant as the Legion of Honor, and as honorable as the Knights of the cross of St. George.

It has been peculiarly my happy fortune and honor to be more or less intimately associated with commercial travelers all my life, and I have always wondered why they were never called by their right name—"Knights of the Golden Fleece." For whether in camp or court, or castle, they always wear the badge of knighthood, which is the star of honor; and they are always in pursuit of the "golden fleece." Hercules, Castor, Pollux and Orpheus, in fact all the boys who went with Jason to Colchis to get that ramskin that was hung up in the sacred grove of Mars, were commercial travelers. They were not after fleecing anybody; they were after the "golden fleece," and that is what the T. P. A. are after to-day. They had the same experience, only in a milder form, which you daring Argonauts enjoy who travel from Chicago, and Cincinnati, and St. Louis, and Louisville, and other seaport towns, on your steam camels through the West and South in search of the "golden fleece." On their route they vanquished harpies, they slew dragons, they strangled gorgons; they yoked the brass-hoofed bulls that snorted fire, to Meikle and Avery plows, and sub-soiled the field of the God of War, and sowed it down in snakes' teeth, for a crop of soldiers; they steered safely between Scylla and Charybdis; they passed the sirens, although that liked to have wrecked them. But alas, the truth has to be told, they could not escape the charms of the local nymphs that beset their perilous path. But as none but the brave deserve the fair, the world has long since forgiven, condoned and forgotten that little picnic at Lemnos, and charged it up to profit and loss.

Does the parallel not strike you? Like you, those

commercial travelers from Thessaly were valiant, affable, cheery and buoyant, and while they had the well-being of their country at heart, yet like you, against the charms of the gentle sex, they were fallible, temptible and frail.

WORRYING A BRIDAL PARTY.

Peck's Sun tells the following story, parts of which are true ;

"Say, what kind of a hotel do you keep ?" said a green-looking man, as he stepped up to the counter and registered his name, and added "and wife" after it. "Can a newly married couple settle down here for two or three days, and have a quiet visit with each other, and not be scared out of their boots ?"

The hotel man said they could go right to their rooms, and stay there three days, or three weeks, and never come to their meals if they didn't want anything to eat. "But what is the matter ? You been annoyed ?" asked the hotel man.

"Annoyed ? That don't express it. We were married day before yesterday, at St. Paul, and went to a hotel. I live about sixty miles west of St. Paul, and the traveling men put up a job on me, to make me tired. There were about a hundred of them snowed in at St. Paul, and I'll be darned if they didn't keep us awake all night. They knew we were a bridal couple, and they bribed the bell-boys and porters to let them act for them, and when we rung the bell for the bell boy, a drummer from a Chicago cigar factory came in and wanted to know what we wanted. I ordered a pitcher of ice water, and a Milwaukee drummer for a grocery house brought it in, and he looked at my wife—who is bashful—and made

her feel real bad. I didn't know they were drummers until the next day, or I should have killed some of them. I rung the bell for coal, and a traveling man who posts railroad cards around, and works up excursions, he came in and fixed the fire, and he stayed and poked the fire for half an hour, and he had more gall than I ever see. He asked so many questions about how long we had been married, that I wanted to thump him. But my wife said we didn't want to have no row the first day we got married.

"I rang for the chambermaid to clean up the room and bring some towels, and it was about a half hour before she came, and I went down to the office to see about my trunk, and the chambermaid stayed about half an hour, and was very interesting, and my wife said she was a real pleasant, affectionate creature, far above her station, and I tell you I was mad, when I found out that it was a smooth-faced, handsome young Jewish drummer for a Milwaukee clothing house, who was in the gang, and he gave the chambermaid three dollars to loan him an old dress so he could play chambermaid. When my wife told me that the chambermaid patted her on the cheek and said she was the sweetest bride that was ever in the hotel, and asked for a kiss, and my wife said she thought it would be no harm to kiss a poor chambermaid and encourage her, I wanted to kill him, and I went down to the office the next morning, but the smooth-faced cuss had gone to Fargo. It was all the landlord could do to hold me. Well, while we were at supper somebody got into the room, and put cracker crumbs in our bed, and we found a cold oil-cloth floor mat over the top sheet, enough to freeze anybody. But the worst was at night. We had just got in the bed comfortably when there was a knock at the door,

and I got up. The watchman was there, and he said he wanted to point me the fire escape so I could get out in case of fire, and I went out in the hall and he took me way out to the end of the building to show it to me, and while I was looking out of the window my wife came running down the hall and begging me to save her. I asked her what was the matter, and she said as soon as I went out, a man that looked like a porter came into the room, and told her to fly and save herself and to follow her husband.

She felt awful when she found there was no trouble, and we got back into the room half froze. I have got them fellows down fine. The fellow who called me out to look at the fire escape, is a drummer for a Philadelphia millinery house, and the one that scared my wife out of her wits, travels for a hearse factory at Rochester, N. Y. My wife says she would know him, for he had a big gray mustache, and wears a diamond collar button in his shirt. She said she thought he was pretty stylish for a porter at the time. They woke us up several times in the night, to tell us what to do in case we were sick in the morning. Before we were up a waiter brought up our breakfast. He said the landlord sent it up, and he just stood around until we had to sit up and eat breakfast. I thought at the time it was kind in the landlord to send up our breakfast, but when I found that the waiter who brought it up was a traveling man for a reaper factory at Rockford, and remembered how darned impudent he looked at my wife, I could have murdered him, but the clerk said he had gone to Winnepeg. It was just as bad coming down here on the sleeping car, and I think half the passengers on the car were those same drummers that were snowed in. It was colder than Alaska, and I would order extra blankets,

and they would steal them. I had more then twenty blankets put on the bed, and in the morning there was nothing but a sheet over us. And every time there was a blanket spread over us, there was a different porter put it on, and I think they were all traveling men. Every little while somebody would pull open the curtains and sit down on my berth, and begin to pull off his boots, and I would tell him the berth was occupied, and that he must have made a mistake, and he would look around at us, as innocent as could be, and ask our pardon, and then go out and damn the porter. Once I felt somebody feeling about my berth and I asked what was the matter, and the fellow said he was looking for my wife's shoes to black. Then about every fifteen minutes the conductor would open the curtains, and hold a red lantern in, and ask for our tickets. I think they punched my ticket sixty-five times. Anyway it looked like a porous plaster when I got up in the morning. I think it was traveling men who were playing conductor, but I was sleepy, and thought the best way was to let them punch it. Well, about three o'clock in the morning somebody punched us, and said it was time to get up, as all the passengers were up and we would have breakfast in fifteen minutes. And then we hustled around and got dressed, the best way we could, laying on our backs, and kicking our clothes up in the air, and catching them on ourselves when they came down. I got my pants on wrong side before, and lost everything out of my pockets, and my wife lost her hair and had to tie a handkerchief around her head, and then we had our berths made up, and sat up until daylight, and the porter found my wife's hair and pinned it to the curtains of a berth occupied by a preacher from Oshkosh, and he kicked and got mad, and talked about it and wondered how it came there; and he

swore about it, and I think he travels for an Oshkosh carriage factory. Oh, I never had such a night, or two such nights, in all my life, and what I want to know is, if I can be quiet here, and get a little sleep, and not be annoyed?"

The hotel man told him if anybody came around to bother him, to knock them clear down stairs, and he would be responsible, and the bridegroom took his satchel, and his wife, and the colored man showed them a room, and they have not showed up since.

HE CALLED HER DARLING.

This is a good story from the *Detroit Free Press*:

"As the train pulled out of Charleston I looked around the car and saw that there were seven of us occupying whole seats, while the eighth was holding a pert looking girl about eighteen years old. I think the idea with the other six men was to get some sort of an excuse to share the young lady's seat. One offered to open the window, but found it open and fell back. A second offered her a book, but she had read it. A third handed her a newspaper, but she had the same issue. The fourth was a drummer from Cincinnati. He pulled his cap down, picked up his grip and went to the door and banged it, as if he had just entered, then rushing down the aisle, he plunped down beside the girl, without a word, stowed his grip under his feet, pulled out a paper and began to read. It was ten minutes before he said a word to her, but when the conversation opened she proved to be the most entertaining talker man ever listened to. She had traveled everywhere, and seen everything, and had a laugh to make a man's heart jump. As the train

thundered on, the drummer made love right and left, and seemed to have made a complete mash. She gave him her address, invited him to call, told him all about the family, and permitted him to call her darling before we reached Savannah. He was to see about her baggage there, and while looking for it she slipped away. When we got to the hotel, he suddenly grew as white as flour ; she had borrowed his diamond ring and still had it; she had slyly taken his gold watch and chain, and when he felt for his wallet, his fingers clutched an empty pocket. He danced around like a crazy monkey, figuring his total loss at $520, but he raved in vain. The entertaining girl who had permitted him to darling her, and who solemnly informed him that she had never known what love was until then, could not be found by the police. It was a back-handed game."

CALLED HOME.

"Hello ! Charlie, what in the world is the matter with you, my boy ? What makes you look so down-hearted ?" I said to a fellow commercial whom I met in the hotel office at Merchantsburg a few days before last Christmas, moodily pacing up and down the tiled floor with a letter opened in his hand. "What ails you, any way ? Anything gone wrong with you ?" "Just read that insulting letter," he replied, handing it to me. "If that is not enough to make a man who is doing his level best feel blue, I don't know what will." And this is what I read :

Mr. Charles L. C., Merchantsburg, Mo :

SIR : Your order, No 56, just at hand. We note the liberty you have a taken in cutting prices. Do you

imagine, sir, that we steal our goods, or have them given to us? It seems to us from your manner of doing business that you entertain some idea of that kind. Do you suppose we can provide for your salary and heavy traveling expenses and allow you to make your own prices on our goods? This must not occur again. If you can not get the *market* prices, don't sell the goods, but come in at once and bring your samples with you, and your place will be supplied by some one who will obey our instructions to the letter.

In regard to your request to "run in Christmas," will say you can not afford to lose the time at this season of the year, even if you do "pay your own expenses in and back."

Your sales this season are much behind those of last year, and we naturally suppose that in the future you will try the harder to *earn* your salary, especially as you say the merchants are complaining of the dull season. We shall expect you to *push winter goods and old stock.* We do not employ you to sell staples, even if it is as you say, to start a new customer. A wooden man can sell new goods and staples. Please do not give us cause to complain again.

Yours, etc., MECHANTE & CO.

"Friend Nav," said Charlie, as he received from me the offending letter, and hastily hid it from his sight in his hip pocket, "were it not for my dear wife and poor sick child, who need me, I would end this miserable existence in short order.

"My house knows that I have always been faithful to them, workiug steadily for their interests, but they are aware of my present pressing necessities, and insolently and heartlessly take advantage of them to brow-

beat and insult me. My offence, as they deem it, was not great enough to call forth from them such an unfeeling and grossly insulting letter. You know the large and prosperous firm of Solvent & Co., of this town? Well, our folks have taunted me time and again because I have never been able to sell them. On my last trip their buyer, Mr. Pullman, informed me that it was his desire to favor me personally, but our prices were too high, and besides he did not like our house. He needed some goods that I carried, the same kind he had purchased from a New York firm, and would give me an order at same prices. He showed me the goods from his stock and also the bill of same, which proved to me that my prices were but a shade higher. I felt called upon to use my discretion in the matter, and, in order to get his trade started, agreed to meet the New York prices, and so explained it to our house. He gave me quite a nice order, and I was quite elated over the fact that I had secured this solid firm as a customer. The sum total of the difference in prices amounted only to $2.10. The order was considerably over $300, and very few staples in it. I do not think such a deal should have caused such a cruel letter as the one you have just read. Do you?

"But Nav, old boy, this is only one of the many burdens I bear in my heart. Four weeks ago, before packing my grip for this trip, our doctor warned me to prepare myself for a heavier blow. He told me plainly that my darling and only child would not be with us when the leaves come again. He said that the dread destroyer, consumption, was slowly but surely loosening the cords of her life, and that our little ewe lamb would soon join the flock before the great white throne. We have not told her of her real condition, and it almost broke my heart to

hear her recount what she intends to do for us next summer, when she gets well. On leaving home, with grip in hand and all ready to say 'good-bye,' she called me to her and held my face between her thin white hands, kissing it again and again, saying: 'Precious, sweet papa, you have been so good to me. I love you, oh! ever so dearly. Take care of yourself and *please don't disappoint me Christmas.*'"

The last few words seemed to lodge in the throat of the manly fellow, and, as he turned his face from me to brush away the tears that were fast chasing each other down his cheeks, he handed me a letter. "Read this one," he said. "Here it is:"

"My own darling papa, it seems ever so long since you left us, and I miss you every hour in the day. Mamma and I can't decide which one of us loves you most. My hand trembles so, papa, I can't write very well, so you must excuse a short letter. I love to think of your last visit home, for you nursed me so tenderly, and I had nothing but kisses to give you for lifting me so gently from my chair to the bed. I always looked for you early every morning to bathe my face and hands and to bring me my orange. No one could cut it and prepare it like you, and I think it tasted better when you fixed it. I feel so tired now, papa, and mamma thinks I had better rest a while.

"4 P. M.—I feel better now, and will try to finish this letter. Papa, please don't feel badly, but I want to ask you a question. You remember the last morning before you left home, you were bathing my hands, as you did every morning. I said, 'Look how good and strong your hands are, and my poor hands look so weak and

thin.' It was not quite daylight, but as you kissed my hands after wiping them, I am sure I saw tears in your eyes. Papa, were those tears for me? Do you think I will never get well?

"I am so tired again, and will close. Christmas is not far off now. I am making something nice for mamma, but don't you tell her. I am counting the days that separate me from my own sweet darling papa.

Your loving daughter, ELLA."

The week following this incident, I met Charlie again at another town, very busy in his sample room at the hotel. His samples were spread around, and he was copying an order which he had just sold to his customer, when the proprietor opened the door, and, handing him a telegram, said, "Mr. C., here is something for you." Charlie's face assumed a deathly hue, and his hand trembled so he could hardly open the envelope. He hastily read the telegram, and, handing it to me, said, "If you will kindly assist me in packing my samples I will take the next train home."

The telegram was from his firm. It said:

"Your wife wants us to telegraph you to come home. Your daughter not so well."

Charlie's return seemed to revive her for a few days, and with his help she tried hard to finish the little Christmas present to surprise her mamma. Her poor, tired fingers were unequal to the task, and she said to him one day: "Papa, if I never finish it, tell her how hard I tried, and give it to her just as it is."

Five days before Christmas, at three o'clock in the morning, while Charlie folded the form to his breast, her gentle spirit took its homeward flight.

After her poor, wasted form had been tenderly

removed from the bed, Charlie found beneath her pillow, where she had placed it, a silken card-case, on which her mother's initials were beautifully embroidered. The poor fellow kissed it over and over again, gave it to his wife, and said : "Here, mamma, is Ella's unfinished Christmas present, which she intended as a pleasant surprise to you. See ; here is the needle left sticking where her poor tired fingers left it. We will keep and cherish it as a sacred memento of our darling, who has been called home by the great Head of a House not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. How different are His calls to those of the busy world. Listen :

"'Art thou weary, art thou languid ?
Art thou sore distressed ?
"Come to me," says one, "and coming, be at rest.'"

By Nav Tlep.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The drummer was infirm and old ;
His withered cheek and battered grip,
Announced 'twas not his maiden trip.
Before the days that Pullman ran,
His sleeping cars to rob a man,
Before the fast trains ever flew
O'er tracks of steel, and cross-ties too,
Before the news from sea to sea
Was flashed on wires hung on a tree.
Before electric light did crawl,
Along a wire and through a wall,

Before the street cars loaded down,
Would, minus horses, haul the town.
Before the gas came from the earth
To warm our homes, or light our hearth,
To run our mills or melt our ores
To light our streets and show our stores ;
Before the time that we were able
To talk to England over a cable,
Or cross the ocean in a week,
Or through a telephone to speak,
Before all this our hero can,
Date back to when he first began
To sell to whom his goods would buy,
And missing one, another try.
His horse, his means of getting round
Through roads, o'er rocks and muddy ground.
For years and years, he saw his trade,—
But growth more competition made—
Highways and railroads followed fast.
More traveling men came out at last,
And where he once had his own way
He shares with twenty more to-day,
And old and worn with weary tread
He still sells goods to earn his bread.
The employers with whom he first began
Are well and happy to a man.
While we who helped to make them such
Have hair of snow and nothing much.
So on we go, from door to door,
Others get rich, while we stay poor,
And fifty years hence we all can say
There's been wonderful changes in our day.
The street cars here, are the only thing
That never change or improvement bring.

A new set of men in the diamond dull
A new lot of boys from the bleachers yell,
A new set of drummers will hustle and walk,
When we are laid aside not able to talk.
So on goes the story, the same every year—
Some one's retired, some new one appears,
'Till at last we are all through and ended the plot,
God likes the sample—and takes the whole lot."

S. E. MOORHEAD.

HE DIDN'T OWN IT.

"Can you give me a front room on the first floor?" asked a traveling man of the recently installed clerk.

"Can I give it to you?"

"Yes, that is what I remarked."

"That's queer," said the clerk, "you're the fourth man to-day who thought I owned this hotel."—*Merchant Traveler.*

HELD UP BY DRUMMERS.

"Did I ever tell you of a game we put up on a green Englishman on the run between Memphis and Little Rock, a few years ago?" said a commercial traveler in speaking to a number of his fellows in the café of the Hoffman House recently.

"No, you never did," "fire away," "let her go," etc., were a few of the remarks that followed the query.

"Well, you can call time on me if it is a chestnut," responded the first speaker, and then, catching the thread of his story, he continued:

"It's five years ago, I guess. There were a half a dozen or more of us corraled at the Peabody House in Memphis, waiting for a chance to get over to Little Rock, with the idea of continuing our trip to Dallas, Fort Worth and San Antonio. Spring of the year, you know, and the floods had raised the deuce with the tracks.

"You know the road as well as I do—a lake in the spring and a sandy desert in the summer, poor rolling stock at all times, and a fair chance of being held up by a road agent thrown in for variety.

"Well, we started and had the Pullman almost to ourselves. Besides our party was a thorough-bred Kentucky Colonel and his wife, and a newly-imported Englishman. The Colonel had a good bottle of whiskey, the Englishman a supercilious air. He wore an eye-glass, too.

"Before the train had crossed the river, the boys had possession of the smoking compartment, and had settled down for a good talk and smoke. Presently the Colonel joined us. His bottle of whiskey was soon circulating, and we warmed to the man instinctively. He was a 'jim dandy,' with a fund of stories and a great big, deep laugh that made a man's heart warm to hear.

"After an hour or so the Englishman strolled in. He fixed his glass and scanned us all carefully; then he relaxed the muscles of his face and the glass fell from his eye. He loaded a pipe, lit it, and puffed away like a chimney.

"'Come, take a drink,' said the Colonel, addressing him.

"'No; I'm obliged to you,' replied the Briton, politely enough. His objections amounted to nothing,

however, and soon gave way under the Colonel's persuasions.

"He entered into the conversation gradually, found fault with the country, the cooking and everything else. He had justice on his side, too, in many things he said about Southern hotel life and traveling during the spring rains. He was going to Texas to look at a ranche that he thought of buying.

"Gradually we began speaking of train robbers, etc. Rube Burrows had just held up a train in Texas and killed a man or two while doing it. The Englishman became intensely interested, and we, finding him credulous, began to pile on the horror. From truth we began to give fiction.

"'It is about ten miles from here, at a water tank, that Jesse James' gang killed three men and robbed a train of $50,000,' said the Colonel. 'This very train, too,' he added.

"'Do you mean to say, sir,' said the Englishman, 'that the country is infested with desperadoes who kill and rob at pleasure?'

"'That's about the size of it,' said one of the party.

"'Great heavens!' said the Briton. "And the law, is it powerless?'

"'The law, my friend,' replied the Colonel, 'does what it can when the officials are honest. There is a strong suspicion,' he added, 'that in many instances the officials themselves are the robbers, or are at least in league with them.'

"'Should they rob me I would seek protection from the British Consul. The Queen protects her subjects the world over,' interjected the Briton. 'It would be made an international matter.'

"'We have better protection than that,' said one of the party, drawing out a revolver.

"'Yes, indeed,' remarked the Colonel, drawing forth a huge Kentucky 'gun' of about 44-calibre, which he deposited on the seat beside him.

"'We are nearing that water tank now,' he added a moment later; 'it's a ticklish place. Are you armed, boys?'

"One of the party threw up a window, and drawing a dirk previously borrowed from the porter of the car, jabbed it into the woodwork to support the sash, and looked out.

"'If I should kill a man here,' said the English traveler, 'what would be done with me?'

"'It's all right if you're a military man,' said the Colonel. 'I'll give you a commission in my regiment this moment.'

"'But would it not militate against my fealty to the Queen?' asked the man, now thoroughly terrorized by the conversation and exhibition of fire-arms.

"'Yes, indeed, it would,' replied the Kentuckian. 'You become an American citizen the moment you join our service. If you went to England we'd have you back or our old Governor would declare war on the Queen.'

"'We are drawing up to the tank,' said the chap with his head out of the window, as he drew his knife out of the frame and closed the sash and sank back into his seat.

"'It is a critical moment,' said the Colonel, rising. 'I must protect my wife in case of an attack.' The Englishman was trembling with excitement. The party entered the body of the car and prepared for the imaginary assault.

"As the train stopped, one man left the car. He got

a number of train torpedoes from the conductor, who was in the secret, and after placing them on the track in front of every wheel of the sleeper, returned with the announcement that he had seen a fellow skulking in the brush.

"The whistle sounded, the train drew out. As it did so the torpedoes exploded like a fusilade of musketry.

"The Englishman fell to his knees with an ejaculation about barbarous Americans and bandits. The rest of the party feigned excitement and the Colonel's wife uttered a cry of horror, under which one could detect the tone of mirth.

"'We had a close call that time, gentlemen,' said the train conductor, entering the car. 'The porter had a close shave of it. He had a hand to hand encounter with one of the ruffians, who he flung from the car platform. He got a pistol ball through his hat.'

"'Yes, boss,' said the darkey. 'See dat?' He held out an old slouch traveling hat through which he had torn a hole.

"'I believe you saved my life, you noble fellow,' remarked the Englishman. 'I will reward you in the morning.'

"He gave the boy ten dollars in the morning, the worth of his life, while we paid the same individual a double fee for the part he had played in the game.

"'It was perhaps a cruel hoax,' said the speaker in conclusion, 'but the man was so ignorant of America and so arrogant that it seemed a glorious opportunity to have a little fun with him."—*Herald.*

CHAPTER VII.

A STARTLING EXPERIENCE.

The remarkable experiences of drummers in their wild chase after trade, sound in many cases stranger than fiction. As they are fine embellishers of even the actual things which come up before them, it is not at all wonderful that their stories find such repetition.

Here is a thrilling story as told by a well known Georgia commercial traveler. He was traveling through a backwoods country, shoving the business of his house into every cross road and village and store, and late one night drove into a small village and put up at the only place of public entertainment in the place. He asked for a room, being tired and broken down, and anxious to get to rest, and the hour being late—after supper, he was told by the old man who played the part of the proprietor, to go up one flight of steps, turn to his right—go up another, turn to his right, and he would find his room. He started, but being very tired, he forgot his directions, and turned to the right after going up the first flight of steps. A lone chunk of fire furnished the only light in the room, and by it he found his way to a chair, glanced around and took in the surroundings. He noticed that he would have a bed-fellow, and that he laid on his back and kept his face covered with the sheet. It was no unusual thing for drummers to have strange bed-fellows in places of the sort, and the traveler gave this matter no concern. As for the man in the bed having the sheet over his face, that might have been done to keep off the mosquitoes—or it might simply have been a fancy to do

this on the part of the sleeper. Our traveler disrobed himself and got into the bed by the side of his silent companion. He had hardly done so before the door was opened and a man and woman entered. They drew their chairs close to the fire and close together, and commenced to talk in soft and low tones. They hitched their chairs closer together, and our Georgian all at once found himself forgetting sleep—wide-awake—and intensely interested in what was being said. The tones became softer—and the sayings sweeter, in fact some of them were so sweet that the Georgian nudged his silent bed-fellow, who made no response. Presently the man's arm stole its way around the woman's waist, and the Georgian nudged his partner again. By and by the man's head went forward, met the woman's half-way, and there was a sound in the room like the sudden closing of a pocket knife.

The Georgian couldn't stand this. He gave the sheet a flirt, uncovering the face of his bed-fellow, and broke out into a hoarse laugh. The woman screamed and fled from the room, followed by the man who had been courting her.

The Georgian looked around at his companion to see how he enjoyed the fun.

He was a cold corpse, that the man and woman had come in to sit up with.

The drummer was in the wrong room.

MY DRUMMER.

The following is from "I Know" of Louisville, Ky.:

Close to my open window
  In the hush of the sweet twilight,
I sit and wistfully listen
  For the step I shall hear to-night.
The rush and the hum of the city
  Grow fainter and far away,
Like the prattle of innocent children
  At the close of a busy day.

The sweet "amen" of the choir bells
  Responds to my heart to-night,
And touches a chord in the centre
  That is tuned with memories bright.
And I sit by my open window
  As I have sat so oft before,
And watch and pray for the coming
  Of the same dear step as of yore.

Brought a flush of joyous rapture
  To my maidenly cheek and brow,
And a diligent search of my inmost thoughts
  Where I kept my cherished vow.
My mind was ever a roaming
  In the paths I knew he went,
And only the voice of his coming
  Could promise me sweet content.

And the years have shaded and brightened,
  The road has been pleasant and fair,
Since we each took hold of the wonderful "grip"
  And promised its burdens to share.

So I sit and wait in the shadow
And the hush of the sweet twilight,
While I watch and pray for the coming
Of the step I shall hear to-night.

And my heart goes out in a blessing
For the drummers all over the land,
For a nobler lot than the manly boys
Never journey from sea to strand.

HE HAD A READY TONGUE.

The ready tongue of a salesman is indispensable in the make of a perfect drummer. Here is a story illustrative of the fact, taken from the *Hartford Post:*

Not long ago a drummer was warned of the crusty disposition of a retailer in one of the central New York cities, and informed that while he had better call upon him, the firm would not be disappointed if he failed to transact any business. "I'll sell him," said the Hartford boy confidently. Arriving at the city in question, he paid his first call upon the man he had been warned against. He found him sitting upon a high stool upon a desk, poring over the pages of a ledger. As the drummer entered, he just turned his head, took in the sample, case, and said, "Humph!" and went on with his figures. After a lapse of five minutes he said, without looking up:

"If you are a drummer, I don't want to see you, so don't waste time here."

"But I am not a drummer," was the reply.

"What are you, then?" inquired the retailer.

"I am an ambassador of commerce," answered the salesman, nothing daunted.

"Ambassader what? Well, I can't talk to you."

"If you only knew it, there is a man in one of the leading institutions in Hartford, that would give a hundred dollars to talk with me."

"What sort of man is he?"

"He's deaf and dumb."

At this response, the retailer came down from his high stool, and before he left, the drummer had his name in his book for a handsome bill of goods.

HE MET HIS MATCH.

Talk about pretty girls—but she was a wild flower and no mistake. She got on the train to go over to Meridian from Vicksburg and she was all alone. There was a sort of sidelong movement among four or five men, but a drummer from Philadelphia got there first. He grabbed up his grip and walked square up to her seat and took possession of it without asking a question, and in ten minutes he seemed perfectly at home. She answered his questions briefly, and he had the hardest work to keep up conversation, and as the train approached Jackson, she suddenly said:

"I want to telegraph papa from here. Can you help me?"

"Oh! certainly. I have a blank in my pocket. Write your telegram and I will run into the office with it."

We missed him when the train started, but by and by he was found in another car, his hat crushed down and his nerves all on edge. When asked what had happened

he drew forth the telegram that the girl had requested him to send. It read :

" Bring your shot-gun with you to pop over a drummer who has dreadfully annoyed me. Shoot to kill !"

" To think," he gasped, " that one so fair could be so murderous. Why, I'm all in a sweat. I want some of you to stand by me."

We got his "grip" from the seat, traded hats and coats with him, and the way he slid from the depot when the train reached Meridian, caused a porter to observe:

" Well, now, but that white face belongs to an invalid, and them legs to a deer. What sort o' coon is dat enny way ?"

ESTABLISHING A CHARACTER.

Experienced commercial travelers who have sound sense and good judgment, never disparage a competitor. It is only the young fellow in pin-feathers, who thinks he can make an impression by running the goods of a rival house. The boy is particularly verdant, who, having changed houses, voluntarily or otherwise, egales a merchant with his grievances, and the tricks, traps, and chicanery of his former employers. Such fellows are sized up at once as disreputable, and never by any chance make a favorable impression. What respect can a country merchant have for a traveling man with whom he has dealt, when the latter, upon changing to another concern, attempts, in order to secure an order, to abuse and belittle the standing of his former employers and the goods they sell. Instances of this are com-

paratively infrequent occurrences, but young men just starting on the road, who have a reputation to make, should be as careful in regarding the reputation of their principals as they are in establishing a character for themselves.

USE THE BOYS WELL.

Some country merchants do not seem to understand the importance of treating every drummer well who calls on them. We can't blame a man for occasionally getting out of patience, for the travelers' association, like every other organization on earth, has its doubtful members, and these doubtful members often make respectable merchants vow eternal vengeance on the whole fraternity. With all of that you can get rid of a man peaceably with a little well contrived scheming, and retain his good will. This may cause you a little individual hardship, but it will help you in the end. Say and think what you may, the fact still remains that a town is in hard luck when it secures the enmity of "the men on the road," for no class of people can injure the prospects of a little country town more effectually than this regiment of talkers going all over the country advertising the business men as "chumps" and their town as "rotten." Use the boys well, and you will find it will pay you big in time.—*Southern Traveler.*

HE TELLS IT HIMSELF.

A Boston cigar drummer, whose residence is in Taunton, tells a story on himself with great glee. He was in Hartford, Conn., one evening, and after lounging about the hotel in disconsolate loneliness for an hour or two, he asked the clerk if there was anything going on in town. The clerk suggested a masquerade ball that was in progress. The drummer thought the idea was a good one, but he hadn't any costume. The clerk suggested that he should borrow the colored porter's overalls and jumper, black his face and hands, and go. The suggestion was promptly acted upon, and for an hour the bogus colored man talked African English and had a high old time among the masked belles. finally the signal to unmask was given, and when the masks came off a great wave of darkness swept over the hall. Every blessed man, woman and child in the place was a full-blooded negro !

The drummer cast one panic stricken look at the crowd, and then made for the door. When he reached the hotel he resumed his old time personality and set up the wine.—*Brockton* (Mass.) *Enterprise.*

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD SALESMAN.

The followlng is the address delivered by Mr. John Field, of the firm of Young, Smyth, Field & Co., of Philadelphia, at a recent meeting :—

Mr. President :—

The question submitted to us this evening is : "What Constitutes a Good Salesman ?"

In the first place, he ought to be a *man,* strong, vigorous and brave.

If we inquire as to who should be our *Lawyers, Physicians* or *Architects,* our reply is: men educated and trained to their respective professions ; so we say and contend that a salesman ought to be thoroughly drilled and trained to his business, not only as to how to sell his goods, but also as to the value and character of the merchandise which he handles. In regard to his personal habits and character, many contend that to be successful he must abandon temperate and correct principles. I remonstrated with a once prosperous Market street merchant in regard to his course in life. He, pointing to his large warehouse, said : "As long as I am connected with that establishment, I cannot change my course." Poor fellow, his course brought upon him moral, physical and financial ruin. Now, I know it is earnestly contended, that a man, to be successful, must drink. In an experience of thirty years on the street, I have never known one such to have been finally successful, and I challenge any one in the audience to point out one.

Again, I consider that a salesman should be so evenly balanced that he would never need whip, or spur, or *bit, or bridle.* Some men are not successful because they are too fussy,—I know no better word to use,—"they are like a horse tortured by flies on a summer day ; he switches his tail, gnaws the bit and kicks against the shafts, but never kills a fly, the only thing that he accomplishes is to work himself up into a sweat, but does no good. A dyspeptic, ill-natured man will not be successful. I was crossing the Atlantic on one occasion ; at midnight the ship stopped suddenly ; meeting the captain, I inquired the cause ; only a hot journal, it lacked oil, and

began to moan and creak, wearing itself out and everything that came in contact with it. Its fellow journal moved along smoothly, doing its work well because it had plenty of oil. These two journals represent two distinct classes of men, the former unhappy and unsuccessful, the latter happy and successful. The first will drive away customers, the latter will draw them to him.

Again, a salesman must have some enthusiasm, or he will never succeed. That western editor made a good reply to the inquiry, What can be done without enthusiasm? "*Rot*," said he. Still he should be self possessed and not too easily excited. A man of this character will always get the advantage over the nervous, excitable man. I have heard these two characters compared to two boilers of the same capacity; put on each a pressure of 500 lbs. to the square inch; one bursts all to pieces, the other remains undisturbed, bearing all the pressure. What is the difference between them? The one is weak, the other is strong.

To be successful he must be a good judge of human nature, or he must have tact. Some one has said that tact is a delicate, subtle gift, almost like a sixth sense, which enables its possessor to grasp a situation, and say and do the best thing in the best manner, at the right moment. It never rushes in too soon, nor arrives on the ground too late; it is never off its guard, but ever ready to take advantage of the situation. He needs preeminently this gift. He has to meet the cool, calculating German, the iron-clad Scotch Irishman, the sharp dealing son of Abraham, the broad-gauge Western man, the genial Southerner, the man with rigid, puritanical principles, and the man with as loose and as indefinable principles as Bob Ingersoll. He must be (without sacrificing

honor) "all things to all men, that he may gain the more."

But you will ask: Can a good man be a salesman? Undoubtedly he can! Now I do not mean a man to be so good that a fly will not light on his nose; or so good that he is good for nothing; I do not mean that softish goodness that has no snap, or vim or pluck. "If a Christian is but a *bootblack*," said John Newton, "he ought to be the best in the parish." So I believe.

Put down three P's: *Politeness*, *Patience*, *Perseverance*, add to these energy, invincible determination, self-reliance, civility and generosity; if you have not already done so, marry a good wife; *love truth* and virtue; love God and your fellowmen, and success is ensured.—*Merchant and Salesman.*

THE DRUMMER'S BABY.

It was Saturday night; the hotel was alive
With the jovial "Knights of the Road
Who had come in to "Sunday together" and find
A short respite from care's heavy load.
There was Brewster of Boston, in hats, caps, and furs,
And Smith of New York selling wine;
There was Gray of St. Paul, wholesale clothing, and two
Moses Bluminbergs in the same line.

There were Mason and Perry, and Brown and McGue
Davis, Gallagher, Sims, and the rest,
And each with the other was vying that night
In his good natured humor and jest.

For the week's work was finished, and you may believe
I am not talking far from the right,
When I say that the "drummer's" best day on the road
Is the sweet welcome Saturday night.

The yarns went around and the laughter and shout
Filled the air with the notes of wild joy,
When a man in the party abruptly inquired:
What's the matter with Billy McCoy?
He wired me on Thursday he'd be here to-night
And for me to engage him a bunk—
If I didn't so well know the ways of the chap,
I might think he was off on a drunk.

As a matter of fact, boys, he was nearly drunk
The last time I saw him, with joy,
For he had just got a telegram from his home
Announcing a fine baby boy.
You know he was married just twelve months ago
And never a man in his life,
Was prouder, nor happier than our old Mac
With his lovely and beautiful wife.

And you never saw anyone wilder with glee
When he spoke of his new baby boy,—
Said he, "I'm the happiest man on the ground
Or my name isn't Billy McCoy.
He ought to be here by this time. Landlord, say,—
Boys, let up on your clatter and fuss,—
How's the train from the West? "In ten minutes ago,
And here at the door is the 'bus."

"Hello, boys!" "Hi, Billy." "Ah, daddy, how goes?"
"Shake, father—long life to the lad."
"Thanks, fellows, who told you the glorious news?
Rustler Davis, I'll bet: that's too bad

For I wanted to tell you myself—never mind
Now you know it, so fancy my joy
At learning while five hundred miles from my home,
I'm the sire of a beautiful boy.

"I've been out for three months, the firm wired me to-day
To make this town and then come in.
So on Monday I start toward my wife and my boy.
Do you wonder I'm on a broad grin?
Oh, Landlord, old boy, any letter for me?"
"There's a telegram." "Ah! give it here;
(I told them to wire once every day
Of the wife, and baby so dear)."

Proud Billy McCoy with emotion ill hid
Grasps the message and reads it, his brow
So lately suffused with the flush of wild joy
Is as white as death's marble just now.
He reels to the floor, with the telegram clutched
In his grasp. Kind hearts comfort essay,
And they read the sad tidings, "*Your beautiful boy*
And your sweet, loving wife, died to-day."

MAX WELTON.

THE SAD EXPERIENCE OF A DRUMMER.

It is a New York drummer who tells this story to the reporter of the St. Paul *Globe:*

"I came thro' Po'keepsie once," remarked a New York drummer. "It must have been on some vacation time, for about fifty Vassar girls got on. They came into the car where I was, and one of the prettiest of the whole lot took part of my seat, while her companions all stood

around her within hearing distance. She seemed to know that I was a traveling man, for, said she, referring to the window:

"'Can't I open that for you?'

"I thanked her, being so surprised that I could not quite comprehend the situation. Her companions, and, in fact, everybody in the car, became interested, and they all directed their attention to us.

"'Are you on your way home?' she asked.

"I told her I was on a business trip.

"'Have you traveled much alone?'

"'Quite a good deal,' I replied, not at all pleased with the unenviable position I was forced to occupy. Without giving me a chance to ask any question, she continued:

"'Can't I buy you some fruit or oranges?'

"'I don't care about any,' I replied.

"'Wouldn't you like a book or pamphlet to read? I have some in my traveling bag. No? Well, I know you'll let me turn the next seat, so as to give you more room.'

"I left the seat and told her there was absolutely nothing that I wanted. As I made my way out to the smoking car nearly everybody laughed, including the Vassar girls. One of the latter took my place. To this day, I never see a woman coming toward my seat that I don't think of that experience. I've heard men say they would like to have it tried on them, but no man likes to be made a fool of, and he certainly appears in that light when a lot of school girls start in to make him appear ridiculous."

HE WAS FULL OF WRATH.

Among the well-known hat travelers from New York is one who is noted for being exceedingly nervous, and if a customer does not keep an appointment sharp on time he will walk back and forth in the hotel corridor like a caged animal. While stopping in a large city in Pennsylvania, not remarkable for its clear atmosphere, lately, he was made the victim of a cruel practical joke, but which, nevertheless, is too good to keep. Another traveling man, who dresses somewhat in the picturesque Southern loose attire, and who hails from the Quaker city, was introduced to the nervous New Yorker as a large Southern buyer from Texas. Intense excitement. "Goods! oh, yes, the finest line in the trade. And bargains! well, I should smile! I never come to this city unless I have bargains! Will you be so kind as to look?" The gentleman from Texas was obliging. He looked, and placed a large order—some $1,200; but, alas! he made such absurdly low offers upon some of the goods, and made the entire sale dependent upon their acceptance, that the New Yorker was in despair. "Would he kindly give him time to telegraph to the firm?" After a while this was reluctantly agreed to, and the important question, with particulars, went forth. Back came the characteristic answer, "Yes, provided you can make other sales." Joyful news! The sale was consummated, the order made out—and then came the grand laugh. The boys smiled—a sort of seductive smile—with a circular piece of glass between each lip. The New Yorker smiled, too—a grim and ghastly smile—but inside he was full of wrath, and it will be a very cold day when he gets left again in that way.

YOU WILL KNOW HIM.

You can recognize a commercial traveler in an indiscriminate crowd with as much ease as you can pick a half immersed fly out of a plate of ice-cream. He is always well dressed—I doubt if there are any exceptions to this rule. This does not mean merely that he wears expensive clothes, but that he exercises good taste in dress. Frank in face, with a hearty, bluff address, a good word and warm grip for every friend, he is a splendid fellow to meet at all times and all places, and is just the best kind of company in rain or shine. He has to make himself agreeable and well liked to succeed, and those agents who are naturally pleasant or can best assume the style of a pleasant person, are the ones with the largest sales to their credit at the end of the year.—*Hatter and Furrier.*

JOKE AGAINST JOKE.

"Just before I left the road for good and all," began a dry goods merchant in the Merchants' Club, recently, says the New York *Herald*, "I had one comical experience that I shall never forget.

"There were several of us traveling together," he continued. "We had been skylarking all along the road, playing off pranks on one another, and having a pretty good time generally. It was to be my farewell trip, and the boys made a dead set at me for that reason. After awhile the novelty wore away and life became burdensome.

"I tried to call a halt, but it was no go. One fellow,

finding that I was annoyed, persisted in his attempts to put up games on me, and he succeeded pretty well.

"I said nothing for awhile, but resolved to get even if it took me the balance of my life.

"The boys separated at New Orleans," added the speaker. "Some of them were booked for Texas, while my practical-joking friend and I continued up the Mississippi valley. We reached Memphis early one morning by the Jackson route. We were driven immediately to the old Peabody House.

"I had stopped there half a hundred times before and had struck up a great friendship with Wiley, the second waiter. I knew the darkey would do anything in the world for me. I had matured a scheme by which I proposed to retaliate on my tormentor.

"We were shown to our rooms to fix up a little for breakfast. I sent for Wiley and he came up to my room. I said to him: 'Wiley, I want you to wait on me yourself while I am here. I'll tell you the reason. I know I can rely on you, and I'll pay you well for your trouble. I am going North with a friend of mine who has recently gone insane. He is not violent, but the doctors say that he ought not to eat too much.

"'I want you to follow these instructions: No matter what he orders at meals, bring him nothing but toast and tea. He is so crazy that you can easily convince him that you have brought him what he called for. If he grows violent just pat him on the back of the head; that will bring him around.'

"Wiley said he understood me. I gave him a couple of dollars and told him I would give him more before I left.

"My friend and I entered the breakfast-room together. Wiley had informed all the waiters that he

was to serve a crazy man. They eyed us suspiciously. My friend thought it very strange, and asked me if I noticed anything peculiar about him. I told him that he looked as usual, only that his hair was a little longer than he generally wore it.

"Wiley came for the order. I called for soft-boiled eggs, chops and bacon, a cup of coffee and a plate of wheat cakes.

"'Oh, bring me the same,' said my companion. 'Hang it all,' he added, 'I never know what I want now. If I was home I could eat an ox.'

"Wiley caught the remark. It coincided with the impression that my words had left with him. He left to fill my order. Presently he returned, bringing me my breakfast nicely cooked and served, and a plate of toast and a cup of tea for my friend.

"The latter turned to the waiter and said: 'I guess you've made a mistake here, my friend. My order was the same as this gentleman's.'

"Yes, dat's so, cap'en,' said the waiter. 'Yo' order de same as de other gemmen, an' I done brought it. Der 'tis. Der's you' eggs and der's you' chops an' bacon, an' der's you' coffee. Dat's right, cap'en. You' breakfast is right afore yo'.'

"As he spoke, the darkey pointed out articles, some real and some imaginary, with his long, bony fingers.

"My friend looked at him in amazement. 'What do you mean, waiter, by standing here and telling me that? Are you crazy?'

"'I done tell yo' exact truff, cap'en,' replied the waiter in his most persuasive manner. 'Yo' brekfuss is right afore yo', same as dat gem'men's precisely.'

"'If you are not crazy yourself, do you take me to be?

Or do you think I'm blind or drunk?' replied my companion, hotly.

"'Go back this instant,' he continued, 'and fill my order, or I will have you turned off. Go, I say.' He spoke with a rising inflection, which startled the waiter, and caused every inmate in the room to glance in wonder at us.

"I caught the waiter's eye and nodded my head. He took it for the further instruction, and began to pat the back of the gentleman's head. This was too much for my friend.

"He leaped to his feet, uttering an oath, and oversetting his chair at the same time. 'You black rascal,' he said, 'what do you mean by putting your nasty hands on me? I'll beat you within an inch of your life.' He made a move for Wiley.

"The latter dashed for the kitchen. The other waiters huddled in a corner. My friend thought better of his intention and turned to me to make a remark. I could hold back my mirth no longer. I laughed till I cried. I shouted and fairly yelled with delight.

"'What are you laughing at?' asked the angry man. Then he saw through the whole affair. 'So this is some of your wit, is it? You may laugh, and it may be a good joke, but by Jove, I came near murdering that darkey.'

"'I say,' said he, after he had resumed his seat, 'suppose we quit joking on the rest of this trip. I believe we break with the honors in your favor, but I don't want to run such a chance of murdering a man or making such a fool of myself again.'"

BASHFUL AS A MAIDEN.

The lawyer making his first argument, the minister preaching his first sermon, are not more noticeably embarrassed than the drummer making his maiden trip. The old hand on the road "spots" him at a glance, and if he be of a charitable spirit may take him under his wing and teach him a few of the ropes. These well-meant efforts, however, are more liable than not to be repulsed by the tyro who is put out in the first instance by the ease with which he has been discovered by his more experienced fellow-craftsman, and feels consumed with curiosity in the next place to know how he did it. Were he asked the question, the veteran would probably reply that experienced men on the road do not travel with brand new "grips," nor do they in particular use gilt-edged order books, but content themselves with some substantial linen-bound affair, nor do they pester the conductor with innumerable and useless questions, but most of all does the raw recruit bear about with himself an air that is patent to the older traveling man as a title on the cover of a book.

Once safely ensconced at his hotel, the young drummer who has announced his arrival by means of postal cards a day before, sallies forth immediately to take, as he fondly imagines, the town by storm. He knows that he is traveling for a good house, that its stock is good and "clean," and that its prices are equally as low as those of its competitors, and he thinks that all that's necessary is for him to present his card, and if goods are wanted, to take orders. The first shock he receives is when he is asked by the store-keeper if this is his first trip, and when he is obliged to answer in the affirmative, he wonders how

in thunder everybody knows it. The next surprise he meets with is that although stock may be low on the lines he carries, yet as "Jim Brown, who travels for Smith & Jones, is an old friend of mine, and will be here in a day or two, and I guess I'll wait for him." In vain he urges the excellence of his goods, the quality in matter of price, and even, perhaps, makes a cut from regular rates with the expectation of thus getting trade, he is informed that "he guesses Jim will meet that, anyway," and he discovers for the first time that friendship goes a long way in doing business in the country. His next visit may be to a customer of the house, and he may be favored with an order, but will just as likely as not be told that it is the last his house will get, as the customer does not think much of the way he is being treated. The said house probably having drawn on him for a bill that is six months overdue. Thus he progresses, getting acquainted with people who will afterwards be glad to see him, getting the rough corners knocked off him, seeing the world in a new light from what he has ever before done, and learning that the successful drummer is simply an exemplification of one of nature's oldest laws, "the survival of the fittest."—*Southern Traveler.*

TOLD THIS TIME IN RHYME.

Ten weary, foot-sore travelers,
All in a woful plight,
Sought shelter at a wayside inn
One dark and stormy night.

Nine beds—no more—the landlord said
I have to offer you ;
To each of eight a single room,
But the ninth must serve for two.

A din arose, the troubled host,
Could only scratch his head,
For of those tired men no two
Could occupy one bed.

The puzzled host was soon at ease,
He was a clever man,
And so to please his guests devised
The most ingenious plan.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I

In room marked "A," two men were placed
The third belonged to "B,"
The fourth to "C" was then assigned
The fifth retired to "D."

In "E" the sixth was stored away,
In "F" the seventh man,
The eighth and ninth, in "G" and "H"
And then to "A" he ran

Wherein the host as I have said
Laid two travelers by,
Then taking one—the tenth and last—
He lodged him safe in "I."

Nine single rooms, a room for each
Were made to serve for ten,
And this it is that puzzled me
And many wiser men.

Boston Tablet.

A DRUMMER'S CHEEK.

A wasp went buzzing to his work,
And various things did tackle;
He stung a boy, and then a dog,
And made a rooster cackle.
At last upon a drummer's cheek
He settled down to drill;
He prodded there for half an hour,
And then he broke his bill.

THE DEAD DRUMMER.

Who is there dead? A drummer they say.
Telegraph his house "collect," they'll pay,
Get him ready to ship by express.
Fix him up tidy in his every day dress,
He was a traveling man, accustomed to roam,
Now he is traveling towards his long home.
Drop a warm tear on his dead cold face,
So small a tribute won't take up much space.
Nail up the box here, tight, on the spot,
The Lord likes the sample, He'll take the whole lot.

Anonymous.

WAITING.

Waiting at a station; waiting for a train;
Waiting in the sunshine; waiting in the rain;
Waiting, weary, hungry; nary bite nor bunk;
Waiting at a junction for a train to junc.

Waiting at a tavern or a grand hotel ;
Waiting for those samples which are bound to sell !
Waiting for a money order by express ;
Waiting ! why it lingers, Satan couldn't guess.

Waiting for the customers you customary cuss ;
Waiting on their fooling ; waiting while they fuss ;
Waiting for one partner, "smiling" 'cross the street ;
Waiting past your train time—order incomplete.

Waiting for a buyer is our fate below ;
Waiting raise in wages—always mighty slow !
Waiting is a habit drummers have to learn ;
Waiting is our Hoodoo, met at every turn.

Waiting, ever waiting, order books to fill ;
Waiting is but trial of our weighty will !
Waiting smiles of Fortune, looking now so glum ;
Waiting the Eternal, waiting Kingdom Come.

Waiting for a ticket o'er the River Styx ;
Waiting for our final trip account to fix ;
Waiting for the dawning of resurrection morn ;
Waiting, waiting, Gabriel, to hear your golden horn.

By John H. Forey.

A DRUMMER CONSTANTLY.

There's a queer poetic strummer
Who always uses "Drummer"
As descriptive of a certain traveling class.
It seems to me a pity,
In his efforts to be witty,
That he never gives that epithet a pass.

He's effusive in his kisses,
Occasion never misses,
On the bright eyes of his sweetheart to dilate,
And of reaching out to sip
The nectar from her lip,
Just previous to the parting at the gate.

He sings of woman true,
And what would poor "drummers" do
If they could not find a pearl in petticoats?
Of their being obliged to roam,
And leave their dears at home,
While they ramble through the pasture with the goats.

He tells of weary miles,
And crawling over *styles*,
To meet his better half the "drummer" flies.
And if any one dare say,
That a "drummer" when away,
Goes a flirting, most assuredly he lies.

And whene'er a "drummer" marries,
He invariably carries
The picture of his dearie snugly hid,
So whene'er his watch he winds,
He inevitably finds
Her "counterfeit presentment" on the lid.

Now all this is quite amusing,
And well worth one's perusing.
To his sentiment I heartily agree,
If this old poetic strummer
Will only drop the "Drummer,"
And substitute the name therefor "C. T."

A DRUMMER'S DISPATCH.

A drummer set out on his trip one day ;
His heart was light and he felt quite gay,
As he thought of the orders, more large than small,
He expected to get from his customers all.

An experienced drummer, a veteran he,
Selling goods thro' the South from mountain to sea ;
His house was the oldest, his goods were the best,
His friends ever ready to look and invest.

He had tips and he'd letters from every State ;
Some wrote they'd buy early, some said they'd buy late ;
For he was a drummer of no little renown
From New York City, not Baltimore town.

The first place he made he did very well,
Tho' he didn't brag much, he'd expected to sell ;
On this trip last spring, many thousands he'd sold,
That he'd beat it this year he felt very bold.

But alas ! at the next town a telegram came !
His spirits went down ; he grew awfully tame !
No mortal on earth could have felt more sore ;
His luck was now worse than ever before.

How different now from the drummer just out,
With his samples complete and his heart so stout ;
The salesman who started with spirits so light
Was now, indeed, in the sorriest plight.

He looked at his message and read it once more,
And he read it fully forty times o'er and o'er ;
Each time he read it he felt worse and worse,
He barely could sigh—he was too weak to curse.

With never a word and scarcely a look,
Sadly he folded his thin order book ;
Homeward he turned, with samples and grip.
To see he was "rattled" you needed no "tip."

Now here was the cause of his sorrow and woe,
And this was the message that wounded him so ;
This cut was the deepest, these words most unkind :
"Return samples at once—your house has assigned."

He went out like a "tourist," he returned like a tramp,
As a scout on the back track sneaks back to his camp ;
Like a half-drowned rat or a bob-tailed mouse
Is a drummer recalled by a "busted" house.

—*Clothing Gazette.*

MAYOR LONDONER'S ADDRESS.

"It has been my pleasing duty to welcome, during the time I have held office, many bodies of men who travel towards the setting sun, commonly called conventions. But I want to confess that it is in my heart to give you a warmer welcome and throw wider the gates of friendship than to any of the other bodies. [Great applause.] It has been my good fortune to meet the drummer face to face for many a year, and I know him better than any other class of men. And I want to say is that whatever measure of success I have met in this city, I owe to a drummer. It was away back in the—but hold on, I saw in the papers that the governor was to deliver a short address, and I a shorter one. How much time have I got?" The modest request was met with shouts of "All day," "Go ahead," "As long as you

want," etc. The mayor heaved a sigh of satisfaction and proceeded :

"Away back in the sixties I first met what was to me a curiosity—a drummer. He hailed, I think, from Chicago, which was even then the centre of Western trade. St. Louis had not yet sent drummers out this way. It's a queer thing. I think there are a lot of Chicago men here, yet I don't hear any applause."

This had the effect of stirring up the Chicago contingent and they set up a wild howl that raised a general roar. "This young man was named Morehead, and he represented the firm of J. W. Deane & Co. He found his way off to little Denver, away from the beaten paths of travel, then with a population of 3,500. He looked me up and down and sized me up. We had no Dun or Bradstreet then, and they did not trouble themselves about young men who came away out to the west to make their fortune. We were glad when we got a chance to buy any goods. This young man seemed pleased with me, and was kind enough to sell me a bill of goods. [Great laughter.] Well, after awhile the goods came and the young man came often, and others followed in his wake. Colorado owes in a great measure its prosperity to the pioneer drummers of the early days.

"Later, that young man was taken ill out here and I heard about it, and I found him down on Larimer street. It was at the Planters' House, I think, where the Tabor block now stands. My wife and I took care of him until life was nearly gone. We telegraphed to his people in Boston and they came on, but it was not long before he breathed his last. They took his body away, and on the way they stopped at Chicago, and it was there and at that time that I got my first knowledge

of our association that I am told has now grown to 60,000 men. The Chicago drummers were organized and took charge of the body. They gave military honors to their dead comrade when they laid him to rest.

"I see by the papers that it was a little band of eighteen or nineteen men who met in Ohio and started this association, but my recollections will always go back to the drummers of Chicago as the men who really founded those associations. I always have a sneaking fondness for drummers of all kinds and from all places. We know that outside of a newspaper man there is no one who can work harder and talk faster and tell more lies than a good drummer. [Laughter.] But now on that point: We see a great many jokes in the newspapers and hear a great many stories about the drummers, but let me tell you that in no profession must a man make so clear a showing as in that of a commercial traveler. We hear of the drummer going around making love to the girls and running away with other men's wives and sitting up at night and playing poker and getting drunk and being locked up with d. t.'s and that sort of thing. But that doesn't go. Let me tell you what I know about a drummer. He goes out with his samples and works hard. It doesn't matter what his employer thinks about his looks. It doesn't matter whether or not he owns good clothes and looks pretty. It's his order-book that tells the story. He is known by his deeds, not by his faith. [Applause.] The lawyer may lose his cases and the doctor may kill his patients. Their mistakes are mostly hidden. Even the blacksmith may go on year after year shoeing horses badly and not be found out. But it is not so with the drummer. His work speaks for itself. If it does not come up to the mark he will be put into that commodity which usually heads our

bills of fare." Great applause followed this dry joke, which seemed to grow funnier the more it was thought over. He continued: "I had an idea in my mind that I would tell you a lot of awfully funny stories, and I had gathered together a lot of old *Pucks* and *Judges* and almanacs and had sandwiched them together, but as I look upon these bright and intelligent faces before me the idea recurs to me that this is the worst place in the world to get off any old gags. [Laughter.]

"To you we are indebted for many happy hours. For if you cannot tell a story that is founded on fact you are always prepared to tell one anyhow. You live to please. A good traveling man is and should be a good judge of human nature. A gentleman in every sense of the word. A man pleasing and of good address. A man like that is sure to win both wealth and happiness. I know traveling men are always wealthy. [Applause.] If he is not he ought to be, for a more contented lot of men cannot be found anywhere upon the globe."

PLEASING A GRUMBLER.

"It doesn't require much of a man to sell goods to a merchant who is anxious to buy, but unfortunately that class of merchants is apparently very small," said a Chicago commercial man. "The genuine salesman is the man who can sell goods to men when they do not want to buy. That is where the fine work must be done. For instance, you call on a merchant on a cold, dreary day when there isn't a customer in his store. He wants nothing, and if he did require anything, trade is so distressingly slack that he would order nothing;

and, to add to your discomfiture, he is at that moment employed in marking off goods purchased of yourself on your last trip, and he has complaints to make of the dilatory manner in which the goods have been delivered, and is quite sure there are items in the bill he did not order, and then he had a bone to pick with your people respecting some new arrangement of not charging empty boxes on invoices, or something else is sure to be the matter. A good salesman will listen patiently through it all and smooth over the wrong-doing of others. A merchant under such circumstances will declare that he wants nothing. I encountered such a one recently. He was gruff and sought to dismiss me without giving me a chance to hardly say 'How dy'e do' to him. I proceeded to open my sample case just the same, for I knew I had something that he would be interested in looking at. He observed my movements and remarked: 'Did I not tell you that I had more sellers than buyers, and that I would not look at an article?' 'Well,' I remarked, 'you don't mind me having a look at the samples, myself, do you, for trade has been so bad I have not seen them for the last six days.' That brought a smile to his face, and he warmed up and bought a respectable bill of me."

THE BEST WAS BAD.

The drummer is supposed to get the best that's going everywhere, and it is not often that he fails. Sometimes, however, the best is very poor, indeed, as witness this incident told by a well-known Macon traveler: "To show you what we drummers have to put up with

sometimes," said this Knight of the Road, "I'll tell you of an incident. One night, not long ago, I got into a town, which shall be nameless, at 1 o'clock A. M. At the only hotel in the town I was told they were 'full up.' As I had to have a bed somewhere, I was given the privilege of sleeping in a room where two other men, rank strangers to me, were already asleep. I accepted. At 4 o'clock one of the other two left, waking everybody in the vicinity when he did so. At 6 o'clock I had to leave, and, of course, my getting up awoke my remaining room-mate. When I went to make my toilet I found the room sans water, sans towel, sans soap. I blundered down to where I know a water-bucket ought to be, and filled my pitcher, then bathed my face and washed my hands without soap, and had to use a clean handkerchief for a towel. How much did I pay for that sort of alleged accommodation? Two dollars a day.—*Buffalo Saturday Tidings.*

HE WORE A MOTHER HUBBARD.

Will Hansard, a traveling salesman of Louisville, Ky., was last week pursuing his calling in Bell and Harlan counties, Ky. Just before starting back to Louisville he passed the night at a farm-house in Harlan. When he went to bed he hung his trousers on a chair near the window. Next morning the trousers were gone and no one knew where. Some one passing in the night had reached in at the window and taken them, for his host was above suspicion. Mr. Hansard called loudly for the farmer, expecting to borrow a pair of trousers from him. His wife came to the door and said her

husband had gone hunting an hour before, and as he had only one pair of trousers he had very naturally worn them. Here was a dilemma, but his hostess, who was a woman of expedients, solved it. She came to the door with one of her Mother Hubbards and suggested that the drummer put it on. He got into the Mother Hubbard, went to the stable, hitched up his team and climbed into his buggy. Here he took the garment off and handed it back to the kindly old lady, who was full of sympathy for him. The buggy concealed his lower extremities, and he wrapped his linen duster around them to keep them warm. Mr. Hansard drove quickly to the nearest store, about four miles away, expecting to buy a pair of trousers there, for all the country stores keep ready-made clothing. When he got there he found numerous ladies who had congregated to see the opening of some new goods. He could not leave his buggy, but he yelled to the proprietor to come out, and to him he made known his predicament. The merchant brought to him five or six pairs of trousers. He drove into a neighboring hollow, tried them on, found a pair to fit him, and thus his tribulations were ended.—*Tiding.*

THE DRUMMER'S TRICK.

"There," said the drummer, "now perhaps,
Some one would like me to move my traps;
But the seat's not large, so I'll keep it all."
Then he spread himself out for an afternoon sprawl.
With his overcoat, grip, and sample case,
He had managed to fill the unoccupied space,
But had hardly got settled down for a nap
When he felt on his shoulder a gentle tap.

And when he opened his sleepy eyes
He beheld a farmer of giant size.
"My friend," quoth the farmer, "if not mistaken,
The half of this seat by no one is taken?"
Now the drummer knew he couldn't refuse,
For the farmer could make him move if he choose,
So he slowly moved his sample case,
And made room for the other with very bad grace.

"Nice day," said the farmer, taking most of the seat,
And using the drummer's valise for his feet.
But the drummer was mad at the country gawk,
And swore to himself that he wouldn't talk.
But the farmer commenced to talk of his crops,
Of his wheat and his hay and his fine growing hops;
He said that never since he was born
Had there been such a wonderful yield of corn.

Exhausting the crops he talked politics,
And the farmer right here got in some good licks;
But soon he switched back again on to his farm,
And the drummer began to show signs of alarm.
Then he said to himself, "This will never do;
My vegetable friend, I'll get even with you."
The farmer just then said, "What do you sell?"
But the other replied that he dared not tell.

"My business is one that is coupled with danger,
And hardly would do to tell to a stranger;
But if you'll promise me never to tell,
I'll inform you, my friend, what I've got to sell."
Then low in the farmer's ear he hissed:
"I am what they call a Nihilist,
And even now am on my way
To blow up a town in Canada.

In this very case, just here to my right,
There's fifty-six pounds of dynamite.
It's perfectly safe, though, in this car,
Unless we should have a sudden jar."
But the farmer's face wore a ghastly smile,
As he cautiously worked his way out in the aisle.
Then he grappled his old green carpet-sack,
Rushed out of the car, and never came back.

Then the drummer smiled at his trick so neat,
And curled himself up in that vacant seat.

LINWOOD.

TRAVELING MEN INTERESTED IN THIS.

A case of interest to traveling men and mercantile houses is the appeal of James H. Walker & Co. from the Circuit Court judgment in favor of William J. Grant, a traveling salesman for the firm. He had a contract to work for a year on salary and expenses. Mr. Walker warned him that his expenses were too high, and on the next trip must be kept down to $5 a day, by traveling slower. They were not so kept down, and the firm would not pay the excess over $5 a day. Grant sued and recovered; the dry-goods firm appealed. Judge Moran holds the judgment was correct. A contract existed for salary and expenses. The firm had no power to change or limit the contract while it was in force. Judgment affirmed.—*Chicago Times.*

CHAPTER VIII.

Extract from speech of HON. P. W. MELDRIM, to the drummers, at Savannah, Ga.:

"This bright, balmy, beautiful day we welcome you to Savannah. The Forest City, robed in emerald green, opens wide her arms to receive you, and bids you thrice welcome to her heart and home. The sunshine is brighter for your coming, the breezes, like lovers' whispers, grow gentler in your presence; the flowers, coy maidens, blush with pleasure at the sound of your footsteps, and the shady streets and quiet parks bid you to rest here with us."

The speaker concluded in the following vein in dealing with the most interesting character— the "drummer." He said, amid laughter and applause:

"He is unique, picturesque, useful and ornamental— a necessity and a luxury. He is neither young nor old, but his age, like that of a society belle, is an unknown quantity. He is as strong to-day as when I first went in the wire grass. He can bear fatigue, and does bear it. He can bear everything except his own expenses. His personal appearance is attractive, and to none more so than to himself. He dresses well, usually in the latest style, which at present consists of a linen duster, a beaver hat, grip-sack, and nothing more. His manners are good, except he talks a little loud, but this comes from the fact that some of his customers are hard of hearing. He is amiable, good-natured, full of energy, with indomitable perseverance, and courage that never fails him, an audacity that is unparalleled, and a judgment that is unerring. With a fair education, frequently with the highest cultivation, he is particularly well

versed in current literature, and recent events ; he knows men and affairs of men ; he knows everything or thinks he does. He is at times a lawyer and a doctor, a preacher and a Sunday-school teacher, a politician and a farmer. In litigation he always wins ; for he is his own adviser ; he is the adviser of the J. P., he sleeps with the jury and he pays his lawyer. He is loyal to his friends, and those who know him best trust him most. Beneath the laugh he often hides a tear, and behind a gay song an earnest prayer. Many broken-hearted fathers and sorrow-stricken mothers have prayed God to bless him for bringing home to them their wayward boy. He is full of wit and humor, pathos and anecdote. He is charitable, generous and liberal. He is social, fond of pleasant company, takes a drink when he feels like it, and generally he feels like it. He is loyal not only to friend, but to his honor and to his city. Like a sailor he has a fair one in every port. She must be pretty or rich—he prefers both, but will take either. In devotion to that sex he is at times a Don Juan, and again a Don Quixote. But his sterling traits of character make him at last the princely merchant, the prosperous manufacturer, the wealthy banker, the man who builds cities and sometimes commonwealths.

A Maine drummer says life would be a much sweeter thing for the fraternity in the early days of fall, "when the frost is on the punkin' and the fodder's in the shock," if country hotel keepers wouldn't delay putting up the stove in the dining-room so long. Two cups of coffee and eleven sneezes too often constitute the breakfast of the commercial traveler.

"SOUP."

He was a meek-looking old gentleman from the country, and as he took his seat at the dining-room table, the drummers looked at him over their soup-spoons. They noted his weather-beaten face, his wet hair carefully parted and brushed around over his ears, and his air of diffidence as he nervously fingered his fork; and when the waiter girl stood demurely at his side and winked at the boot and shoe man, they were all attention.

"Soup?" she asked.

The old man seemed a bit surprised at the brevity of the bill of fare, and fidgeted about as though waiting for her to say something more.

"Would you like some soup?" said the girl with a side-glance at the coffee and spice man.

"I ain't particular about soup as I know of," answered the old man.

"Boil mutt'n capersauce, roas' beef, r's' lamb, lamb, r's' veal, fricasee chicken, cole ham-tongue, chick'n-salad, fritters, boil'n 'n' baked p'tatrs," said the girl with lightning-like rapidity.

The old man looked kind of helpless, and the boys felt a little sorry for him as he kept his eyes fastened on the fork, which he shoved from side to side with his fingers.

"I guess I'll take—I guess you'll have to say that ag.in," he said, looking up, and the girl rattled the whole thing off in exactly the time as before.

The old man looked around the table, and caught sight of a drummer winking at the girl; then he jerked his head around, and then, looking her straight in the face, he said:

"You may gimme s'm bile cornbeef 'n' cabbage, roas'

beef, veal 'n' mutt'n, cole chick'n 'n' turkey an' tongue 'n' s'm ham an' eggs 'n' codfish-cakes 'n' sassage 'n' beefsteak 'n'a piece o' punkin pie 'n' cup o' coffee, sis; 'n' now see ef yer kin make yer little legs fly's as fast as ye kin yer tongue, for I wanter git home; there's a shower comin' up."

The girl hesitated, turned red, and then made a break for the kitchen, while the drummers laughed and the old man gazed out of the window at the gathering clouds.—*Puck.*

THE TRAVELING MAN'S WIFE.

The public is often burdened with long stories of the trials, tribulations or manipulations of the traveling man, but no man has, to my knowledge, ever sought to lift the veil of obscurity and peep at the happiness, gloom or grossness of the traveling man's wife.

It may be that the conspicuousness of her husband has caused her life to look as "moonlight unto sunlight; as water unto wine." We look with sympathy on the man who leaves family, friendship and love, and loaded down with grips, goes out to inflict himself on the hardened public. We admire him who can meet frowns with smiles, curses with jolly laughter, and wisdom with wit. Who imagines bugs are angels, and cold beds are "downy cots." We deplore the condition of him who sits waiting for a draft from "the house," without money even for a cigar or a beer. We feel for him who is called from a warm bed out into the snow, to catch the 3 A. M. train, only to find the train three hours late. Perhaps all of these are brought to touch our sympathies by the force of the English he uses on such

occasions; and we say, "poor traveling man!" or "jolly traveling man," or 'wicked traveling man!' as the case may be; but how many think of his wife at home, patiently and lonesomely toiling, not only with family cares, but trying to make excuses for a neglected love; anxiously waiting, with eager eyes and sad heart, for a letter that too often never comes; reading the telegraphic columns with a breathless fear that some accident might have taken with it the life of her "absent loved one?"

Such are a few of the trials of a traveling man's wife.

The writer recently visited the home of the mother with six children. She was a patient, kind and Christian woman, and by nature of a cheerful disposition. Here were six children, from four to sixteen years of age, who had been taught to love and honor their father, but not one of them knew him so well as they did their neighbors. He is a "traveling man," and his visits to his children are marked by them with the fascinating curiosity of some rich uncle from California.

Kind to his wife? Yes. Liberal gifts to his children and lavish with his money; but only home two days out of the month, which is not the part of a husband, nor the part of a father. Is it any wonder that this poor wife, who gave her life to this man for the promise that he would cherish her every day, said to me, "Is life worth the race?" But the wife who has these family cares to occupy her mind is infinitely more happy than the young woman who has left gay society to become the bride of a traveling man. He takes her to some hotel or boarding house, and leaves her there to pine while he makes life interesting by a "circuit of the road." She casts wistful eyes after him, and is soon counting the hours until his return—which is only to

be followed by another parting. The "dear hubby," as she calls him, is busy with a customer or a game of billiards, and carelessly writes from on the road:

"DEAR WIFE—O. K. The trunk has come. Tell William I'll telegraph. He might have managed that thing himself if he hadn't been such a calf. I'm here for a week at the Arlington. Enough to eat of the kind.

"Look under the bureau some time, dear, for that stud I couldn't find. I've got an earache—confound the draught on the train. You can ask old Ray to cash your checks for you. Don't forget to send my flannels."

She reads these lines with a mournful eye, yet she takes up her pen and writes him a long and affectionate letter, telling him even about his mother-in-law, but

"She shakes her head as she traces his name,
And seals his letter with sighs,
It is hard for a woman to understand
How soon man's sentiment dies."

But the traveling man's wife, like the traveling man himself, is of many different types. So we might mention the one who, while the husband is on the road, and she is *supposed* to be at home, is instead eating ice-cream or enjoying the theatre with the swell young man who wears the big shirt studs and peaked shoes. Or, while Mr. Husband is trying to sell a bill of goods to a customer, Mrs. Wife is at home having a waltz with the music teacher; the parlors are thrown open; the gas lit; three grass widows are there; Mr. Highflyer is there with his violin; Charley Splurge has his banjo,

and a dozen other sports with their flutes and guitars contribute to the gayety.

Dancing and singing are in order; the sideboard is covered with wine. The wife, in a hurry to dance, writes to her husband as follows:

"DEAR HUBBY—How lonesome I feel in your absence. Time passes so slowly, and I wait in agony of suspense the hour that you will return and your loving face lighten the dull monotony of my work.

"Family cares keep me so busy that I haven't time to write much, but I think of you every moment. I am living very economically, as I know your income will not admit frivolous expense. But I will have to say good-bye, or I will be too late for prayer meeting.

YOUR DEVOTED WIFE."

We will not speak of scene II, and the consternation when the husband in such a case comes in ahead of date. But the wife afterward muses:

"Once too often the chances I took,
Which caused this grief and sorrow,
But why for danger should I look?
His letter read, 'Can't be home till to-morrow.'"

However, with the exception of an occasional freak, we must say that the traveling man's wife is a brave, independent, self-sacrificing woman, whose lonely, but patient, life entitles her to fulsome praise and commendation.—*Dale, in De Moines Enterprise.*

DER DRUMMER.

Who puts up at der pest hotel
Und dakes his oysters on der schell,
Und mit the frauleins cuts a schwell ?
Der Drummer.

Who vash it gomes indo mine schtore,
Drows down his pundles on der vloor,
Und nefer schtops to shot der door ?
Der Drummer.

Who dakes me py der handt und say ;
"Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day ?"
Und goes for peesness rightd avay ?
Der Drummer.

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me "look, und see how nice ?"
Und says I gets "der bottom price ?"
Der Drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine—
"Vrom Sharmany, ubon der Rhine—"
Und sheats me den times oudt of nine ?
Der Drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goots vas bought
Mooch less as vat I gould imbort,
But lets dem go, as he was "short ?"
Der Drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
Der gustomers ubon his route,
And ven dey gomes dey vas no good ?
Der Drummer.

Who gomes arount ven I been oudt,
Drinks oup mine bier, und eats mine kraut,
Und kiss Katrina in der mout?
Der Drummer.

Who, ven he gomes again dis vay,
Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye goes avay?
Der Drummer.

A "POINTER" FOR THE DRUMMER.

No one but a Boston man can keep up with a Boston drummer. For a New York man or railroad to try to get ahead of him is folly. A baggage man at Geneva, N. Y., vainly attempted it a few days ago. The drummer wanted to leave his grip at the baggage room while he went down town to make a sale. "Can't leave it," said the baggage-master. "Against orders to do so." Mr. Drummer asked what the baggage-room was for, and the reply was, "To check baggage." "All right," said the drummer, "check my grip to Auburn." "Got a ticket?" "Yes, sir." The grip was checked. The next train left in two hours. Meanwhile the drummer went down town, got through his business, came back to the station, presented the check for his valise, got it and took the next train for another city to make another sale.—*N. E. Grocer.*

THAT RATTLING PRETTY GIRL.

Conductor Rodman, who runs on the Villisca branch of the Burlington, has a very pretty wife, and both Mr. and Mrs. Rodman had an opportunity of enjoying the discomforture of a traveling man on the down train the other morning. The drummer knows Mr. Rodman rather well, as his business takes him to Villisca frequently. Last Monday Mr. Rodman took his wife on his trip, and they came back to St. Joseph the next day. On this morning, as Mr. Rodman came through the car collecting tickets, the drummer pulled at his arm and whispered: "Say, Rodman, do you see that rattling pretty girl back there?"

"Yes," responded the conductor, glancing in the direction indicated.

"Well, do you know her?"

"Yes."

"Where does she come from?"

"St. Joseph, I believe."

"Say, old man, do you know her well enough to give me a 'knock down' to her, for she's a beauty, and no mistake."

"Oh, yes. I guess I can fix it for you. Come along."

In a moment more the drummer was standing in front of the "rattling pretty girl" and had a winning smile prepared, when—"Mr. Blank, allow me to present to you my wife."

The drummer murmured something about his pleasure, but went up into the baggage car soon after, where he managed to say to Mr. Rodman, "I didn't say anything out of the way, did I, old man?"—*St. Joseph News.*

HE HAD TRIED IT.

Blossom (to drummer sitting by open window.)—Excuse me, sir, but that open window is very annoying.

Drummer (pleasantly)—I am sorry, but I am afraid you'll have to grin and bear it.

Blossom—I wish you would close it, sir.

Drummer—Would like to accommodate you, but I can't.

Blossom—Do you refuse to close that window, sir?

Drummer—I certainly do.

Blossom—If you don't close it, I will.

Drummer—I'll bet you won't.

Blossom—If I go over there I will.

Drummer—I'll give odds you won't.

Blossom—I'll ask you once more, sir, will you close that window?

Drummer—No, sir, I will not.

Blossom (getting on his feet)—Then I will, sir.

Drummer—I would like to see you do it.

Blossom (placing his hands on the objectionable window)—I'll show you whether I will or not, sir.

Drummer (as Blossom tugs at window)—Why don't you close it?

Blossom (getting red in the face)—It appears to be stuck.

Drummer—Of course it is. I tried to close it before you came in.

ELEMENTS OF HASH.

At a certain house where a good many merchant travelers stop, the cooking is done in summer in the back yard. One day in July two or three of them sat down to the table on which sat a capacious dish of hash.

"Ugh," said one of them at the table, "I never like to eat that stuff."

"Why don't you," asked the man next to him. "It's good."

"I don't like it all the same. You never know what it is made out of."

"I do, every time at this house."

"Well, you don't."

"Well, I do, too. It's made out of doors, for I saw the old lady making it."

The other man asked a blessing, and the hash was eaten.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A TRAVELING SALESMAN'S PLAN.

I know of one dry goods man who has an extensive territory, who subscribes for more newspapers than are on the exchange list of a great many metropolitan journals. He reads them carefully, painfully, in fact, and remembers what he reads, and when he reaches the town of say Dead Eye, Texas, or Prairie Dog, Neb., he can talk with merchants on local affairs like a native. It pays him for it tickles them.

A TRUTHFUL "CRACKER."

"Will this road take me to Atlanta?" asked a commercial traveler of a "cracker." "No, sir'ee," replied the countryman, "nary a time." "That's strange," mused the first speaker. "A man told me a few hours ago that it would." "He lied, stranger. I've been hyar twenty y'ars and I hain't seed it tuck nobody anywhar yit, and I don't s'pose she ever will long as folks kin ride and walk." "Well, if I follow the road I'll get there, won't I?" smilingly asked the traveler. "Not much, fer ye kaint foller it, kase she don't move, an' ye kaint foller nothin' what don't move, an' ye kaint foller nothing what don't move 'long in front of ye." "But if I travel this route I'll soon reach the city, I reckon?" "Then ye struck it, mister; jes' keep a movin' the way ye're goin' an' ye'll git thar after awhile. Mornin to ye."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

TEX-AR-KANIA SANDWICH.

A drummer poor from Louisville
  Lay dying, bathed in tears.
There was a lack of toothsome pretzels,
  A dearth of foaming beers.
A doctor stood beside him
  As his life tide ebbed away,
Who held his pulse, and bent his head
  To hear what he might say.

"Tell my mother," gasped the drummer.
"I had hoped to bring her home
From the boundless Texas prairies,
Where wild cows and cowboys roam,
Many a tale of strange adventure,
That I gleaned whilst making sales,
Thin as poor Dr. Tanner,
Wonderful as Mulhattan's tales;

"And I would have kept my promise,
But my teeth were led astray
By a pampered, voluptuous sandwich
Built at Tex-ar-kania.
Tell my father I had hoped
To make happy his old days
With the savings from 'expense accounts'
(And other drummers' ways),

"By starting him in business
In the 'grain and green meat' line,
In a red brick store on Main street
With a blue and golden sign,
And I would have succeeded,
But alas! on a fateful day
I tackled a hard boiled sandwich
Coined at Tex-ar-kania.

"Still there is another, doctor,"
Here the drummer shed a tear:
"Though her father is in heaven
She's worth ten thousand clear.
Take her back this cluster diamond,
Tell her she can never more
Make me jealous of the tourist
Traveling for the notion store.

"For I had hoped to claim her boodle,
And my bride the self-same day,
But was slaughtered by a sandwich—
Foaled at Tex-ar-kan-i-a.
Tell my house," gasped the drummer,
And his face wore a heavenly smile,
"My impressions on the trade were elegant—
And I'd 'got there' after awhile.

"My expense account was a daisy,
Many a town I've painted red,
But whenever I 'caught a sucker,'
You bet I 'bumped his head.'"
Deeper fell the standing shadows,
Sullen sank the sun to west,
Quicker came the troubled breathing
From beneath that liar's vest.

Then the doctor murmured softly:
"I was sent here all too late,
For the pilgrim's name is Dennis
Ere the clock will cherup eight."
Then he quickly left the chamber
Where a gloating sandwich lay
Inside of a perished drummer,
Slain at Tex-ar-kania.

—*Denver Road.*

POETIC PROSE FOR PATIENT PEOPLE.

A salesman for a Western house lay dying in his room. 'Twas in a town whose people say is always on a boom. But the boom was over for this man. He's on his final trip; he needs no trunks or baggage; he leaves behind his grip. There was lack of tender nursing and his only friend, a man who will always help the weak ones and do all the good he can. The dying drummer faltered as he took his partner's fist and murmured, "John, I've got to go, but I never will be missed. But before I quit the gang for the trip I'll make above, I want to send a message to those we cannot love." A tear stood in his bright blue eye, which was getting dimmer fast, and his friend bent over to listen to the last. "Tell the landlord at the Jay House, indirectly it's his fault, and it's largely due his beastly grub, I fill the family vault. If he'd let up on races and look after beds and food, the public would suffer less and he'd do lots more good; and gently hint the clerk he'd be doing nothing rash if he'd take half the interest in his guests that he does of the cash. Tell the conductor also that perhaps we'll meet again on a railroad higher up when he doesn't own the train; and the Pullman car conductors, yes, his thieving porter, too, that his passenger will need a little cash when he gets his journey through; but be sure to watch the window fiend and carefully him tell, he'd better put that window down or he'll come to—well, of all the asses on the road the ill and whining pup, you can always know him by the way he keeps his window up, no matter if it's January, or on the B. & O., as soon as this thing's in his seat, up the window's sure to go. Tell him people want their rights, and if he's going far he'd find more congen-

ial company if he'd strike a cattle car." His cheek was growing paler, his life's sands running past, and he whispered, "Guess I'll quit, for it seems my die is cast, but if you'll gently raise my head and let me better see, I will tell you of a man you can better spare than me. For instance, there's old Smithers, buyer for Jones & Rice, he never did a kind thing, and his heart's as cold as ice. If every man was mean as he —by this I mean the buyer —I'd gladly quit this mundane sphere, and join the angel choir. Tell him every drummer hates him and can tell the reason why, and to paste inside his hat that we'll have our innings by and by, and please request the stranger when he's away from home and does some things disreputable and doesn't want it known, to not claim he's a traveling man, and thus malign the whole when registering at the station-house or riding in the patrol. Too long our class has stood this thing, and always got the name, of being gay and giddy when we're not the least to blame.

Now I've only this request to make and I'll quit this world of woe, that you'll tell the boys I took this trip because I'd got to go. Put my body in the baggage car and mark it through all right, for I'm tired of changing cars in the middle of the night."

HE GOT THAR.

Going down the great Jackson route from Grenada, Miss., says a commercial traveler, a regular old home-spun native entered a sleeping car and paid for a berth. He had never been inside of a car of the kind, and everything astonished him. When the porter came to make up the bed, I saw that the native was greatly perplexed, but as he made no direct appeal, it wasn't my duty to post him. He was the first one to make preparations for bed. He glanced anxiously around, pulled off one boot, and then took a rest for five minutes. When the other boot came off he had solved the problem. Pushing his boots under the berth he started for the rear platform, and nothing was heard from him for about ten minutes. Then he put his head into the door and called out:

"All you uns in thar, look out, for I'm coming."

And come he did. He had disrobed while standing on the platform, made a bundle of coat, vest and pants, and as he shot into bed after a run up the aisle he gurgled out: "Old Mississip may be a little slow, but she allus gits thar just the same."

THE SAFEST PART.

A party of commercial travelers in a passenger coach were talking over their traveling experience, and the danger of accidents, and finally the question arose as to the safest part of the car. Failing to settle the question among themselves they called up the conductor and one of them said to him: "Conductor, we have been discussing the matter of the safest part of the car, and want to know

your opinion." "Want to know the safest part, eh?" replied the conductor. "Yes, that's it." "Well," continued the conductor, borrowing a chew of tobacco and looking disappointed because he didn't get a cigar, "I've been on the road for fifteen years, and I have been turned over embankments, busted up in tunnels, dumped off bridges, telescoped in collisions, blown off the track by cyclones, run into open switches and had other pleasant incidental divertisements of kind nature, and I should say, gentlemen, the safest part of the car was that part which happened to be in the shop for repairs at the time of the accident."

THE HOUSE TO BLAME.

Much has been said and written about the ability of the salesman to properly represent his employer and build up a trade to make it valuable to both of them. The salesman in many instances is blamed if a certain trade is worked disastrously, but if it results in a good and prosperous business being built up, the house wants the large part of the credit for "good goods," low prices, etc., thinking any man of ordinary ability, backed by their "modus operandi" could have done as much, and perhaps even go so far as to regret having paid the salesman a large salary, when a cheaper man might have accomplished the same results. The forces spoken of, *i. e.* house and salesman, must work in perfect harmony and operate with the same end in view as to promptness, carefulness and honor, to insure success, and without which hearty co-operation the result must be disastrous. Many a good, competent, careful salesman

has had his reputation blasted by a careless office force or bad help in getting out the goods which were not up to the sample, owing to mistakes in shipping the proper articles, or being out of the ones designated on the order, something "just as good" has been substituted, but which is not "just as good" to the purchaser, and the salesman, being the only one ever seen, must stand the abuse of the house. An incident came under our observation recently, which serves to illustrate. A retail grocer bought of a prominent and elegant house, a bill of goods at thirty days net. The goods were satisfactory, but the house made a draft at ten days, which, to avoid trouble and complications, the retailer paid. The salesman was taxed with the matter on his next visit, and convinced the buyer it was an error, and being anxious to sell a certain article, the retailer said that as he had enough to do him for thirty days he could send it at the end of that time on thirty days' time, or at once, and give him sixty days. Fearing some rival salesman would load the retailer up and that possession was ten points in law, he sent the goods at once, billed at sixty days net. At the end of thirty days, and just when the goods should have been shipped, the house made a draft for the amount of the invoice. The buyer was rightly incensed at what he called an unfair transaction, and when the salesman called was confronted by a man with his war paint on, and barely civil to the innocent victim of the error. The result was that the retailer said, "We will not buy another dollar of your house, but get goods where we have a definite understanding as to terms, etc." Trade lost, customer gone elsewhere, and no fault of any one but the house.—*Ohio State Journal.*

STRICTLY BUSINESS.

"A commercial traveler, so accepted by the trade and by his employers," says the San Francisco *Grocer and Country Merchant*, "adheres strictly to business. He can not afford to compromise his dignity or position by actions unbecoming a gentleman. No man living has ever secured the good will of the business community, or retained his standing with his house, who has deviated from the principles of business. Thousands of young men have gone on the road with good prospects, who made such ignoble failures that the houses by which they were employed would not give them positions as second porters on their return from their first trip. In a certain sense, this is true, but where such things happen, it is quite as much the fault of the house as of the man employed. Firms that seek to get a $5,000 man for $900 are often the victims of their own avarice. Where good salaries are paid there are generally good men found for the positions. The man is generally respective of his house. A discriminating merchant generally gauges the size and responsibility of the house by the calibre of the salesman who visits them, and are very rarely wrong in their estimate. The successful commercial man belongs to a peculiar type. He falls naturally into the business as the successful artist, poet or novelist falls into painting or writing. He has all the attributes of the merchant and one more—the gift of intuition. The man who cannot feel what a customer is going to say before he has spoken may as well resign the road and seek some more congenial field. He will never succeed as a commercial traveler.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR SALESMEN.

Salesmen who are good listeners are usually good observers, and consequently they grow intelligent. If a point can be made clear at all, it is all the clearer by brevity, and sensible people prefer evidence to eloquence.

It is certainly true that salesmen of ready and fluent speech, good talkers, are often surpassed by those that say little.

A conceited, pretentious and affected manner on the part of a salesman disgusts and repels, while one who is simple and natural in his manners attracts and makes friends.

The simplest and most natural manners are the easiest and best for a salesman, but they are also the most difficult to acquire, for simplicity is the highest attainment of art.

THE FEMALE TOURIST.

Have you seen the latest comer
In the field?
When you gaze upon her,
Know your fate is sealed;
It's no sort of use to throw yourself before her
And implore her
In your weakness
And your meekness
Not to mutter you are but a man,
And she a female drummer.

She will talk you deaf
And dumber
Than a clam.
Tho' you know the goods she's selling
Are a sham
You give in—there's no repelling
Her invasion
English, Asian,
White or yellow
Where's the fellow
That is human
Born of woman
Can resist the female drummer?

Be it winter, be it summer
She will drum;
On her tour of devastation
She will come;
And your bump of approbation
Can but dwindle,
And the swindle
You submit to;
Wife will twit, too
Till you wonder
Why in thunder
Heaven e'er made the female drummer.

—*Boston Globe.*

COL. THOMAS' BALTIMORE SPEECH.

Colonel John L. Thomas was then introduced. He said: "When I heard the speeches that have been made, I thought I was in the wrong place. I looked you boys over this afternoon, to see what sort of fellows you were. When I saw all these flags, I thought it was a Republican National Convention. But when I sat for twenty minutes, and heard everybody talking at once I concluded I was in a Democratic meeting. It reminded me of the Democratic Convention that nominated His Honor the Mayor a short time ago. When I saw the letters "T. P. A.," I said 'My lord, I'm in a Temperance Convention.' I looked for Bill Daniel, and thought I saw him in a box. I thought I was not in the right place, and I left. Your committee told me I was to speak to a convention of Drummers, and yet I haven't heard the word 'Drummer' to-night. I don't know why this is. When the Mayor spoke I thought from his way of going to the bottom of things, that he would tell us all about the first 'Drummer.' He went back and showed that the first 'Drummer' was at the Battle of Waterloo. I don't wonder that he didn't go any further back. I don't know whether he reads the Bible or not.

"I found the first 'Drummer' was mentioned in Genesis. Joseph's brethren sold him to those commercial travelers. They sold him to Potiphar but I never found out how much they got for him. I knew if I was preceded by the Mayor and two or three commercial travelers, no room would be left for me. I knew they would gobble up everything that was ever written or conceived about commercial travelers. If there are any men who have music in their hearts, and poetry in their

souls, I believe it is you fellows. I have traveled with you and slept with you, and never saw a better set of fellows in my life. They will put their heels a little high upon the seats sometimes, and sometimes they are like a German I know. He said "when I travel I always put a piece of Limburger cheese in my pocket, and get all the seats I want." I made five speeches yesterday with a body of travelers, and the boys painted five distinct towns red. Now I'll go to my poetry. I'm no poet, but I am corresponding all the time with Tennyson and the other big lights. You won't like this poem at first, but wait awhile. He then read this poem, which was interrupted at the end of every stanza with applause.

A POEM.

Giving an idea of the "Drummer" from his little beginning to his present commanding position in the world of trade and commerce.

When little boys go out to play, and beat their drums
the live-long day,
Who is it we wish far away?
The Drummer.

And when these boys are bid to go, but don't know
whether to or no,
Who is it gets away so slow?
The Drummer.

And when these drums are beat at night, and dogs and
cats slink back with fright,
Who is it we would shoot at sight?
That Drummer.

When horrid war lifts high its head, and brave battalions on are led,
Who beats the time to soldiers' tread ?
The Drummer.

And when the fight grows hot and fierce, and shot and shell whole columns pierce,
Who is it makes himself so scarce ?
The Drummer.

And thus it is the drummer plays, his part in deadly fights and frays,
But shows his grit in other ways,
(Does) The Drummer.

For on the battle-field of trade, where fame and fortune too are made,
Who is it shows he's not afraid ?
The Drummer.

And when he starts on his campaign, who spurns all tricks both dark and vain,
And seldom rises to explain ?
The Drummer.

Who is it goes throughout the land, with grip-sack clutched in either hand,
Instead of shot and firebrand ?
The Drummer.

And as he goes from place to place, with innocent and smiling face,
Who seems the meekest of his race ?
The Drummer.

And if perchance he comes across some chap that turns
his gold to dross,
Who counts his profit more than loss?
The Drummer.

Who would the bunco men avoid? Who have some
bunco men destroyed?
When bunco men have them decoyed,
The Drummer.

Who knows the single rule of three, when figures will
and won't agree;
And when to be or not to be?
A Drummer.

In fine, who is "an Innocent Abroad?" That wears a
"sham," but is no fraud?
And honest men can well applaud,
The drummer.

When railroads won't compound a fare, nor steamboats
count four as a pair,
Who is it jerks and pulls his hair?
The Drummer.

When hotel clerks seem deaf and dumb, nor seem to
care when he has come,
Who is it then is swearing some?
The Drummer.

Who boards the train at dead of night, and lifts his
heels way out of sight,
And snores with all his main and might?
The Drummer.

And if a train stops at a station for passengers to get a ration,
Who proves the landlord's next relation?
The Drummer.

When early trains start somewhat late, and passengers are forced to wait;
Who soon is reconciled to fate, and seeks for something that is straight?
The Drummer.

Who, when he feels a little sick, puts in his medicine a stick
That sometimes makes his tongue feel thick?
The Drummer.

And if perchance he finds a bed, and on his pillow rests his head,
Who, "Now I lay me" never said?
The Drummer.

And when the morning sun arises, who every rule of dress despises
By putting on all sorts and sizes of what he has and advertises?
The Drummer.

When men have stocks of goods on hand, and can't tell why there's no demand,
Who makes the laws of trade expand?
The Drummer.

And when the State demands a fee, which with the drummers don't agree,
Who says the country is not free?
The Drummer.

And when such laws stand unrepealed, who is it boldly
takes the field,
Nor ceases till the people yield?
The Drummer.

If one should seek some desert place, nor hope to find
one of his race
Who would he meet there, face to face?
Some Drummer.

If Greely finds the great North Pole, and then should
dig to find a soul,
Who would he find down in the hole?
Some Drummer.

When Gabriel blows his final blast, and thinks the world
is gone at last,
Who will he find still holding fast?
The Drummer.

And hence it is that we see the sight, that greets us here
at Ford's to-night;
Of homage paid to men that fight,
(We mean) The Drummer.

We hail the Drummer because he drums, because he
comes, and goes and comes.
Because he is the best of chums—
The Drummer.

We love your free and easy ways, your festive nights and
sunny days.
And we are here to speak your praise—
Ye Drummers.

May all the laws that hamper trade, all unjust taxes that
are laid,
Nor vex or henceforth make afraid,
The Drummer.

May Congress in its power supreme, declare that trade's
a boundless stream,
And not a figment or a dream,
Of Drummers.

May the cheapest rates and cheapest fares, for grip-sacks,
merchandise and wares, and hotel rooms not "way
up stairs,"
Be the answer to the earnest prayers,
Of the Drummers.

And now my friends, let's bid adieu ; you've drummed
for us, we've drummed for you ;
And trust you'll always find us true,
To Drummers.

You're welcome here in Baltimore, you're welcome to
our goodly store ; and did you number thousands
more,
'd freely open every door
To Drummers.

Our genial Mayor has veto powers ; he's partly yours
and partly ours,
And I am told he never sours,
On Drummers.

The "Big Sixteen" have just adjourned, and all the
butter they have churned,
To Oleomargerine has turned,
And Drummers.

So if you will have your way, when you are gone you
can't but say—
That Baltimore is owned to-day
By Drummers.

This is a verbatim copy of an address and poem delivered by Colonel John L. Thomas, before "The Drummers' Convention," held at Ford's Opera House, the evening of Thursday, June 24th, 1886, the above copy being taken from the *Baltimore American*, of Friday, June 25th, 1886

HE NETTED HIS VICTIM.

He came into the office of a merchant on Jefferson Avenue, and with a cheery "Good morning," as if he were a familiar friend, pulled a chair up near the door, and sat down. The merchant eyed him for a minute, and quietly remarked :

"Well !"

"Yes, thank you," he replied with a smile. "I hope you are well also."

It almost jarred the merchant out of his chair.

"I didn't ask you whether you were well or not," he said, getting hot, "and it is none of your business how I am. What do you want ?"

"I want a million of dollars and a palace, and a yacht and a four-in-hand," he rattled away.

"Confound you," angrily exclaimed the merchant. "What do you suppose I care what you want ?"

"I don't really know," he answered in the best humor

imaginable, "but I presume you did care, or you would not have asked me."

"Come, come," stuttered the merchant, "this is past endurance; you are a perfect stranger to me, and you come in here and take up my time and talk like an idiot. What did you come here for?"

"For a few minutes only," said the visitor serenely, and with the same placid demeanor.

"Oh! did you," and the merchant jumped clean out of his chair and started for him. "Well, if you don't get out in two minutes I'll break your head for you."

"Now, now you are talking business," calmly responded the visitor. "Go right on, and break my head and my arm and my leg; that will lay me up for at least twelve weeks, and I'll get at least $50 a week from the finest accident company in the insurance world, of any, sir, the very finest and surest and most reliable and richest. I represent that company, sir. Don't you want a policy with us? Dead sure snap on $50 a week, if you are injured by any accident; and $10,000, spot cash, and no commission if you are killed. I carry two policies myself, and when I hear a man talk about using me as you threaten to I fairly beam with joy, and hope breaks out on me in great blotches. I have been—"

"For heaven's sake," interrupted the victim. "Shut up! How much is your policy for a year? Give me one quick and get out before I commit suicide and stick your company for the full value."

Ten minutes later, the victim was in the net, and the captor had departed with his gall, for the next one. —*Detroit Free Press.*

CHAPTER IX.

THE DRUMMER'S MISTAKE.

I met her in a Pullman car,
In section number nine,
Each eye shone like a morning star
With radiance divine;
So when I placed my bags and traps
In section number ten,
She looked so tempting 'mid her wraps
I sought her face again.

She glanced at me with roguish pose,
Yet innocent of guile,
Then colored like a blushing rose
And I tried to hide a smile;
The sweet confusion but enhanced
Her dainty tint of pink,
And quite by accident she chanced
The nearest eye to wink.

When she refused my proffered card
With scorn and proud disdain,
I tried my best and pleaded hard
My error to explain.
She listened to my mumblings crude,
Then tossed her nose on high;
"I think," she said, "you'd wink if you'd
A cinder in your eye."

WILL THEY?

When the last order is entered upon the great book,
  Kept by the angels on high,
And the last town is made, the last excess paid,
  And the freight caught on the fly.
And the expense account shows the proper amount,
  In keeping with the cost of the trip,
And St. Peter meets you as you get out of the bus,
  And silently snatches your grip,
And you're led thro' the door, weary and sore,
  Tired out with life's race all up hill.
Will the angels who meet you come up to greet you,
  With the remark, We have just ordered a bill?
And these things are of interest to drummers, you know,
  And the inquiry respectfully made is:
Will the boys feel at home in that beautiful land,
  Or must they double back to hades?

—*Ohio State Journal.*

DRUMMER'S STORIES.

A jolly party of drummers was grouped about the lobby of the Palmer House in Chicago last week. They smoked imported cigars at the expense of their respective firms and swapped stories about the big bills they had sold.

"Not long ago," began a clothing drummer with a truthful eye and candid glance, "I went to Wichita to show my samples to a well-known house. It was a good concern, but prices had to be rock-bottom to tempt them. When I struck the town I found crape on the

door-knob of the store, and a card announced that Mr. K., the senior member of the firm, was dead. You bet I was sorry, especially as I had come sixty miles to see Mr. K. I rang the bell to offer my condolence, and Mr. K., Jr., brother of the defunct, answered my summons. After expressing my regrets at the sad occurrence, I said :

"'I suppose you'll not feel like looking at my samples under the present circumstances.'

"'Well, I don't know ; have you anything real cheap ?"

"'Rather. The biggest ever offered."

"The bereaved brother wiped away a tear and seemed lost in thought. 'I need a few suits,' he said, 'but I can't go to the hotel. The funeral doesn't come off before 3 o'clock, If you will bring your trunks in here before noon I'll look at your stuff.' I brought my trunks into his place and began to display my merchandise. In one corner of the dingy store stood the coffin containing the calm and wax-like remains of the deceased. We spoke in whispers so as not to disturb the solemnity of the scene. Unfortunately my prices were not low enough to tempt Mr. K. in his present sad state of mind. 'Too dear !' was his invariable comment, no matter how close I shaved the figures. I was in despair, for I saw the coveted order slip through my fingers. I determined upon a stroke of diplomacy.

"'Can you use any Middlesex flannel suits ?' I asked.

"'That depends ! How much ?'

"Now the current prices for these suits was $8.50. Here was my opportunity.

"'I am prepared to offer you the genuine flannels at $5 a suit,' I replied.

"The effect was magical. Instantly the corpse sat up in his coffin and stared at me with its glassy eyes.

"'I'll take all you've got!' cried the cadaver, and sank back to its sleep of death."

A MILD REJOINDER

A death-like calm succeeded this sad story. Then a notion salesman took the floor.

"Some people are close, for a fact," he began. "Last year I called on a new concern in Omaha and by dint of unlimited treating to high-priced cigars and drinks I managed to sell the proprietor a bill of underwear. There was barely 12 per cent. profit in it. The bill was promptly paid, but instead of the customary 7 per cent., Mr. L. had deducted 10 per cent. discount. He wrote a short note, as follows :

"'Gents : Enclosed find my check for bill of the 18th, less 10 per cent. Hoping this is satisfactory, I am ditto, ditto, ditto, Yours, etc.'

"Some strong invectives were used when this letter was opened by my firm, but it was a first bill and Omaha was a long way off, so we determined to say nothing. Last week I called on Mr. L. again and sold him another bill. 'Look here,' I said, when we talked of dating, 'last time you deducted 10 per cent. If you take off more than 7 per cent. in future, back goes your check!' Mr. L. appeared satisfied.

"'Now, tell me,' I asked, 'what did you mean by writing 'ditto' at the end of your letter?'

"'I'll tell you in confidence,' said Mr. L. 'I knew when your firm received my check they would do some tall swearing and would consign me to the infernal

regions; so I just put in ditto, ditto, ditto, as a mild rejoinder.'"

TALL LYING.

"There are tricks in all trades," remarked the clothing drummer. "Last Saturday I spent in Indianapolis, and with an eye to future orders I made myself useful at the clothing store of one of my customers. An old Irish woman came in, leading a tall, overgrown lad of sixteen.

"'I'd loike a shoot for me boy,' she said, 'something purty an' not too dear.'

"'Something for about $10?' suggested the salesman.

"'Whist now, do yez take me for a Wanderbilt? Oi'll not spend more nor $5, an' the lad a-growin' ivery day.'

"'Madam, I have just the thing. Last week we got in some real Irish imported suits. I have one left, and if it fits I'll let you have it for $5.'

"The suit was produced, a plaid, pea-green satinette which had been in stock for well-nigh twelve years. With the exception of being too short in the arms and legs it was a beautiful fit.

"'Oi loike the color av that,' said the lady after inspection, 'but I'm afeard the moths'll be after gittin' into the stuff and eatin' it for me.'

"'No danger of that, ma'am,' answered the clerk. 'If any moths get into that suit they'll starve to death, for there ain't enough wool in that suit to keep an able-bodied moth alive. Besides, the green coloring is Paris green and is warranted to kill any moth that gets near it.'

"'Then oi'll take the suit,' and she went on her way rejoicing."

KEEPING MOTHS.

"Talking about moths," said the hat drummer, "reminds me of the story they tell of Iky Solomon at Bowling Green. One day a colored gentleman entered his store in great excitement.

"'Look a hyar, boss,' he cried, 'dis yere brown triangle suit I done bo't ob yo' las' week ain't no good nohow. It am chuck full ob moths!'

"'You didn't bought dat diagonal suit from me,' replied Iky, after surveying the suit. 'I don't keep my moths in my diagonal suits; I keep dem in my cardigan jackets. Mr. Sloane down de shtreet keeps his moths in diagonal suits. You must have bo't dat suit at his shtore. Everybody knows his own bishness best.'"

TO THE FACT.

"I should like to contribute my tale," said the coffin drummer. "I used to be an undertaker in Cincinnati. One day a German came in with crape around his hat and a woebegone expression upon his face. 'You vos der undertaker?' he asked. I admitted the imputation. 'Mein bruder have yust died and I would like to send him to his home in New York. Vot vos der besht way to ship him?'

"'You'd better freeze the body and send it on ice,' I suggested.

"'Vot you charge for freezin' my bruder?'

"'Twelve dollars,' I replied.

"'Twelve dollars? don't that was a goot deal? Couldn't you done it for ten?'

"I replied that twelve was the lowest price.

"'Well,' replied the German, wiping away a tear. 'I gif you $10 to freeze poor Fritz aber you just freeze him to the feet. Dey don't need it, for dey has been frost bitten last winter anyhow.'"—*Richmond, Va., Dispatch.*

HE FOUND A NIGHT-GOWN.

A rather ludicrous incident occurred at a St. Paul hotel not long since. The chambermaid went into a transient's room to put it in order, the occupant (a lady), having as she supposed, gone. She found a night-gown had been left, and rolled it up, intending to take it to the housekeeper, but, stopping to make up a traveling man's room on the way, inadvertently left it at the foot of his bed. The lady, it transpired, had merely gone out for the day with her satchel, and returning at night made inquiry for her night-gown. The maid had forgotten what she did with it, and a thorough search was unavailing. The following morning, however, when the maid again went into the traveling man's room, she found the missing gown pinned to his wardrobe with a placard attached, inscribed: $10,000 Reward offered for the Recovery of the Lady Fitting this Garment."—*Hotel Gazette.*

THE CAR PORTER.

If you travel as you'd oughter
You will meet the colored porter,
Who with smile upon his lip
Will expect from you a tip.

He is found on every sleeper,
Full of learning, and it's cheaper,
If you'd like to learn it all,
Just to tip a silver ball.

If you try to shake this porter,
And refuse a paltry quarter,
When you need him you may call.
But you'd better wait till fall.

If you tip him, he's a dandy
With a pillow that is handy,
And a bottle cool as ice,
Holding something awful nice.

You will find he is a rusher,
Just the slickest kind of brusher
And before you leave the car,
Oh, "He'll be dar, He'll be dar."

JOHN DE WITT.

HE KICKED THRICE.

"Yes, we meet with all sorts of people here," answered the railroad conductor, as he sat down in the smoker after making his rounds. "It is a great place in which to study human nature."

"Aren't there a good many kickers among travelers?"

"Plenty of them. I could have a fight every hour in the day if I wanted to talk back. There is one in the third seat ahead now. He lives at R—, and he never comes or goes without trying to kick up a row."

"He seems quiet enough."

"But he only seems. I'm expecting every minute to hear his war-whoop. It is just an hour's run to R—, and I'll bet he makes three kicks in that time."

"I'll go you for a box of cigars."

"Done, old fellow!"

They were shaking hands on it when the man rose up and went to the water cooler. He took two or three sips of water and then walked back to the conductor and said:

"When you get ready to clean the drugs and chemicals out of that cooler, please let me know. Perhaps I can buy half a ton of copperas at wholesale figures."

"That's one," said the conductor, as the kicker took his seat.

The train stopped and another round was made, and the official had scarcely taken his seat when the kicker came over and said:

"If there is a window in this coach which can be raised I wish you would label it for me."

"That's two," whispered the conductor, "and we've got sixteen miles to go yet."

The kicker sat down to his newspaper, and was so quiet for a time that the drummer began to have hopes. Eight—ten—twelve miles rolled behind the train, and he seemed deeply interested in an article, when he suddenly bobbed up and came over to the conductor.

"I'll bet fifty to one there are fleas in this coach! I've just been bitten by something mighty like one, and I'm going to send in a complaint to headquarters."

"Are you satisfied?" asked the conductor after the kicker had taken his seat.

"I've got to be. And that's his usual practice, is it?"

"Oh, he's let me off light to-day."

"Well, it's worth a box of cigars to see human nature in that way," mused the drummer as the train drew up at R—.

The kicker and the drummer got off together, and the former softly inquired:

"Was it three kicks, Tom?"

"Yes."

"And the bet?"

"A box of cigars."

"All right. Bring my half down to-night. I'll be going up again to-morrow, and you see if you can't make it six kicks and two boxes!"—*Hotel Gazette.*

THE HOTEL CLERK.

With a smile that is bland
And a pen in his hand
You should see the old clerk
Give his book a quick jerk,
And your name you are bound,
To sign, as it swings round.

Then he sizes you up
With a "Sir, will you sup?
Or go first to your room
And then later consume?"
See his di-a-mond flash
Down upon your ink splash,
And you do not rejoice
At the sound of his voice,
But you tremble with fear
As this demagogue near,
Calls aloud with a grunt
"Will you hurry up 'Front'
Take this man to the roof,
Where he may be aloof
From the rest of the world."
And his lip it is curled
As he says, "Though up high,
You'll be nearer the sky,
Then in case of a fire
Time's saved going higher;
Oh, a 'Drummer,' you say,
Then bell-boy come this way,
Let this 'gentleman' rest
In the room we call best,
And as long as he stays
You do just as he says."

JOHN DE WITT.

BRADLEY'S BREAK.

Everybody knows G. H. Bradley, who travels for Oakford & Fanestock. Bradley has a woe. He likewise has a new pair of trousers and the story of it all is as follows: One of Bradley's customers—the name is forgotten, but Frank Delaney can give name, date and place—last fall purchased a barrel of kraut. When kraut is at itself it is all right. It is more. It is a positive dainty. As much so as is a meerschaum pipe or a pickled Willie, which latter is often set down on the bills of profane and illiterate lunch fiends as a pig's foot. But when kraut spoils it is a holy terror. Like unto its odor there is no other odor emanating from any earthly source, and its looks are no more reassuring than its smell. Such was the kraut of Bradley's customer. He didn't waste any time in mourning or making a fuss, but he simply headed up the barrel and bided his time.

A few days ago when Bradley called, the grocer pretended to be very busy. He had placed the barrel in the aisle under his shelves of canned goods, and when Bradley asked him about some fruit, he simply said, "I think I've got plenty. You might look on those upper shelves though and see, while I write this letter. You can stand on that barrel if you can climb up."

"Climb up? Why, thunderation, man, I can stand flat-footed and jump on that barrel."

"I can't," said the grocer, "of course, I've got the rheumatism; but, just as hard, I'll bet the cigars that you can't, either."

Bradley is free from guile, but he is full of activity, and he took that bet with a smile that was simply angelic. Then he winked at the boys, swung his arms

a couple of times, jumped, and landed with both feet square in the middle of the head. He didn't stay there. That barrel head was no more substantial than a tissue paper balloon, and with a yell of consternation Bradley sank to his middle in the decayed kraut. Then arose profanity and a smell that made all in reach fly as from a cyclone. In the midst of the turmoil the proprietor came forward with a clothes-pin on his nose, a rueful look on his face and a 5-cent cigar in his hand.

"Bradley," he remarked, "by thunder, you done it. You've won the cigar fair and square and I'm not the fellow to try to squeal out. I'll tell you what I'll do, though. I'll make it a quarter's worth if you'll go out in my woods pasture until the smell blows off. People won't purchase with such perfumery in range."

Then Bradley said some more mean things. Then he bought some underwear and a pair of trousers, took a bath, and sat down to figure. His cigar had cost him $12, but he credited himself with that much experience, drew a balance, and let it go at that. And Bradley didn't sell that kraut in the first place.—*Peoria Transcript.*

THE PARTING AT THE GATE.

When the train is almost going,
And you hurry least you're late,
Have you ever watched a parting,
Some one parting at the gate?
You can scarce suppress your laughter
Such a feeling some create,
While at times a tear will glisten
At some parting at the gate.

There's the old maid with her bundles,
Who will prate, and prate and prate,
Who will ask the gateman questions,
While she makes the rest all wait,
Till you see his brows contracting,
In his eyes a gleam of hate,
As he hurries up her parting,
While she hustles through the gate.

There's the mother with the glasses,
Who'll get left as sure as fate,
Just arriving with her daughter
The last minute at the gate,
And the matron with the children ;
Let us count them. There are eight ;
She has little time for parting,
She must get them through the gate.

There's a doctor and a lawyer,
Coming near in deep debate,
Who expresses a regret at parting
In a manner most sedate,
Then a school boy with his satchel,
And a school girl with her slate ;
See them wave a cheerful parting
To some friends without the gate.

There's the gay commercial traveler,
With a look that seems to state,
I'm the owner of this railroad ;
Mileage takes him through the gate,
While a maiden, dainty fairy,
Whom he watches through the gate,
Smiles a very pleasant parting
Back of mother at the gate.

Then two actors playing heavies
Come with Henry Irving gait,
From the way they keep a yawning
I should say they'd sat up late.
And they look around in anger
When they find that they must wait
On the man who has the tickets
That will pass them through the gate.

Then a shy and bashful daughter
Comes with father bald of pate,
And looks back a tender parting
At the lover at the gate,
While the newly married couple
Looking most affectionate,
Clasp their hands and kiss at parting
As they linger at the gate.

Then an old decrepit father,
On whom years have laid their weight
Totters up, the while a leaning
On the son so tall and straight,
And he looks so fondly at him ;
Will that boy prove an ingrate ?
And forget that loving father,
And the parting at the gate ?

Then a wife who takes a journey,
How she hates to separate
From that husband, tender, loving,
Who has been unfortunate.
How the heavy circles gather
'Neath those eyes with fear dilate,
Ah, she has a tearful parting,
Calling "Mizpah" through the gate.

And the thought comes sadly to me,
Thinking of our future state,
Will we have to part with loved ones
As we stand without the gate?
Not while Jesus is our Saviour,
Ah, the Master's love is great,
Hand in hand we'll travel with him
He will pass us through the gate.

JOHN DE WITT.

SALESMEN'S WRITTEN CONTRACTS.

Here is a question of interest to salesmen and their employers: A engages one, two or three salesmen at a certain fixed salary, say $2,000 per annum, under a written contract, for a specified number of years, say three years. At the expiration of the first three or six months, A comes to B, C and D, the salesmen, praises them highly for their good zeal and ability, congratulates them on the success of their labors in general, and because of that success volunteers to advance their salary $200, $300 or $500 respectively. B, C and D, of course, accepted the increase, but no sooner acceded to the proposition of such increase than A declares that by accepting the increase they have violated, broken and nullified the original contract, and therefore discharges them. Have B, C and D truly and in law broken the contract, as alleged, and have they or have they not any redress in law, by reason of their discharge?

The editor of the *Journal of Commerce* to whom the above was submitted, replies as follows: Aside from the question of fraud, which vitiates all agreements and con-

tracts into which it enters, the original contract, in the case put by our correspondent, was rescinded, if at all, at the request of the employer. The consideration which he offered for the rescission was a new verbal contract, which was not pending, because not written, and which was, therefore, not a good or valid consideration for any promise. The original written contract between A and his salesmen is still good.

LOST THE CIGARS.

"Is that the second bell?" queried a drummer, as the hotel man across the way sounded his gong.

"No, they don't ring but one bell over there," replied the grocer.

"Why, you're mistaken, I—"

"Have you any cigars on it?"

"A dozen."

"John," calling to a colored porter, "do they ring two bells at the Rhodes House?"

"No, sah; dey don't, sah; dey ring de same bell twice!"

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

"How did you get that black eye?" repeated the drummer, as he buckled the straps of his satchel.

"Well, I tried to be smart."

"How?"

"I was at Seymour, Ind., and in a hurry to get my railroad ticket. So was another chap. The ticket seller was slow, lazy and impudent. The other

man pulled his gun, shoved it into the window, and got his ticket ten seconds later. It was a hint for me."

"And you accepted it?"

"I did. I shoved my revolver into the window, and gave the ticket man a quarter of a minute to get me a pasteboard."

"And he jumped?"

"He did—jumped out of his office and broke me in two over a baggage truck. He's got my revolver yet."

"But how did it happen to work in one case and fail in another?"

"Oh, I couldn't keep my voice from trembling, and then I didn't have long hair and a buffalo overcoat. He got right onto me for a fake."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A BAD EFFORT TO BLUFF.

A Detroit drummer who was stopping at a hotel in an Ohio town, found fault with the coffee, and the landlord said to him in the presence of three or four other guests:

"You Michigan people drink so much root coffee that you can't tell the real stuff when you see it."

"What do you call it?" asked the drummer.

"O. G. Java, sir; and the very best."

"I'll bet you twenty-five dollars it isn't."

"Done."

"I am a chemist, and have part of my outfit with me. Get me a sample of that coffee, and I'll tell you what it is."

He went to his room as a bluff, and in five minutes

the landlord came up and put a five dollar bill in his hand and said :

"Take this and call the bet off."

"But I want to anal—"

"Analyze be hanged. It's Rio, and second class at that ; but I don't want to be given away. I've bluffed over forty drummers in the last year, and if I hadn't been told you traveled for a grindstone quarry instead of a drug-store, I'd never put up the money."—*Detroit Free Press.*

NO UPPERS FOR HIM.

"Travel never sharpens some people," said the drummer as he threw the stub of his cigar out of the window.

"In what respect ?"

"Well, I've been on the road for eight years, traveling by day and by night, and I've never had to take an upper berth yet."

"That's luck."

"No, it isn't—it's management. I, of course, buy a lower berth when I can. When I can't, I take an upper. Price is the same, you know, but there's a heap of difference in the comfort. Then the management comes in."

"But how ?"

"See this bottle of camphor ? I've carried it ever since I first started out, but have had it refilled about once a month. When I get seated in a car, I am suddenly taken faint. I pull out my camphor bottle. You can

smell camphor from end to end of a car. It isn't two minutes before some one comes to ask:

"'Anything wrong, sir?'

"'I'm feeling very badly.'

"'Can I do anything for you?'

"'No thanks. That is—'

"'Don't be afraid of making me trouble. What is it?'

"'I have an upper berth, and I am—I'm afraid I can never get into it. Been troubled with palpitation for the last ten years. Reaching up increases it. I don't want to ask any one to exchange with me, but—'

"'Why certainly; I've a lower, and under the circumstances I shall be only too glad to exchange with you.'

"That's all there is to it," said the drummer, as he opened his grip for a novel; "it's all in the management. A proper demeanor—a little camphor—a few words of thanks, and I snug away into a lower and sleep the sleep of the just. The other man has got all he paid for any way, and if he doesn't sleep well, that's not my lookout."

HE WAS RADICALLY CURED.

He was a commercial traveler, and he was relating an experience to some of the boys at the Farwell House, Chicago:

"About ten years ago, when my eye-teeth were still in my gums," he said, "I was going from Cleveland to Cincinnati. There was plenty of room in the coach, but I figured to get alongside a woman—a good looker about thirty years of age. I found her talkative and pleasant, but after about half an hour, and while I was patting myself on the back, she turned on me with:

"Can you spare me $75 to-day?"

I laughed.

"And don't keep me waiting," she continued.

I laughed again, although she had a look which gave me a hint of trouble.

"You either come down with the $75 or I'll stand up here and claim to everybody that you are my husband, and that you ran away and I am bringing you back."

I didn't laugh this time. I saw that she meant every word of it. I had about $70, and I tried to bluff her. I told her to raise a row, and I would have her arrested, but she didn't scare worth a cent. She was springing up to denounce me, when I came to time."

"You don't say you gave her the money?"

"But I do. I counted it right out on her lap, and she put it into her pocket, and said she guessed it would be a great moral lesson to me to mind my own business in future. So it was. I got away from her after a bit, dead broke, and mad all through, but I was placed in such a position that I couldn't say a word. No more half seats for me. One dose has worked a cure."

HE WASN'T CALLED.

A Commercial Traveler proves to a hotel clerk that he was not called in time for a train.

Sam Harrison, an old hotel clerk at Wheeling, W. Va., was bitterly attacked a while ago by a traveling man, who came down stairs with blood in his eye.

"Why did you not call me this morning?" he shrieked.

"I did," said the cool Samuel, trusting in Providence to get out of it somehow.

"What time did you have me called?"

Mr. Harrison thought a moment, and, knowing the early trains left between 6 and 7, said, "I called you at 5.30 A. M."

"You did not."

"I did."

"I know better."

"So do I know better."

"Well, I can prove that you didn't."

"How?"

"'Cause I never told you to call me at all."

Sometimes the sang froid even of a hotel clerk yields to that of the meek-eyed commercial man.—*Hotel Man's Guide.*

WHEN MERCHANTS SAVE MONEY.

Salesman—I suppose you will allow me to sell Broke, Upp & Co.?

Principal—I am somewhat afraid of their credit, Mr. Valisse.

Salesman—But you know they failed about a year ago, and settled at ten cents.

Principal—Is that so? They must have money. Sell them all you can.—*Jeweler's Circular.*

LAMENTATIONS OF THE TRAVELING MAN.

You who envy the traveling man's life,
And fondly imagine it free from all strife,
Just take out some samples for one short trip,
And if not very pious, an oath you'll let slip.

You arrive at the town, in the evening, quite late,
"The good rooms are all taken," such is your fate.
The supper is cold, and not fit to eat,
And the beds, well, for hardness they could not be beat.

You arise in the morning quite unrefreshed,
You swallow your breakfast, and then go in quest
Of a merchant who lives at the end of the town,
And you learn from his house, that he has not yet come
down.

Your samples you place by the side of the door,
And fondly imagine an order in store.
But after long waiting he comes only to say,
"There's nothing I'm needing in your line to-day."

You may draw your argument down very fine,
And expatiate on your "very fine line,"
But the magic quickly goes out of your lore,
When you learn a competitor's just been there before.

Your customer may be a man of the kind
That by talking and talking and talking him blind
You may get an order although very small,
It helps to pay expenses and that's about all.

Perhaps a twenty-mile ride you have had,
Over roads that were hilly and terribly bad
But your courage goes up, when he invites you to call,
And he'll probably want some goods in the fall.

You go to the depot the next train to get,
'Tis four hours late, there's no use to fret.
You take out a cigar to have a good smoke,
When you feel in your ribs the station-man's poke.

"No smoking allowed here, don't you see the sign?"
And even that comfort there we're forced to resign.
Then out on the platform we plod on and plod,
And envy the man that carries the hod.

Our employers expect us to sell lots of goods,
In towns that are lonely and far in the woods.
We travel on freight trains, we drive in a hurry,
Expenses foot up and we get in a flurry ;

Our samples are heavy, the charges are high,
We have no redress, the money must fly,
An itemized expense account they always expect
And if it runs light, they're sure it's correct.

Now if you merchants who sit in the store,
And consider the traveling man always a bore,
Would think the situation o'er awhile
When he enters your door, he would meet with a smile.

They keep you well posted, and you certainly can
Bny your goods best of the traveling man.
Don't send them away with a frown or a jeer,
And your balance will please you at the end of the year

And you who send out the traveling men,
Encourage them, if only by the scratch of a pen,
They'll render good service, will work with their might,
If they feel that the "House" is treating them "white."

THE MEN WHO MOVE.

"The drummer is a man who goes
Where every breeze of commerce blows,
Who carries trade to every shore,
And kicks because there isn't more;
Who hates the drummer-tax like sin,
Who helps the railroad with his tin,
Who likes hotels that treat him well,
And gives the others merry—don't swear, please.
Who smiles at all the girls he meets,
Who never waits for others' treats,
Who loves his wife and kids at home,
Wherever he may have to roam,
Who tells the truth to sell his wares,
Who has his little griefs and cares
The same as every other man,
But who in all holds to his grip,
And stiffly keeps his upper lip,
Who, when the time comes for reward
Is not forgotten by the Lord."

ANON.

THE FAITHFUL TRAVELER FINISHES HIS ROUND TRIP AND REACHES HOME.

Some years ago there appeared in your paper a little sketch by Mrs. Rayne, entitled, I think, "He Had Made the Round Trip," telling of the sickness and death of a traveling man, with his pitiful appeals and fears of losing time. I wish you would do me the favor to reprint this sketch.

I am a traveling man and this selection has done me worlds of good. I have lately lost my copy and would be greatly obliged to see it again in print.

I am yours respectfully,

Westfield, Mass. WM. H. FARNSWORTH.

The sketch referred to is as follows :

HIS LAST ORDER.

"I have taken my last order ; I am going home," he said as the clock struck the midnight hour.

The nurse looked at the doctor with a significant glance, and whispered: "His mind wanders."

Presently he lifted his feverish head from its pillow. "Any letters from the house?" he inquired. "There ought to be letters here."

Then he slept and in his sleep he was a boy again—babbled of fishing streams where the trout played, of school hours and romps with his mates. At 12 he suddenly awakened.

"All right," he called, in a strong voice, "I am ready!"

He thought the porter had called him for an early train. The doctor laid a soothing hand on him and he slept. In his sleep he murmured :

"Show you samples of our goods. I am going off the road now. This order closes me out. The house has called me in. Going to have my first vacation, but I shall lose time—time—time!"

He drowsed off and the doctor counted his pulse. Suddenly the sick man started up.

"Give me a letter from home. Ellen always writes me here; dear girl, she never disappointed me yet—and the children, they will forget me if my trip is too long. I have only a few more towns to sell—I promised to be home Christmas—I promised to be home—promised—"

He slept again, and again awakened with a start.

"No word from the house yet?"

He was going fast now. The doctor bent over him and repeated the precious words of promise:

"In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you."

"Yes—yes," said the dying traveler faintly. "It is a clear statement. It is a good house to travel for. It is a good house to travel for. It deals fair and square with its men."

The chill December morning dawned—the end was very near. The sick man was approaching the undiscovered land from whose bourne no traveler returns.

"I've changed my route," he murmured faintly. "The house is calling me in—write to Ellen and the children that I'm-on-my-way-home—it's in—my sample case—without money and without price—a good house—fills all its orders as agreed. Call me for the first train—I am going to make the round trip and get home for Christmas."

They laid his head back on the pillow. He had made the round trip. He had gone home for Christmas.—*Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.*

THE DRUMMER HARD TO BEAT.

A little chaff, a merry laugh,
A word for every comer;
There is not a man in all the land
But who extends a ready hand
To greet the jolly drummer.

In business wise, in enterprise
As thrifty as a plumber;
So chivalrous and debonair
This favored one that ladies fair
All love the gallant drummer.

His latest joke will soon provoke
A roar from every bummer
That hangs around the village bar
Reflecting lustre from his star,
The gay commercial drummer.

With work and wit he hits the grit
Fall, winter, spring and summer
Alert and watchful, day and night—
The world would go to ruin quite
But for the busy drummer.

A skull that's numb may be at the drum
But, ah! it takes a hummer—
A freak of supernaturnal brood—
Some being most supremely shrewd
It takes to beat the drummer.

A DRUMMER'S WISH.

I wish I had a line of goods
That no one ever had,
And every merchant wanted,
And wanted awful bad.

I'd send the trade a little card,
And tell them "I'm in town,"
And if they wanted any stuff.
They'd better come right down.

I'd treat them as they treat me now;
Oh, I'd make some feel so awful "dizzy;"
And when they come around to call,
I'd say, "I'm very busy."

"I guess you'd better come again,"
I'd say, to some I know—
"If you don't want these goods of mine,
You take your traps and go.

"When am I going out?
Well, what is that to you?
My house won't ship you any goods,
Your pay is most too slow."

Some merchants act the gentlemen,
To such I'd ne'er refuse,
A treat to Buck or kindred drinks,
And thus expel the "blues."

I could wish, and wish, and wish in vain,
Until I was blind and sore—
For such a wish could never be,
So I shall wish no more.

TRAVELING MAN.

A CHRISTMAS TOAST,

BOYS, HERE'S TO YOU :

Here's a health to the world this good Christmas day,
And the people that live in it, too ;
Here's a health to the "boys" who wore sombre gray,
And a health to the "boys" in bright blue.

A health to the "boys" far away,
On steamboat, rail-car or ship ;
A health to all "boys" on this gay, festal day—
Yes, a health to the "boys of the grip ;"

To those who cried out for protection,
Or declared free-trade a great risk ;
To those who voted low tariff,
For Belva, or cold-water Fisk ;

To the granger with stale country joke,
And the rollicking tar on the sea—
To brake, punch, or throttle men, blackened with smoke
And labor where e'er it may be.

Here's a health to the white-chokered saint ;
To the cowboy, with pistol at hip ;
To the lowly, the weary, the faint—
Double health to the "boys of the grip ;"

To the merchant, ensconced in grand palace ;
To his traveler, in humbler abode ;
To Pickering, Van Pelt and John Corley,
Friend Speiden, and the "boys on the road."

B. H A.

THE RULING PASSION.

Out in the graveyard, cold and still,
  In the shadows dim and gray,
Where the willows held the whippoorwill,
  They carried the drummer one day.

That night as the people hurried home,
  Past the graveyard on a run,
They saw in the darkness and the gloom,
  The dead come one by one

Out of the coffins and their graves,
  And silently tramp around,
In ghostly marching to and fro
  On the consecrated ground.

With a wondrous fear the people gazed,
  And saw that the drummer led
The grim mysterious visitants
  Among the silent dead.

They watched and wondered, till at last,
  In strange amazement lost,
They saw the drummer try to sell
  The tombstones out at cost.

AN INNOCENT DRUMMER.

He bade his wife a tearful good-by.

"My love, my only one! The time will soon be here when I shall be in a position to snap my fingers at fate and set up as my own boss. Then we shall have no more of these cruel partings."

"And you will be true to me?"

"As I always am," he responded. "You did not forget to put that photo you had especially taken for me in my 'gripsack,' did you?"

"Oh, dear, no! Are you sure you will look at it sometimes, love?"

"You wicked little doubter; you know I should be wretched without at least such a precious semblance of my pet to look at daily, nightly."

Draw the veil of charity over his grief and the treachery of one in whom he had unbounded confidence. In brief, she, his only love, his pet, his wife, had secretly planned to make him "wretched." She had taken that photograph from his gripsack, and was gloating over his misery when he should discover that only memory remained to him, for the time being, of his darling's looks.

"The dear fellow, how he will scold me for the trick," she thought; "but I will send him the photo in the very first letter." Thus appeasing her conscience she waited for his first letter. It came from Chicago.

"My heart's delight," it began. "Got here O. K. this A. M. Have been wrestling with the trade all day, and a tough time I've had of it. Weary and fagged, I ehav retired to my room, shut the gilded atmosphere of

sin that envelopes this terrible city, and taken from my satchel your sweet picture. It is before me as I write. I shall kiss it when I have said my evening prayers. It will rest under my pillow. It is my one solace until I hold you, my sweet wife, in these faithful arms again."

Thus far had she read, then she toppled over on the floor.

What comfort she found there it is hard to say ; but a great determination rose within the stricken wife, who went out on hour later and sought a telegraph office.

Her husband had been saying his prayers abroad that evening, and when he got to his hotel about midnight his spiritual emotions received a rude shock by a telegram from his "only love." It was elaborate for a despatch ; but under the circumstances one could not expect an outraged wife to transmit her feelings by the slow mail. The despatch read:

"You are no longer the only drummer who is not a liar, as you have always claimed. Let the fraternity make you their chief in the art. Had you taken the pains even to look for the photo you say your prayers to, you would have discovered that I had—to tease you —removed it. My faith in you is dead, dead !"

The husband clutched his hair.

"What the devil did I write to her, anyway ?" he muttered.

After a while his face cleared.

"By Jove ! I must have been piling on taffy. That's what a man gets for trying to make a woman feel good ! Poor little dear, what a fume she must be in ! Lucky for me she gave her grievance away. What geese women

are! Bless her little noddle, her faith shall be resurrected." Forthwith he telegraphed to a knowing friend:

"Send me, first mail, photo of my wife. Beg, borrow, steal it somehow. Mum's the word. Will write particulars."

About a week later, a drummer, in dignified martyrdom, stood face to face with a stern but very wept-out wife.

She expected to see him meek and humble, but he gazed upon her with scorn, and then passed into his room in crushing silence.

She was amazed. With quick impulse she followed, thanking heaven he had not locked her out.

"Well!" she began, with wavering courage, "what have you to say for yourself?"

Coldly, cruelly he looked at her. "I?" he queried.

"Yes, you."

"Woman, if it were not for the over-mastering love I bear you, I should never, never look upon you more!"

His face was convulsed with tragic suffering that was balm to her heart to witness, but she only sneered.

"Can you explain the deception you tried to practice on me?"

"Can you obliterate the insult put upon your husband in that unwomanly despatch? A woman with so little confidence in her husband had better live alone. For my part, I am not only disgusted but disenchanted."

He turned sorrowfully away and bowed his face in his hands. She approached him and laid the letter, which had caused her such grief, right under his eyes.

"Read that; knowing you had no picture of mine, what was I to think?"

"What any intelligent, right-minded wife should have

thought; you would have said to yourself: 'He is incapable of deceit; he has my picture anyhow.'"

"But you did not have it."

He looked at her with sad, resigned sorrow.

"Oh woman! without an atom of faith!" Then he put his hand in his pocket and produced the photograph.

"Oh! darling! Forgive me! You had my picture! The old thing taken before we were engaged! Why, I didn't know you ever had one of these!"

The restored confidence made her pretty blue eyes swim in tearful joy. She put her arms around him, asking his pardon, caressing even his coat collar.

"My dear," said he, looking into her face with grave but loving reproach, "let this be a warning. Never doubt me again, no matter what appearances may be. I can always look you squarely in the eyes and say, I am innocent." And she believed him.

HAD BEEN TO PENSACOLA.

HOW A DRUMMER TURNED THE LAUGH ON A YELLOW FEVER QUARANTINE OFFICER.

"It is difficult for a Northerner to appreciate the terror that a rumor of yellow fever creates among the residents of the South," said a commercial traveler recently.

"The last time I was South," he continued, "there were a few supposed cases of the disease in Pensacola, Fla. It was several years ago. In order to protect their cities from a visitation of the plague, the cities of New Orleans and Mobile established a severe quarantine against people coming from Pensacola.

"I was leaving New Orleans with several commercial men, among whom was a great, big, jolly, practical joker, a typical commercial traveler, who represented a Troy shirt and collar manufacturer. He was a man well on toward middle life.

"As the Louisville and Nashville train drew nearer to Mobile, and had passed the only available connecting point with Pensacola, it was boarded by a quarantine officer.

"He was a thoroughbred Southerner, a man whom you would instinctively call 'colonel,' whether you knew he bore the customary Southern title or not.

"He went through the cars, questioning each passenger upon where he had come from, and particularly if he had been anywhere near Pensacola. Finally he reached the Trojan traveler.

"Have you been to Pensacola?" he said.

The Trojan hesitated for a moment, and then replied: 'Yes, Colonel. I won't lie about it. I have been to Pensacola.' His companions looked at the man in amazement, the Colonel jumped about a foot in the air, while the other passengers in the car started precipitately for the doors.

"'Do you know there is a quarantine against that place?' continued the Southerner.

"'Yes,' replied the other.

"'Well, you can't stop off at Mobile.'

"'But I must. I have business there.'

"It makes no difference about your business,' continued the Colonel, positively. 'The Mobile Board of Health has passed resolutions quarantining against Pensacola, and you'll have to continue on this train.'

"'I won't do any such thing,' said the drummer. 'I'm going to get off at Mobile. 'I've got an engage-

ment with Johnnie Strauss, and I wouldn't miss seeing him for a good deal. He expects me.'

"'I tell you what it is, my man,' answered the quarantine officer, 'there's a party of gentlemen on the railroad platform at Mobile armed with shot guns that will look after you if you do get off.'

"'But, Colonel,' said the drummer, seeing that the joke had gone far enough, 'it can't be as bad as that. It's some little time since I've been to Pensacola.'

"'How long is it?' queried the Colonel, who had neglected to ask that all important question.

"'Well,' replied the other, 'I can't exactly recollect the day and month. Perhaps you can assist me. I was in the Union Navy during the war. We had a little affair at Pensacola and another one right out in Mobile Bay. Do you recollect the date of the Pensacola event? If you do, that was the first, last and only time I was ever at Pensacola. It's about twenty years ago now, I think.'

"A great shout went up from every one in the car. The Colonel laughed as loudly as the rest.

"'I'll tell you what it is, boys,' he said, 'the drinks are on me. I want you all to join me at the Battle House bar as soon as ever we reach Mobile.'

"Then turning to the Trojan he added, 'I'll refresh your memory a little about those affairs at Pensacola and Mobile Bay. I was there myself.'"—*New York Herald.*

A LITTLE SERMON TO DRUMMERS.

My opinion is that it takes more sense, and tact and brains to be a successful commercial traveler than it does to represent the people, or be a State senator, or a councilor, or even a congressman. Good character is the most essential to success in the career of a salesman. I would advise the young man to regard the Sabbath day.

Don't spend the day loafing and smoking around the hotel. Don't do business or write business letters on the Lord's day. The occupation of a commercial traveler is more exhausting and weary, and above all men, he does need a day of rest. Go to church; it will be a good thing for you if the merchant recognizes you the next day as the stranger he saw in church.

Once more, gentlemen, whiskey and business won't mix. Rum will beat man on top of the earth. If you want to be a successful salesman, a successful merchant, and make a mark in the world, don't be ashamed to say "no." And have it known that you are a total abstinance man, and touch not, taste not, handle not strong drink.

Lastly, save your earnings. An old man counseled me, when very young, the wisdom which I have demonstrated, that a man's success in this world does not consist in what he earns, but what he takes care of and saves. If your salary is small, save something of it be it ever so little—for old age, for sickness, for a wet day. Finally, young men, set your mark high. Enter upon its pursuit at once and persevere to the end, that you may be a successful business man and make the world better for having lived in it.—*Young Men's Era.*

NEVER GO BACK ON A TRAVELING MAN.

Oh, pity, kind gentlefolks, friends of humanity,
Sympathy's scarce since the world first began,
And did you but know it, you ought to bestow it
If ever you did, on the traveling man.

You may call us all "runners," "guerrillas" or "bummers,"
And agents or drummers, or what else you can;
But you'll always regret it, and don't you forget it,
If ever you go back on the traveling man.

Right here I make mention, 'tis not my intention
To shield the wrong doing of some erring pard,
If he don't use discretion, some foolish transgression
Will drop his name off from the firm's business card.

No use in dissenting, he'll quit representing
The house that he has so disgracefully served;
No longer the trade that he formerly made
Will keep for his coming their orders reserved.

There is no use disguising the fact, though surprising,
That of trials and troubles the "boys" have their load;
Our life would be dreary, indeed we'd get weary,
Did we not have our fun while we're out on the road.

There is one thing quite certain, you charge us with flirtin'
With all the gay lasses we happen to meet,
When even the preachers adore the dear creatures
Don't you think they'd all better be kept off the street?

Ask conductors or train men, livery or dray men,
Or the two-dollar-a-day men who sell us our hash,
Just ask them quite plainly, on whom they count mainly
For the root of all evil, but best known as cash,

And they all to a man, sir, will give you this answer,
"We generally try to make all that we can,
But of all of our patrons, the drummers are fat ones
And our profits all come from the traveling man."

In closing this ditty, we don't crave your pity,
We ask your good will, which we hope ne'er to lack,
Remember us kindly, don't slander us blindly,
For in sixty days more we'll be round on your track,

To the trade, one and all, big dealers and small,
And we mean what we say when we make the request,
If your credit's "O. K." and you're able to pay,
Reserve us big orders—that suits us the best.

ROBT. LOVELL.

THE BATTERED OLD GRIP.

Ah yes, it is faded and ragged and worn ;
One handle almost, one entirely, gone ;
The erst shining lock all tarnished and scaled,
The key long since lost, and every clasp failed ;
The sides falling inward, in gaunt, hungry way,
And open mouthed corners, as waiting for prey ;
But incidents many, all fleet-footed, trip
Through my mind, at the sight of this battered old grip.

How often, preparing to start on my route,
I have taken it down, and dusting it out,
Spread it wide at my feet, with its back to the floor,
Wondering meanwhile if 'twould hold all my things as
before.
Ah, many's the friend a man tries, but to find
His holding far less in his heart than his mind ;
But here's a companion ne'er gave me the slip—
Always faithful and willing—my battered old grip.

First a half a dozen shirts seem to fill up each side,
Yet 'kerchiefs a dozen, scarfs tied and untied,
Collars, cuffs,underwear, pipe, tobacco and gloves—
A score of small knick-knacks fit into the grooves ;
A clothes brush, pomade—a picture or two
Of a dear Hampshire lass, to look at when blue,
And perhaps a small phial containing a "nip,"
All snugly packed into the battered old "grip."

The great ocean steamers with cabin and hold,
Hang the sign out at last "No more here enrolled ;'
The street car capacity something immense
Refuses at last a place for your pence ;
E'en the venerable stage, despite legend and lore,
Has been known to decline the "room for one more,"
But surely a lie must mantle the lip
On him who would say, "No more room in this grip !"

And down as I gaze, sweet memories drift
Through the channels of thought, and its worn form I
lift
With a reverent touch, and think, with a sigh,
Of the ten thousand dear things in the long since gone by

That have lain in its pockets, and hid in its depths—
A mother's kind letters, teaching good, true precepts;
And others, with tokens from maiden's pure lip,
Read over and over, held place in the "grip."

To-day I am thirty-and-four, yet I feel
All those feelings of youth and love o'er me steal
As I gaze at its dingy old covers and think
In my first manhood days, how I stood on the brink
Of life's speeding river and dreamed of and plann'd
A home just the neatest and best in the land,
Where a sweet face would greet me returned from each
trip
With a welcome and smile for myself and the "grip."

God bless every stitch in the shrunken old hide,
That has floated me over life's changing tide
To this island of peace, which I now so enjoy
With my dear loving wife, my girl and my boy;
God bless it I say, in palace or cot,
In wealth or in poverty, whate'er my lot,
Though stern fate should from me all other gifts strip,
I'll cling to you ever, dear battered old "grip."

CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

Mr. Moody, the noted evangelist, was a commercial traveler, and here is an example of a traveling man who has used aright the abilities God has given him, and the following of his career will show the manifold blessing he has received.

SOME STRAY READABLE BITS PICKED UP BY THE WAY.

"It is a hard life, that of the drummer," said one to whom thirty years' hard work had given the right to speak with authority. "It's a hard life, but it's an interesting one, and it gives a man a close hold on hard facts and realities. The drummer learns in a hard school, but he does learn, and the lessons pay. What is the first to learn? How to manage men, how to approach a reluctant, or an indifferent, or a suspicious buyer, so as to win his confidence and overcome his indisposition.

"Experience teaches this better than anything else, though some men learn it more easily than others. I remember when I began to travel as salesman—on my very first trip, I think it was, when I was hardly more than a lad—I had experience that proved very valuable to me. There was one old fellow on my route who had been known for years as the terror of all traveling men. He was declared to be absolutely the worst-natured, worse-mannered fellow they had ever met anywhere, but I hadn't even heard of him then, and so I entered his store very confidently and handed him my card. He took it without even glancing at it, tore it into bits and threw the pieces on the floor. "Now, sir," he said, turning to me, "get out of my store." There were two pretty young girls in the store who did not understand the proceeding, and who looked at me as I walked out as if I were an escaped convict.

"Well, I smarted for several days over that affair, during which time I made up my mind that I'd even matters up with him if I could next time. So before I started out I had a card made expressly for my good

friend. It looked exactly like the one I had used before, only it was made of tin. When I reached his town I waited until I saw the store pretty well filled with people, and then I walked in, saluted the proprietor, and gave him my card. He took it, just as before, glared at me, and gave the card a twist. But it didn't fall on the floor in bits this time, and he only succeeded in giving his wrist a wrench and raising a titter among his customers.

"I was nearly out of the door by this time, for I really didn't think my life was safe, but he called after me and I went back. 'Come into my office,' he said. I went in expecting never to come out.

"'What do you want to sell me?' he asked.

"'Dress goods,' I said.

"'Well, go on.' And I actually sold the old curmudgeon $1,000 worth of cloths before I left. For years after—as long as he lived, in fact—he was one of my best customers and one of the best friends I ever made in my business."—*Traveling Man's Guide.*

As the resources of our own country began to develop, the commercial traveler gained a foothold, and it is estimated that they number to-day in the United States over $250,000, spending $1,750,000 each day, and shipping yearly by the railroads 3,000,000,000 out of the 400,000,000 tons of freight shipped.

MAKING THE BEST USE OF DIFFICULTIES.

A train had broken down, by reason of the displacement of some of its machinery.

In the crowd that disembarked, were a party of jolly drummers, and they were the first to find out from the conductor that the mishap was serious enough to detain the train for three or four hours.

"I will have the whistle blown in time for you all to get back," said the conductor, in answer to a suggestion from one of the drummers, that they explore the rural surroundings, the train having stopped many miles from any station.

The party then set out, and after rambling through a piece of woods for a short time, they came to a bold spring of clear cool water, that gushed out from a fissure in a rock on the hillside, and laughed its lengthened view, out of sight down the dale. Around the spring grew a bed of the never-to-be-forgotten mint, luxuriating in all its natural and vernal sweetness.

"What a place for a mint julep," said a drummer for a grocery house, who was one of the four present. "I have the whiskey and sugar, but nothing to mix them in."

"I can furnish the tumblers from my samples," said a china and glassware representative, "but nothing else."

"I can get spoons from my samples, but where's the ice to come from?" said a hardwareman.

"I can get that for you," said the fourth man, and forthwith the various ingredients were brought from the train and julep after julep was enjoyed, until three or four rounds had been taken and all voted excellent.

Then it was proposed to have another, when the ice man spoke.

"I would like to enjoy myself, boys, but I don't think I can spare any more ice; I'm afraid if I do, my old man will spoil."

THE DRUMMER'S BABE.

"Big time to-night," the drummers said,
As to supper they sat down;
"To-morrow's Sunday, and now's our chance
To illuminate the town."

"Good," cries Bill Barnes, the jolliest—
The favorite of all;
"Yes; let's forget our trouble now
And hold high carnival."

The supper done, the mail arrives;
Each man his letters scanning,
With fresh quotations—up or down—
His busy brain is cramming.

But Bill—why, what's come over him—
Why turned so quick about,
He says, just as his pards start forth;
"I guess I won't go out."

His letter bore no written word,
No prayer from vice to flee,
Only the tracing of a hand—
A baby hand—of three.

What picture comes before his mind—
What does his memory paint?
A baby at her mother's knee—
His little white robed saint.

What cares a man for ridicule
Who wins a victory grand?
Bill slept in peace, his brow was smoothed
By a shadowy little hand.

Naught like the weak things of this world
The power of sin withstands;
No shield between man's soul and wrong
Like a little baby hand.

THE LAST OF ALL.

The following is vouched for as an absolute occurrence. A drummer who had been in the habit of stopping at a well known hotel in Texas, reached the house one day, and the first man he saw was an old acquaintance in the shape of old Moses, the colored factotum. Moses was shambling along talking to himself, when the drummer accosted him with:

"Hello! Mose, what are you growling about, man?"

"Well, I da-clar! How you do, sah. Ein see you fur sum time. How you do, sah?"

"First rate, but you haven't told me what you were grumbling about."

"Well, sah, I tell you," said Mose, scratching his head.

"You see it's diss away. Dere dat drummer's bin stopping here for er fortnit. I wait on him dess like he was a gentleman, black his shoes, brush him off, fetch him de vear best in de kitchen, but it 'tain't work no respec. He ain gin me nuthin."

"Well, why don't you kick? I'd blow him up if I were you."

"Lord, boss, 'tain't no use, you cane work no hoodoo on dat man. I done spit in his coffee every mornin' un I *cane* conger him 'wuff a cint.'"

THE END.

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